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HYMNS

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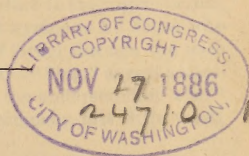
DIVINE WORSHIP.

PUBLISHED BY

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

OF

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS.

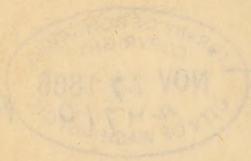


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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.  
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## PREFACE.

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THIS book contains only the hymns of the larger "SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST HYMN AND TUNE BOOK." The hymns are numbered the same in both books so that they can be used together without confusion. Announcement of hymns should be made by referring to the number of the hymn, and not to the page of the book.

Much labor has been expended in the search for appropriate hymns upon all scriptural subjects connected with divine worship; and we trust that the book will be found to contain an ample number of them suitable for every occasion. Those who have had a long experience in the Adventist movement will be pleased to find quite a number of pieces which have been favorites in the past, but have not been found in more recent collections.

All the hymns can be sung to some one of the tunes in the large book. They have been selected from a great number of writers, including the very best that have ever contributed to sacred song, and are generally of a high order of literary merit, such as will contribute greatly to the interest and spirituality of the services of the house of God.

A statement concerning the action of the General Conference which has led to the publication of the book in this form, will be found in the preface to the larger volume.

We commend this collection of hymns to all those who are looking for the consolation of Israel through the soon coming of the LORD and SAVIOUR. "Sing," says the apostle, "with the Spirit and with the understanding also." May the blessing of Heaven accompany this little work, wherever it may be used.

COMMITTEE.

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\* \* \* The meters placed at the head of the hymns refer to the meters in which the music is written, and not to that which would be indicated merely by the form of stanza. For instance, a hymn usually called "8s, 7s & 4," has standing at its head, "8s & 7s. 6l," or "8s & 7s. d.", because the music to which the hymn is set in the large book is in form either "8s & 7s. 6l." or 8s & 7s. d.", and the hymn becomes such by repeating itself in part. The extent of such repetition is indicated by the figures at the head of the hymn.

# H Y M N S .

---

## WORSHIP.

1

L. M.

- 1 O THOU who dwellest up on high,  
To whom our prayers and praises fly,  
Once more our voices all unite  
In song to thee, O God of light!
- 2 Our humble gratitude we speak,  
For all the blessings of the week,  
As at thy throne of grace we bow  
And ask thee for a blessing now.
- 3 O bless us as we meet to-day,  
While unto thee we sing and pray ;  
O bless the word of truth we hear,  
And to each heart be very near.
- 4 'Tis vain within these walls to kneel  
Unless our need of thee we feel ;  
Tis vain to lift the voice in praise  
Unless devotion tunes our lays.
- 5 Help us to worship thee aright ;  
Let self be banished from our sight,  
Unless thy Spirit prompts the view  
To search our motives through and through.

*Anon.*

2

L. M.

- 1 FATHER supreme, whose wondrous love  
Our utmost thought so far exceeds,  
We seek thy blessing from above,  
A rich supply for all our needs.
- 2 On thee alone our hopes we rest,  
To thee alone we lift our eyes ;  
Regard our prayer, though unexpressed,  
Accept our spirit's sacrifice.



## WORSHIP.

- 3 'T is not for present power or wealth,  
Or worldly fame, we look to thee ;  
We ask thy gift of heavenly health,  
The gift of immortality.
- 4 Fulfill in us thy faithful word,  
Through Him who died to make it sure,—  
Our Mercy-seat, our Righteousness,  
Who lives again to die no more.

*Anon.*

### 3

L. M.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 I long to rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentle rays,  
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate :  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 4

L. M.

- 1 LORD, grant thy blessing here to-day ;  
O give thy people joy and peace !  
The tokens of thy love display,  
And favor that shall never cease.
- 2 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
His path of light we long to tread ;  
May here his holy word be taught,  
And here its purest influence shed.

## OPENING HYMNS.

- 3 May faith and hope and love abound,  
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;  
And we, from day to day, be found  
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

*Anon.*

### 5 L. M.

- 1 How sweet to leave the world a while,  
And seek the presence of our Lord !  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee :  
Dear Lord, behold us at thy feet !  
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face ;  
O speak, that we thy voice may hear !  
And let thy presence fill this place.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 6 L. M.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;  
Prepare us to receive thy word ;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts on things above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply  
With sovereign power and energy,  
And may we in thy faith and fear  
Reduced to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;  
Teach us to know and do thy will :  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

*John Fawcett.*

### 7 C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,  
And to thy courts repair ;  
Again with joyful feet we haste,  
To meet our Saviour there.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy presence now display :  
We bow within thy house of prayer ;  
O give us hearts to pray !
- 3 The clouds which veil thee from our sight,  
In pity, Lord, remove ;  
Dispose our minds to hear aright  
The message of thy love.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind, bestow ;  
And shine upon us from above,  
To make our graces grow.

*John Newton.*

### 8 C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, make no delay  
To meet us with thy love ;  
Drive interposing clouds away,  
And make our guilt remove.
- 2 What do we here without thy grace,  
O blessed Lamb of God ?  
'T will be a dark and tiresome place  
Unless we feel thy word.
- 3 Come in with power to every soul,  
O thou Immortal Dove ;  
Make every wounded spirit whole  
With thy redeeming love.
- 4 We long to meet our God to-day,  
And taste his grace divine ;  
That every soul with joy may say,  
"My Lord, my God, I'm thine."

*Anon.*

### 9 C. M.

- 1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints !  
Our humble strains attend,  
While with our praises and complaints,  
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.



## OPENING HYMNS.

3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
To aid our feeble praise.

4 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,  
“ Come, great Redeemer, come,  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls thy children home.”

*Anne Steele.*

10

C. M.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay ?  
How spread his praise abroad ?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall clouds of incense rise ?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly sacrifice ?

3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord  
Thy offerings well may spare ;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

*Anna L. Barbauld.*

11

S. M

1 JESUS, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim ;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove ;  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet ;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take  
Which thou hast freely given ;  
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*

## WORSHIP.

**12**

S. M.

- 1 WITH joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies  
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before thy throne we bow,  
O thou almighty King !  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

*Thomas Fervis.*

**13**

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And love him while ye fear,  
Come, and with heart and hand record  
Your vow and covenant here.
- 2 Here to his altar brought,  
Your holy vows renew,  
To be in heart, and deed, and thought,  
Faithful to him, and true.
- 3 And true and faithful he  
To you will ever prove,  
Though hills were swept into the sea,  
And mountains should remove.
- 4 Then be his paths your choice,  
The joy of young and old ;  
As sheep that hear their shepherd's voice,  
And follow to the fold.

*James Montgomery.*

**14**

S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer, God,  
Unveils the beauty of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad !

## OPENING HYMNS.

2 Not earth's fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**15**

7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O do not our suit disdain !  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion now descend,  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek, and find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free ;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

*William Hammond.*

**16**

7s.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,  
E'en on earth thy temples are !  
Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes,  
While thy Spirit's holy fire  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne ;  
Here thy pardoning grace is known ;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.  
*Daniel Turner.*

17

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, lend thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring  
When around thy throne we sing.
- 2 While on earth ordained to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way,  
Till we come to dwell with thee,  
Till we all thy glory see.
- 3 Then, with angel-harps again,  
We will wake a nobler strain ;  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
Our triumphant voices raise.

*Anon.*

18

7s.

- 1 In thy house, while now we sing,  
Tune our hearts, O heavenly King !  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 2 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend ;  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 3 While we hear thy word with awe,  
While we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.
- 4 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn,  
That at evening we may say,  
“ We have walked with God to-day.”

*James Montgomery.*

19

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 20

L. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays  
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;  
His glorious name let all adore,  
From age to age, forevermore.
- 2 Who is like God ? so great, so high,  
He bows himself to view the sky ;  
And yet, with condescending grace,  
Looks down upon the human race.
- 3 He hears the uncomplaining moan  
Of those who sit and weep alone ;  
He lifts the mourner from the dust ;  
In him the poor may safely trust.
- 4 O then aloud, in joyful lays,  
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise ;  
His saving name let all adore,  
From age to age, forevermore.

*James Montgomery.*

### 21

L. M.

- 1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing  
Her great Creator and her King ;  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Ye seraphs who sit near his throne,  
Begin to make his glories known ;  
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound  
Throughout creation's utmost bound.



## WORSHIP.

3 O may our ardent zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs !  
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,  
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;  
The highest notes that angels raise  
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

*Anon.*

### 22

L. M.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days,  
Thy love shall tune my thankful tongue  
With humble prayer and grateful song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Let distant climes and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And every kindred make thy song  
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 23

L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let his almighty name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing ;  
God's great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy his glorious name.

4 In every land begin the song,  
To every land the strains belong ;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

*Isaac Watts.*

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

### 24 L. M.

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,  
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,
- 2 Not now on Zion's hight alone  
Thy favored worshipers may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—  
The incense of the heart—may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee.  
And childhood lisp with reverent air  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

*John Pierpont.*

### 25 L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs :  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the humblest place  
Within thy house, O God of Grace !  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory, too,  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No needed good from upright souls.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 26 L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,  
Exalted be thy glorious name ;  
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,  
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

## WORSHIP.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,  
I rest my hope on thee alone ;  
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,  
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,  
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice,  
Till every land, the earth around,  
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

*William Wrangham.*

**27** C. M.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands with reverence hear,  
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee,  
Or truth compared with thine ?

3 Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing ;  
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

4 O Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Our life and joy, to thee  
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given  
Through all eternity.

*Isaac Watts.*

**28** C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown ?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house  
My offering shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
How great thy grace to me !  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move ;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord. .

*Isaac Watts.*

### 29

C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King ;  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy ! let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul ! to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;  
A broken heart shall please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God, preserve our souls  
From all pollution free ;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.
- 5 Till then thy service shall be ours,  
Thy praise our constant theme ;  
We'll worship thee with all our powers,  
Whose mercy doth redeem.

*John Needham.*

### 30

S. M.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song of sweet accord ;  
And thus surround the throne.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground.  
To fairer worlds on high.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 31

S. M.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours ;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

*James Montgomery.*

### 32

S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And his the solid ground.



## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
He formed us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

*Isaac Watts.*

**33**

S. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord, our Might,—  
With holy fervor sing ;  
Let hearts and instruments unite  
To praise our heavenly King.

- 2 As unto them of old,  
Who roamed this wilderness,  
Our God is still as near his fold,  
To pity and to bless.

- 3 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for him to fill ;  
And he who Israel then supplied,  
Will help his Israel still.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

**34**

6s & 4s.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,  
Praise through his courts proclaim,  
Rise and adore.  
High o'er the heavens above,  
Sound his great acts of love,  
While his rich grace we prove  
Vast as his power.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise  
Sounds of triumphant praise,  
Wide as his fame.  
There let the harp be found ;  
Organs of solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with his name.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 While his high praise you sing,  
Shake every sounding string ;  
Sweet the accord !  
He vital breath bestows ;  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noble fame disclose ;  
Praise ye the Lord.

*William Goode.*

### 35

6s & 4s.

- 1 GOD of the morning ray,  
God of the rising day,  
Glorious in power !  
In thee we live and move,  
And thus we daily prove  
Thy condescending love  
Each passing hour.
- 2 God of our feeble race,  
God of redeeming grace,  
Spirit all-blest !  
Our own eternal Friend,  
Thy guardian influence lend,  
From every snare defend ;  
In thee we rest.

*Thomas Hastings*

### 36

6s & 4s.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise.  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come, and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend ;  
Come and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success ;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour :  
Thou who almighty art,  
Rule now in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

4 Thou art the mighty One,  
On earth thy will be done,  
From shore to shore.  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And through eternity  
Love and adore.

*Charles Wesley.*

**37**

7s.

- 1 GLORY honor, praise, and power  
Unto God this very hour,  
For the work of grace begun  
Through his well-beloved Son.
- 2 While our prayers and praises rise,  
Lord, as incense to the skies,  
May thy Spirit's quickening fire,  
Every heart and tongue inspire.
- 3 Praises for thy love to man,  
For redemption's wondrous plan,  
For the life that thou didst give,  
Lord, that we, thy foes, might live !
- 4 Daily gifts of love untold  
From thy bounteous hand unfold ;  
Thine's a never-failing store,—  
O for hearts to praise thee more !

*F. E. Belden*

**38**

7s.

- 1 MAGNIFY Jehovah's name ;  
For his mercies, ever sure,  
From eternity the same,  
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let his ransomed flock rejoice,  
Gathered out of every land  
As the people of his choice,  
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

## WORSHIP.

3 To the Lord their God they cry ;  
He inclines a gracious ear,  
Sends deliverance from on high,  
Rescues them from all their fear.

4 O that men would praise the Lord  
For his goodness to their race !  
For the wonders of his word,  
And the riches of his grace !

*Anon.*

### 39

7s.

1 PRAISE the Lord—his power confess ;  
Praise him in his holiness ;  
Praise him as the theme inspires,  
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound  
Spread its loudest notes around ;  
Let the harp unite in praise,  
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

3 Let the organ join to bless  
God, the Lord of righteousness ;  
Tune your voice to spread the fame  
Of the great Jehovah's name.

4 All who dwell beneath his light,  
In his praise your hearts unite ;  
While the stream of song is poured,  
Praise and magnify the Lord.

*William Wrangham.*

### 40

7s.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, forever praise ;

2 For his truth and mercy stand,  
Past and present and to be,  
Like the years of his right hand,  
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;  
Praise him from the depths beneath ;  
Praise him in the heights above ;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

*James Montgomery.*

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

41

8s & 7s.

- 1 God of light and matchless splendor,  
Feeble though the praise we bring,  
Let thy Spirit touch and tender  
Every heart as now we sing.
- 2 Heaven above cannot contain thee ;  
At thy presence earth would flee ;  
And though every sin doth pain thee,  
Still thy mercy spareth me !
- 3 Grateful praise my tongue shall offer,  
'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod ;  
Take the humble gift I proffer,—  
Heart and mind and strength, O God !
- 4 Living only to thy glory,  
From all selfish motives free,  
So shall I proclaim the story  
Of the One who died for me.

*F. E. Belden.*

42

8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;  
Praise him, angels in the hight ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify his name.

*John Kemphorne.*

43

8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded grace is thine :  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise him for his love divine
- 3 For thy countless blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his name through earth and heaven,  
Let his praise your tongues employ.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,  
'Till in heaven your song you raise ;  
Then, enraptured, fall before him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

*John Fawcett.*

### 44

8s & 7s.

- 1 LORD of heaven and earth and ocean,  
Hear us from thy dright abode ;  
While our hearts, with true devotion,  
Own their great and gracious God.
- 2 Now with joy we come before thee,  
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing ;  
Lord of life, of light and glory,  
O accept the praise we bring !
- 3 Health, and every needful blessing,  
Unto us are daily shown ;  
And with joy thy love confessing,  
Now we bend before thy throne.

*Crosse.*

### 45

12s & 10s.

- 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim ;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name.
- 2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

## PRAISE AND REVERENCE OF GOD.

3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as  
thine :

Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and  
and fearfulness,

He will accept for the Name that is dear ;

Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

*Anon.*

**46**

11s & 8s.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;  
O serve him with gladness and fear !

Exult in his presence with music and mirth.  
With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and Ruler o'er all ;

And we are his people, his scepter we own,  
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and  
song,

Your vows in his temple proclaim ;  
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of his hand ;

His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
And shall to eternity stand.

*James Montgomery.*

**47**

L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils thy just and wise designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep :  
Wise as the wonders of thy hands,  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 O God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring !  
The sons of Adam, in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.
- 4 In the provisions of thy house  
We still shall find a sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 48

L. M.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,  
Tumultuous passions all be still,  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In realms of cloudless light he dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;  
And though his footsteps are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth and air and seas  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confessed  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before his seat,  
And 'mid the terrors of his rod  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

*Benjamin Beadome.*

### 49

L. M.

- 1 THINE, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone ;  
Justice and truth before thee stand :  
Yet, nearer to thy sacred throne  
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
- 2 Each evening shows thy tender love,  
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace ;  
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace.
- 3 To thy benign, indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath, we owe ;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 4 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is thine;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

*Ernest Lange.*

50

L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learned to lisp thy name ;  
But O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 3 God is in heaven, and men below ;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

*Isaac Watts.*

51

L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

*Isaac Watts.*

## WORSHIP.

52

L. M.

- 1 LORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star —  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign, —  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love.  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

53

L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me  
through ;  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand ;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.



## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 5 O, may these thoughts possess my breast  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there !

*Isaac Watts.*

### 54 L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,  
In Jesus, God with us, displayed,  
How bright thy beaming glories shine !  
How wide thy healing streams are spread !
- 2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell ?  
Sinners, a vile and thankless race !  
O God, what tongue aright can tell  
How vast thy love, how great thy grace ?
- 3 The dictates of thy sovereign will  
With joy our grateful hearts receive ;  
All thy delight in us fulfill :  
Lo, all we are, to thee we give.
- 4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,  
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;  
O, fix thy sacred presence there,  
And seal the abode forever thine !

*Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.*

### 55 L. M.

- 1 O GOD, how great thy glory is !  
Thy wondrous ways, O who can know ?  
O hight immense ! what words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show ?
- 2 Greatness unspeakable is thine,—  
Greatness whose undiminished ray,  
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,  
When earth and heaven are fled away.
- 3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word ;  
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.
- 4 High is thy power above all hight ;  
Whate'er thy will decrees, is done ;  
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,  
Only to thee, O God, is known !

*Ernest Lange.*

## WORSHIP.

56

L. M.

- 1 ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,  
Or heaven and earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,  
With thee are as a fleeting day ;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,  
Each passing moment so to spend  
That we at length with thee may live,  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

*Harriet Auber.*

57

L. M.

- 1 GOD is our refuge and defense,  
In trouble our unfailing aid ;  
Secure in his omnipotence,  
What foe can make our souls afraid ?
- 2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,  
And mountains down the gulf be hurled,  
His people smile amid the shock ;  
They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 Built by the word of his command,  
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest ;  
All living things are in his hand,  
And he who trusts his word is blest.

*James Montgomery.*

58

L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied scenes my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head,
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see ;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 3 How do thy mercies close me round !  
Forever be thy name adored ;  
I blush in all things to abound ;  
The servant of a gracious Lord.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O God, my wisdom art :  
I ever into danger run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 I rest beneath thy kindly shade ;  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 59

L. M.

- 1 God is the name my soul adores,  
Almighty, high, Eternal One :  
Both heaven and earth, with all their powers,  
Proclaim the Infinite Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice ordained the rolling spheres,  
And bade the countless planets shine ;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,  
From change to change thy creatures run ;  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their  
frame ;  
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe ;  
Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?  
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,  
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?  
Who can approach consuming flame ?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;  
None but thy word can speak thy name.

*Isaac Watts.*

## WORSHIP.

60

L. M.

- 1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none ;  
Thy holiness is all thine own ;  
A drop of that unbounded sea  
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,  
Thy brightest glory we declare ;  
And, humbled into nothing, own,  
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,  
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,  
Let all on earth bow down to thee,  
And own thy peerless majesty.
- 4 Thy power unequalled we confess,  
Established on the rock of peace ;  
The rock that never shall remove,  
The rock of pure, almighty love.

*Charles Wesley.*

61

L. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,  
Attempt thy great Creator's praise ;  
But O what tongue can speak his fame !  
What mortal verse declare his name !
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears ;  
To form a robe of light divine,  
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,  
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;  
And let his praise employ thy tongue  
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

*Thomas Blacklock.*

62

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord omnipotent is King !

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 The Lord is King ! child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just,  
Holy and true are all his ways ;  
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains,  
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;  
And he is at the Father's side,  
The man of love, the Crucified.
- 4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,  
He will present them at the throne ;  
And angel bands are waiting there,  
His messages of love to bear.
- 5 O when his wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, his love forsake,  
Then may his children cease to sing,  
The Lord omnipotent is King !

*Josiah Conder.*

### 63

L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord !—'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name ;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He formed the stars,—those heavenly  
flames,—  
He counts their numbers, calls their names :  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,  
And all his glories infinite ;  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 But saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight ;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.



## WORSHIP.

- 6 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;  
He's your defense, your joy, your rest :  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 64

L. M.

- 1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways !  
How blind are we, how mean our praise !  
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore ;  
'T is ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 I do not ask that I may see  
What in the future waits for me ;  
Let righteousness attend my days,  
And thine shall be the humble praise.
- 3 Are darkness and distress my share ?  
Give me to trust thy guardian care ;  
Enough for me, if love divine  
At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 4 Yet this my soul desires to know,  
Be this my only wish below,—  
That Christ is mine !—this great request,  
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

*Anne Steele.*

### 65

L. M.

- 1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb  
To search the starry vault profound ;  
In vain would wing her flight sublime,  
To find creation's outmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove  
To search thy great eternal plan,—  
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love  
Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand  
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on solid rock, I rest ;  
That so it seemeth good to thee.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at thy will :  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.  
*Ray Palmer.*

### 66 L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to thee belong  
The grateful heart, the joyful song ;  
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?  
Why doth thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumbrer of the ground,  
On which so little fruit is found ?
- 3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,  
Upheld and fostered by thy hand ;  
Its fruit and verdure yet shall be  
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee.

*Anon.*

### 67 L. M.

- 1 WITH deepest reverence at thy throne,  
Jehovah, peerless and unknown !  
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,  
A glimpse of thee, great God ! to gain.
- 2 Who, by the closest search, can find  
The eternal, uncreated mind ?  
Nor men nor angels can explore  
Thy highs of love, thy depths of power.
- 3 That power we trace on every side ;  
O may thy wisdom be our guide ;  
And while we live, and when we die,  
May thy almighty love be nigh.

*Anon.*

### 68 L. M. D.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim :  
The unwearied sun, from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

## WORSHIP.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly, to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

*Joseph Addison.*

### 69

L. M. D.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may thy praise our lips employ  
While in thy temple we appear,  
To hail thee Sovereign of the year !  
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command  
Perfumes the air, adorns the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine :  
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.  
Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

70

C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
And raise your thoughts above ;  
Let every heart and voice accord,  
To sing that "God is love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,  
To show that "God is love."
- 3 Behold his patience bearing long  
With those who from him rove,  
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues  
To teach them "God is love."
- 4 O may we all, while here below,  
This best of blessings prove,  
Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds  
Proclaim that "God is love."

*G. Burder.*

71

C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In psalms of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies ;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food ;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord ;  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

*Isaac Watts.*

72

C. M.

- 1 THY way, O Lord, is in the sea ;  
Thy paths I cannot trace,  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thine unbounded grace.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 As through a glass I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love,  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above !
- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;  
I bless thee for the sight :  
When will thy love the rest reveal  
In glory's clearer light ?
- 4 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace,  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

*John Fawcett.*

**73**

C. M.

- 1 LORD, when my raptured thought surveys  
Creation's beauties o'er,  
All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
And bid my soul adore.
- 2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,  
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;  
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
And speak their source divine.
- 3 On me thy providence has shone  
With gentle, smiling rays ;  
O let my lips, and life make known  
Thy goodness and thy praise !

*Anne Steele.*

**74**

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings o'er your head.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
Rut trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*William Cowper.*

**75**

C. M.

1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power  
On every hand we see ;  
O may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
Thy love our path surround.

3 How good thou art ! how large thy grace !  
How ready to forgive !  
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days,  
And by thy love we live.

4 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.

5 From morn till noon—till latest eve,  
Thy hand, O God, we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive  
Proceed alone from thee.

*John Thomson.*

**76**

C. M.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some wondrous thing—  
The mighty works or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his praise abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.



## WORSHIP.

- 3 His every word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all these promises.
- 4 Let every tongue his goodness speak,  
The sovereign Lord of all ;  
Whose gracious hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 5 O, might I hear that heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine,"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

*Isaac Watts.*

**77**

C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart discerned  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 O, how can words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my raptured heart ?—  
But thou canst read it there.
- 5 Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise :  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

*Joseph Addison.*

**78**

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite thou art !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Nor aught to thee is new !
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares ;  
While thy eternal thought moves on  
Thy undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite thou art !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 79

C. M.

- 1 My God, how wonderful thou art !  
Thy majesty how bright !  
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord !  
By prostrate angels day and night  
Incessantly adored !
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,  
The sight of thee must be !—  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !
- 4 O how I fear thee, living God !  
With deepest, tenderest fears ;  
And worship thee with trembling hope  
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as thou art ;  
For thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

*Frederick W. Faber.*

## WORSHIP.

80

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a book that all may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it falls, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love for what is fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

*John Keble.*

81

C. M.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul is dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
Because it rests on thee.

*Helen M. Williams.*

### 82 C. M.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore ;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest  
In every cheerful ray ;  
Love draws the curtain of the night,  
And love restores the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
With harvests wave the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the gospel seen ;  
There like the sun, thy mercies shine  
Without a cloud between.

*Thomas Gibbons.*

### 83 C. M. D.

1 I SING the mighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies ;  
I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.  
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn my eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 3 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.  
Creatures that borrow life from thee  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 84

C. M. D.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by countless signs,  
By countless through the skies.  
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.
- 2 But, when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,—  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms,—  
Here the whole Deity is known ;  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone—  
The justice, or the grace.
- 3 Now while the glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
While seraphs chant Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains,  
O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song !  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

*Isaac Watts.*

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

85

S. M.

- 1 MY Maker and my King,  
To thee my all I owe ;  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 The creature of thy hand,  
On thee alone I live ;  
My God, thy benefits demand  
More praise than I can give.
- 3 Lord, what can I impart  
When all is thine before ?  
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
The gift, alas ! how poor.
- 4 O ! let thy grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine ;  
Let every word and each desire  
And all my days be thine.

*Anne Steele.*

86

S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly King,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so ?  
Next to thine angels he is placed,  
And lord of all below.
- 3 How rich thy bounties are,  
And wondrous are thy ways !  
In us O let thy power frame  
A monument of praise !

*Isaac Watts.*

87

S. M.

- 1 THE God who rules on high,  
And all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas,—
- 2 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He will send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.



## WORSHIP.

3 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin :  
There, from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thought of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

*Isaac Watts.*

**88**

S. M.

1 My soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord.  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

4 His power subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

*Isaac Watts.*

**89**

S. M.

1 How tender is thy hand,  
O thou most gracious Lord !  
Afflictions come at thy command,  
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle is the rod  
That chastens us for sin !  
How soon we find a smiling God  
Where deep distress has been !

3 A Father's hand we feel,  
A Father's love we know,  
'Mid tears of penitence we kneel,  
And find his promise true.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

4 We tell him all our grief,  
We think of Jesus' love ;  
A sense of pardon brings relief,  
And bids our pains remove.

5 Now will we bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide ;  
Forever be his name adored,  
For there is none beside.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 90 S. M.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,  
'T is he relieves thy pain,  
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee whole again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest ;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
To us he hath made known ;  
And sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 91 S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up  
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Through each succeeding day :  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 92

8s & 7s.

- 1 GOD is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

*Sir John Bowring.*

### 93

8s & 7s.

- 1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in his justice,  
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour ;  
There is healing in his blood.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*Frederick W. Faber.*

**94**

8s & 7s.

1 MIGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,  
May a mortal lisp thy name ?  
Lord of men, as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme :

2 Lord of every land and nation !  
Ancient of eternal days !  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and awful praise.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature—  
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought ;  
For the wonders of creation,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;

4 For thy providence, that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—  
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

5 For thy rich, thy free redemption—  
Bright, though veiled in darkness long—  
Thought is poor, and poor, expression ;  
Who can sing that wondrous song ?

6 Christ, the brightness of thy glory,  
By thy mercy came to die ;  
How can mortal tongue be silent ?  
How can praise unuttered lie ?

7 Leaving all his exaltation,  
Bearing all our sin and woe,—  
O, what love divine was shown us !  
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

*Robert Robinson.*

## WORSHIP.

95

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;  
Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite ;  
While our thought his greatness raises,  
And our love his gifts excite :  
With his seraph train before him,  
With his holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow.
- 3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
Unto thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Thus thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most high !

*Richard Mant.*

96

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
For the bliss thy love bestows ;  
For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
And the peace that from it flows :  
Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;  
This dull soul to rapture raise ;  
Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my soul be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away ;  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

## ATTRIBUTES AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express :  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

*Francis Scott Key.*

**97**

10s & 11s.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,  
And gratefully sing his wonderful love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of his might and sing of his grace,  
Whose robe is the light ; whose canopy, space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;  
Thy mercies, how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

*Robert Grant.*

**98**

10s & 11s.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright ;  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed ;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."



## WORSHIP.

- 3 When Satan appears to close up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will  
provide."
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain ;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, "The Lord will pro-  
vide."
- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness, we claim,  
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name ;  
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power—"The Lord will pro-  
vide."
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ at our side,  
We'll still trust his promise,—“The Lord will  
provide.”

*John Newton.*

**99**

P. M.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !  
God over all, who rules eternity.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! angels adore thee,  
Casting down their bright crowns around the  
glassy sea ;  
Thousands, and ten thousands worship low  
before thee,  
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though darkness hide thee,  
Though the eye of man thy great glory may  
not see ;  
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

*Reginald Heber.*

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

100

10s.

- 1 As pants the wearied heart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,  
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.
- 2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious  
day ;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint my soul ? why doubt Jehovah's aid ?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove ;  
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid ;  
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

*Anon.*

101

L. M.

- 1 JESUS and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;  
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away ;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

*Joseph Grigg.*

## WORSHIP.

**102**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen ?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God  
To sinners weary and distressed ;  
The first of all his gifts bestowed,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Since I can say this gift is mine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet.  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 The precious Jewel I will keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart ;  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never shall from thence depart.

*Anon.*

**103**

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore ;  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Eternal truth and mercy shine  
In him, and he himself is thine ;  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,  
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget ?
- 3 O no ! till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 4 Then through eternity I'll sing  
The matchless love of Christ, my King ;  
And finding there no end of days,  
So shall I find no end of praise.

*Krishna Pal*

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

104

L. M.

- 1 COME, let us sing the song of songs,—  
The angels first began the strain,—  
The homage which to Christ belongs :  
“Worthy the Lamb for he was slain !”
- 2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God :  
“Worthy the Lamb for he was slain !”
- 3 To him who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls at his soul’s price to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be :  
“Worthy the Lamb for he was slain !”
- 4 To him enthroned by filial right  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honor, and majesty, and might :  
“Worthy the Lamb for he was slain !”
- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with him we reign,  
This song our song of songs shall be :  
“Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain !”

*James Montgomery.*

105

L. M.

- 1 WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of peace that groaned and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,  
At his almighty Father’s side.
- 3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
Let every creature say, Amen !

*Isaac Watts.*

106

L. M.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till I shall make my last remove,  
To dwell forever with my love.
- 3 In Paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits,—  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
There we shall hunger never more.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 107

L. M.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,  
And every labor of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God ;
- 2 But in the grace that rescues man  
His brighter form of glory shines :  
Here on the cross 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, the Saviour, loved and died !  
The noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 4 I would forever speak his name  
In tones to mortal ears unknown,  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 108

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts !  
Thou fount of life ! thou light of men !  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged has ever stood ;  
Thou savest those that on thee call ;  
To them that seek thee, thou art good,  
To them that find thee, all in all.
- 3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon thee still ;  
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from thee to fill !

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;  
Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world thy holy light !  
*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

### 109

L. M.

- 1 O THAT I could forever dwell  
Delighted at my Saviour's feet,  
Behold the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat !
- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,  
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,  
O, is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,—  
A life of penitential love ;  
When most my follies I despise,  
And raise my highest thoughts above ;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,  
And freely own, with deepest shame ;  
When the Redeemer's love to me  
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake ;  
Then rise to God within the veil,  
And of eternal joys partake.

*Andrew Reed.*

### 110

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate :  
His loving-kindness, O how great !



## WORSHIP.

- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along :  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 And when earth's rightful King shall come  
To take his ransomed people home,  
I'll sing upon that blissful shore  
His loving-kindness evermore.

*Samuel Medley.*

### 111

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant, weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall !  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet.*

### 112

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 To him who reigns in worlds of light,  
The eternal King of heaven,  
Be honor, majesty, and might,  
And praise, and glory given.
- 5 Let all creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 113 C. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known,  
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crowned  
With glories all divine,  
And tell the wondering nations round  
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
Lord teach our songs to rise :  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 5 Since thou art ours, most gracious Lord,  
Can hope and comfort die ?  
We'll trust in thine almighty word,  
That built the earth and sky.

*Anne Steele.*

## WORSHIP.

**114**

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease,—  
'T is music in the sinner's ears,  
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the cruel power of sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me.
- 5 He speaks, and listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; praise him, ye dumb,—  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

*Charles Wesley.*

**115**

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour ! my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust :  
Thy goodness I adore ;  
And, since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 Sweet is thy speech with heavenly grace,  
Thy form divinely fair ;  
There's none of all the mortal race  
Can e'er with thee compare.

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

4 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage, in thy strength,  
To see my Father, God. .

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King !  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 116 C. M.

1 To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,  
A grateful song I'll raise ;  
O, let the humblest of thy flock  
Attempt to speak thy praise !

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe  
To thine amazing love ;  
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,  
And nobler bliss above.

3 To thee my trembling spirit flies,  
With sin and grief oppressed ;  
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,  
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd !—led by thee,  
No evil shall I fear ;  
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,  
And praise thee better there.

*Ottiwell Heginbotham.*

### 117 C. M.

1 JESUS, the very thought of thee,  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far thy face to see,  
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart !  
O joy of all the meek !  
To those who fall, how kind thou art !  
How good to those who seek !

## WORSHIP.

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show :  
The love of Jesus,—what it is,  
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,  
As thou our prize wilt be ;  
In thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

### 118

C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'T is manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build !  
My shield and hiding-place !  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace !

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend !  
My Prophet, Priest, and King !  
For all the blessings thou dost send,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
So shall the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*John Newton.*

### 119

C. M.

1 THE Saviour ! O what endless charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound !  
Its influence every fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round.

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

- 2 The mighty Former of the skies  
    Stooped to our vile abode,  
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,  
    And hailed the incarnate God.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine !  
    Of bliss, a boundless store !  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
    I cannot wish for more.
- 4 On thee alone my hope relies,  
    Beneath thy cross I fall ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice !  
    My Saviour, and my All !

*Anne Steele.*

**120**

**C. M.**

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
    Upon the Saviour's brow ;  
His head with radiant light is crowned,  
    His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,  
    Among the sons of men ;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
    That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
    He flew to my relief ;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
    And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
    And all the joys I have ;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
    He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
    He brings my weary feet ;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
    And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive  
    Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
    Lord, they should all be thine.

*Samuel Stennett.*



## WORSHIP.

**121**

**C. M.**

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,  
Is his by sovereign right ;  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns in glory bright ;—
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom he manifests his love,  
And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given ;  
Their name—an everlasting name,  
Their joy—the joy of heaven.
- 5 To them the cross is life and health,  
Though shame and death to him ;  
His people's hope, his people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

*Thomas Kelly.*

**122**

**C. M.**

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to hear of thee ;  
No music's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let me ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to me speak ;  
In thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,  
And thy salvation seek.
- 3 My Jesus shall be still my theme  
While in this world I stay ;  
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name  
While all things else decay.
- 4 When I appear in yonder cloud,  
With all thy favored throng,  
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be my song.

*John Cennick.*

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

**123**

C. P. M.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine !  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine !  
I'd sing his glorious rightecusness,  
In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the character he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will take me home,  
And I shall see his face ;  
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

*Samuel Medley.*

**124**

C. P. M.

- 1 COME join, ye saints, with heart and voice,  
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,  
And worship at his feet ;  
Come, take his praises on your tongues,  
And raise to him your thankful songs ;  
In him ye are complete !
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,  
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,  
And all perfections meet :  
The head of all celestial powers,  
Divinely theirs, divinely ours :  
In him ye are complete !

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,  
Dependent on him day by day,  
His presence still entreat ;  
His precious name forever bless,  
Your glory, strength, and righteousness :  
In him ye are complete !

*Anon.*

**125**

S. M. D.

- 1 CROWN him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon his throne ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own !  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of him who died for thee ;  
And hail him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown him the Lord of love !  
Behold his hands and side,  
Those wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified :  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wondering eye  
At mysteries so great.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of peace !  
Whose hand a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round his pierced feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend,  
Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime !  
All hail ! Redeemer, hail !  
For thou hast died for me ;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

*Matthew Bridges.*

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

126

S. M. D.

- 1 BEYOND the starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There in the boundless world of light  
Our great Redeemer dwells.  
Around him angels fair  
In countless armies shine ;  
And ever in exalted lays,  
They offer songs divine.
- 2 "Hail, Prince of life !" they cry,  
"Whose unexampled love  
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms  
And royalties above."  
And when he stooped to earth,  
And suffered rude disdain,  
They cast their honors at his feet,  
And waited in his train.
- 3 They saw him on the cross,  
While darkness veiled the skies ;  
And when he burst the gates of death,  
They saw the Conqueror rise.  
They thronged his chariot wheels,  
And bore him to his throne ;  
Then swept their golden harps and sung,  
"That glorious work is done."

*Daniel Turner.*

127

6s. & 4s.

- 1 COME, all ye saints of God,  
Wide through the earth abroad  
Spread Jesus' fame ;  
Tell what his love hath done,  
Trust in his name alone,  
He is the lofty One,  
Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !  
Dry all your mournful tears,  
Swell the glad theme ;  
To Christ, our gracious King,  
Strike each melodious string,  
Join heart and voice to sing,  
Worthy the Lamb !

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above,  
Filled with the Saviour's love,  
Dwell on his name !  
There, too, may we be found,  
With light and glory crowned,  
While all the heavens resound,  
Worthy the Lamb !

*James Borden.*

**128**

6s & 4s.

- 1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad !  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world ;  
Tell what our Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from his lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.

- 2 Ye who, forsaking all  
At your loved Master's call,  
Comforts resign ;  
Soon will your work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won ;  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

*Thomas Kelly.*

**129**

6s & 4s.

- 1 GLORY to God on high !  
Ye harpers of the sky,  
Praise ye his name.  
Ye saints, his love adore  
Who all your sorrows bore ;  
Sing joyful, evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 While they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising his name,  
Ye who have felt his blood  
Sealing your peace with God,  
Sound his dear name abroad,  
Worthy the Lamb !

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless :  
Praise ye his name,  
In him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb !

4 Soon shall we see his face,  
And in that heavenly place  
We'll praise his name.  
To him our songs we'll bring,  
Hail him our gracious King,  
And through the ages sing,  
Worthy the Lamb !

*James Allen.*

**130**

8s & 7s.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*John Bowring.*



## WORSHIP.

**131**

8s & 5.

- 1 SING of Jesus, sing forever  
Of the love that changes never ;  
Who or what from him can sever  
Those he makes his own ?
- 2 With his precious blood he bought us,  
When we knew him not he sought us,  
And from all our wanderings brought us ;  
His the praise shall be.
- 3 Through the desert drear he leads us,  
With the bread of heaven he feeds us,  
And through all the journey speeds us  
To our home above.

*Anon.*

**132**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above ;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love ;  
See he sits on yonder throne ;  
Jesus rules the world alone.  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! amen.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth ;  
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth :  
When we think of love like thine,  
Lord, we own it love divine.  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! amen.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever,  
Thine an everlasting crown ;  
Nothing from thy love shall sever  
Those whom thou shalt call thine own ;  
Happy objects of thy grace,  
Destined to behold thy face !  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! amen.

## ADORATION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;  
Bring, O bring, the glorious day  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away !  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King !  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! amen."

*Thomas Kelly.*

**133**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, O dear Redeemer,  
For the riches of thy grace ;  
Bow, my soul, no idle dreamer,  
Worship him who saves the race ;  
He who reigned with God on high,  
He who laid his glory by :  
Sing his praises, sing his praises,  
Sing of him who came to die.
- 2 How shall mortal man adore thee,  
Though the high, Immortal One ?  
Sinful dust might bow before thee  
While the countless ages run ;  
Yet 't were vain to worship thee  
Unless love the motive be.  
O my Saviour ! O my Saviour !  
Grant this gift of love to me.
- 3 Vain are all the words I've spoken,  
Lord, to show that love is mine ;  
Godly life shall be the token  
Of my love for things divine.  
This I covet, this bestow,—  
Strength to live aright below ;  
Then how much thy child doth love thee,  
O my Saviour, thou shalt know !

*F. E. Belden.*

**134**

11s & 8s.

- 1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes  
delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all !

## WORSHIP.

- 2 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone ?  
Say if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone.
- 3 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death ;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 4 His lips, as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace ;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall  
know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

*Joseph Swain.*

**135**

P. M.

- 1 WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb ;  
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb  
That was slain.

CHORUS .

Glory, hallelujah,  
Praise him, hallelujah ;  
Glory, hallelujah  
To the Lamb.

- 2 Saviour, let thy kingdom come !  
Now the man of sin consume ;  
Bring thy blest millennium,  
Holy Lamb.

- 3 Thus may we each moment feel,  
Love him, serve him, praise him still,  
Till we all on Zion's hill  
See the Lamb.

*Anon.*

## HOLY SPIRIT.

**136**

L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with him forever blest;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—  
Fullness of joy forever there!

*Simon Browne.*

**137**

L. M.

- 1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;  
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe us all with righteousness.
- 2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness, with meekness from above,  
To bear thy people on our heart,  
And love the souls whom thou dost love;
- 3 To watch and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep;  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 4 Then, when our work is finished here,  
In humble hope our charge resign:  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God! may they and we be thine!

*James Montgomery.*

**138**

L. M.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.

## WORSHIP.

- 2 To my enlightened eyes display  
The glorious truth thy words reveal;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way,  
Make me delight to do thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
The wonders of redeeming love,  
The vanity of things below,  
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through these dubious paths I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad;  
Show me the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 139

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
O, kindle now the sacred flame;  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

*Stewart.*

### 140

L. M.

- 1 O FOR that flame of living fire  
Which shone so bright in saints of old;  
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,  
Calm in distress, in danger bold!
- 2 Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt  
In Abram's breast, and sealed him thine?  
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,  
And glow with energy divine?—
- 3 That spirit which from age to age  
Proclaimed thy love, and taught thy ways?  
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,  
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

## HOLY SPIRIT.

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now  
As when Elijah felt its power ?  
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,  
Or Job endured the trying hour ?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;  
Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;  
And while to thee our hearts we raise,  
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

*Wm. H. Bathurst.*

**141** L. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,  
And make thy mansion in my breast ;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Thou God of love, and peace divine,  
O make thy light within me shine !  
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.

3 Come with thy healing from above,  
Fill each and every heart with love ;  
O turn to flesh the flinty stone,  
And let thy sovereign power be known !

*Philip Doddridge.*

**142** L. M.

1 As when in silence vernal showers  
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.

2 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind ;  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

3 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind,  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And blooming Eden bless our eyes.

*John Rippon.*

**143** L. M.

1 O BLESSED Comforter, draw nigh !  
Cheer and sustain my fainting heart ;  
Without thee every hope would die,  
And every cheering ray depart.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine  
With ardent wish my heart aspires,  
Can it be less than power divine  
That animates these strong desires ?
- 3 And when my cheerful hope can say  
I love my God and taste his grace,  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray  
That brings this dawn of sacred peace ?
- 4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart  
Forever dwell, O God of love !  
And light and heavenly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

*Anne Steele.*

### 144

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 O raise our thoughts from things below,  
From vanities and toys !  
Then shall we with fresh courage go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 Awake our souls to joyful songs ;  
Let pure devotions rise ;  
Till praise employs our thankful tongues,  
And doubt forever dies.
- 4 Father, we would no longer live  
At this poor, dying rate,  
To thee our thankful love we give,  
For thine to us is great.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 145

C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, power of truth,  
Our contrite hearts inspire ;  
Revive the flame of heavenly love,  
And feed the pure desire.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,  
With guilt and fear oppressed ;  
'T is thine to bid the dying live,  
And give the weary rest.
- 3 Subdue the power of every sin,  
Whate'er that sin may be ;  
That we, in singleness of heart,  
May worship only thee.
- 4 Then with our spirits witness bear  
That we are sons of God,  
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,  
Through Christ's atoning blood.
- 5 God, through himself, we then shall know,  
If thou within us shine ;  
And sound, with all thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

*Thomas Cotterill.*

### 146

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power :  
Come, Holy Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light, to us reveal  
Our sinfulness and woe,  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,  
With Pentecostal grace ;  
And make the great salvation known,  
Wide as the human race.
- 5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,  
And make our hearts thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious power :  
Come, Holy Spirit, come !

*Andrew Reed.*

## WORSHIP.

**147**

C. M.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,  
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue ;  
All-powerful as the wind he came,  
And all as viewless, too.
- 3 He comes sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to fix his rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, calms every fear,  
And whispers thoughts of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every virtue won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Is his, and his alone.

*Harriet Auber.*

**148**

C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of life, and light, and love,  
Thy heavenly influence give ;  
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,  
That we in Christ may live.
- 2 To our benighted minds, reveal  
The glories of his grace,  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of his face.
- 3 His love within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever-springing well ;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

*Thomas Haweis.*

**149**

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;  
Let us thine influence prove ;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Water with heavenly dew thy word,  
In this appointed hour ;  
Attend it with thy presence, Lord,  
And bid it come with power.
- 3 Open the hearts of them that hear,  
To make the Saviour room ;  
Now let us find redemption near ;  
Let faith by hearing come.

*Charles Wesley.*

**150**

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power  
All creatures live and move,  
On us thy benediction shower ;  
Inspire our souls with love.
- 2 Hail, Source of light ! arise and shine ;  
Darkness and doubt dispel ;  
Give peace and joy, for we are thine ;  
In us forever dwell.
- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,  
And full redemption bring ;  
New tongues impart to speak the praise  
Of Christ, our God and King.
- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown  
To all the world beside ;  
Exulting then, we feel and own  
Our Saviour glorified.

*Thomas Haweis.*

**151**

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove.  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

## WORSHIP.

- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,  
    To sanctify the soul,  
    To pour fresh life in every part,  
    And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
    Our minds from bondage free ;  
    Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
    The Father, Son, and thee.

*Joseph Hart.*

### 152

S. M.

- 1 'T is God's own Spirit leads  
    In paths before unknown ;  
    The work to be performed is ours,  
    The strength is all his own.
- 2 Supported by his grace,  
    We still pursue our way,  
    And hope at last to reach the prize,  
    Secure in endless day.
- 3 'T is he that works to will,  
    'T is he that works to do ;  
    His is the power by which we act,  
    His be the glory too.

*James Montgomery.*

### 153

S. M.

- 1 COME, Spirit, source of light,  
    Thy grace is unconfined ;  
    Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
    The darkness of the mind.
- 2 Now to our eyes display  
    The truth thy words reveal ;  
    Cause us to run the heavenly way,  
    Delighting in thy will.
- 3 Thy teachings make us know  
    The mysteries of thy love,  
    The vanity of things below,  
    The joy of things above.

*Anon.*

### 154

S. M.

- 1 BLEST Comforter divine,  
    Let rays of heavenly love  
    Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
    And point our souls above.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Turn us with gentle voice  
From every sinful way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice  
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By thine inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O, fill thou every heart  
With love to all our race ;  
Great Comforter, to us impart  
These blessings of thy grace.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

**155**

6s & 4s.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,  
Shed on us from above  
Thine own bright ray ;  
Divinely good thou art ;  
Thy sacred gifts impart  
To gladden each sad heart ;  
O, come to-day !
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power ;  
Rest, which the weary know,  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,  
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,  
Cheer us this hour.
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still  
Our inmost bosoms fill ;  
Dwell in each breast :  
We know no dawn but thine,  
Send forth thy beams divine  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.
- 4 Exalt our low desires,  
Extinguish passion's fires,  
Heal every wound ;  
Our stubborn spirits bend,  
Our icy coldness end,  
Our devious steps attend  
While heavenward bound.

*Robert II., King of France,*



## WORSHIP.

**156**

6s & 4s.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth and love,  
Life-giving holy Dove !  
Speed forth thy flight ;  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !
- 2 Thou, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !
- 3 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick and blind,  
Sight to the darkened mind,  
O now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light !

*John Marriott.*

**157**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed ;  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;  
From the gospel  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing  
Which thy word's designed to give ;  
Let us all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive,  
And forever  
To thy praise and glory live.

*Jonathan Evans.*

**158**

7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, light divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine,  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn my darkness into day.

## HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Holy Spirit, power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
Long has sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine,  
Cast down every idol-throne,  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

*Andrew Reed.*

### 159

7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine,  
Let thy light within me shine,  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free,  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart,  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way,  
Fill my soul with joy divine,  
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

*John Stocker.*

### 160

7s.

- 1 COME, divine and peaceful Guest,  
Enter each devoted breast ;  
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Kindle there the gospel fire.
- 2 God, the everlasting God,  
Makes with mortals his abode ;  
Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

## WORSHIP.

3 Never will he thence depart,  
Inmate of a humble heart ;  
Carrying on his work within,  
Striving till he cast out sin.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,  
Principle and Lord of life ;  
Life divine in us renew,  
Thou the Gift and Giver too !

*Charles Wesley.*

### 161

7s.

1 HOLY Spirit, truth divine,  
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
Word of God, and inward light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine,  
Glow within this heart of mine,  
Kindle every high desire,  
Perish self in thy pure fire. .

3 Holy Spirit, power divine !  
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
Be my law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, yet ever free.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

### 162

8s & 7s.

1 LET thy Spirit, blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our doubtings cease ;  
Come, O, come with love and favor,  
Fill us all with joy and peace.

2 Fearful dangers are around us,  
Satan watches to destroy :  
Lord, our foes would fain confound us ;  
O, for us thy might employ !

3 On thy word our souls are resting ;  
Taught by thee, thy name we love ;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus ;  
How it doth our spirits move !

4 Let us not, O Lord, be weary  
Of the roughness of the way ;  
Though the road be often dreary,  
Thou shalt drive our gloom away.

*Anon.*

## HOLY SPIRIT.

**163**

8s & 7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,  
Shine amid the clouds of night ;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe thy life and shed thy light ;
- 2 Send us thine illumination ;  
Banish all our fears at length ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of unfailing strength.
- 3 Let that love which knows no measure  
Now in quickening showers descend,  
Bringing us the richest treasure  
Man can wish or God can send.
- 4 Hear our earnest supplication ;  
Every struggling heart release ;  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of eternal peace.

*Paul Gerhardt.*

**164**

8s & 7s.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, fount of blessing,  
Ever watchful, ever kind ;  
Thy celestial aid possessing,  
Prisoned souls deliverance find ;—
- 2 Seal of truth, and bond of union,  
Source of light, and flame of love,  
Symbol of divine communion,  
In the olive-bearing dove.
- 3 Heavenly guide from paths of error,  
Comforter of minds distressed ;  
When the billows swell with terror,  
Pointing to an ark of rest ;—
- 4 Promised pledge ! eternal Spirit !  
Greater than all gifts below,—  
May our hearts thy grace inherit ;  
May our lips thy glories show.

*Thomas F. Judkin.*

**165**

8s & 7s.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.

## WORSHIP.

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,—  
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
Let us all thy grace inherit ;  
Let us find thy promised rest.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 166

7s & 5.

1 HOLY Spirit, lamp of light,  
Shine upon our nature's night ;  
Give thy blessed inward sight,  
Comforter divine !

2 We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord :  
We are faint ; thy strength afford :  
Lost,—until by thee restored,  
Comforter divine !

3 Like the dew, thy peace distill ;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine !

4 In us "Abba Father," cry,—  
Earnest of our rest on high ;  
Hope of immortality,  
Comforter divine !

5 Search for us the depths of God ;  
Bear us up the starry road  
To the hight of thine abode,  
Comforter divine !

*George Rawson.*

### 167

H. M.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high :  
We plead the promise of thy word ;  
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 If earthly parents hear  
    Their children when they cry ;  
If they, with love sincere,  
    Their varied wants supply,  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;  
    We children of thy grace ;  
O, let thy spirit now  
    Descend and fill the place !  
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.
- John Burton.*

**168**

L. M.

- 1 O HOLY book of truth divine !  
    Eternal as thy Maker's name ;  
Through countless ages of decline  
    Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
- 2 The dust of time is on thy page,  
    Yet dims no pure and hallowed thought ;  
In every clime, in every age,  
    Have saints thy holy comfort sought.
- 3 Thou art the life, the joy, the light,  
    The hope of trusting thousands here,  
Whose faith shall find eternal sight  
    Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.
- 4 No other rule by which to live,  
    No other faith like thine to save ;  
No other hope such peace can give  
    When near the cold and silent grave.
- 5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet !  
    Thy light illumines the trusting soul  
With glory that shall be complete  
    When days and years have ceased to roll.

*F. E. Belden.*

**169**

L. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;  
    In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
    We read thy name in fairer lines.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
But the blest volume thou didst write,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So, when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and lightened every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness ! arise ;  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

*Isaac Watts.*

**170**

L. M.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
With deep distress the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree !  
How wise and holy thy commands !  
Thy promises, how firm they be,  
How sure our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

*Isaac Watts.*

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

**171**

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God,  
No other can its place supply ;  
It points me to the saints' abode,  
And bids me from destruction fly.
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord ;  
From thy instructive page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love ;  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And thus partake of joys above.
- 4 Within thy sacred lids are found  
A transcript of my Maker's will ;  
Treasures of knowledge here abound,  
The deepest, loftiest mind to fill.
- 5 Light of the world, thy beams impart,  
To lead my feet through life's dark way ;  
O, shine on this benighted heart,  
Nor let me from thy guidance stray.

*Thomas Kelly.*

**172**

L. M.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me,
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;  
Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

*Isaac Watts.*

**173**

L. M.

- 1 God, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'T is here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

## WORSHIP.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live ;  
It bids the drooping saints revive.

3 Our rising passions it controls,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It brings a better world in view,  
And guides us all our journey through.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 174

L. M.

1 THE starry firmament on high,  
And all the glories of the sky,  
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,  
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,  
Its truths divine and precepts wise,  
In each a heavenly beam I see,  
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,  
The moon her borrowed glory vail,  
And deepest reverence hush on high  
The joyful chorus of the sky :

4 But fixed for everlasting years,  
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,  
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,  
When heaven and earth have passed away.

*Robert Grant.*

### 175

C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
Forever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Jesus, thy word with friendly aid  
Restores our wandering feet,  
Converts the scrowls of the mind  
To joys divinely sweet.

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou forever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour here.

*Anne Steele.*

### 176 C. M.

- 1 How precious is the book divine  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts  
In this dark vale of tears,  
And life and light and joy imparts,  
To banish all our fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

*John Fawcett.*

### 177 C. M.

- 1 How blest the children of the Lord,  
Who, walking in his sight,  
Make all the precepts of his word  
Their study and delight !
- 2 That precious wealth shall be their dower,  
Which cannot know decay ;  
Which moth and rust shall ne'er devour,  
Or spoiler take away.
- 3 For them that heavenly light shall spread  
Whose cheering rays illumine  
The darkest hours of life, and shed  
A halo round the tomb.
- 4 Their works of piety and love,  
Performed through Christ, their Lord,  
Forever registered above,  
Shall meet a sure reward.

*Harriet Auber.*

## WORSHIP.

**178**

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look ;  
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace  
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been,  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Forgiveness for my sin.
- 3 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies,  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And here my hopes arise.

*Isaac Watts.*

**179**

C. M.

- 1 A GLORY in the word we find  
When grace restores our sight ;  
But sin has darkened all the mind,  
And veiled the heavenly light.
- 2 When God's own spirit clears our view,  
How bright the doctrines shine !  
Their holy fruits and sweetness show  
The author is divine.
- 3 How blest are we, with open face  
To view thy glory, Lord,  
And all thy image here to trace,  
Reflected in thy word !
- 4 O teach us, as we look, to grow  
In holiness and love,  
That we may long to see and know  
Thy glorious face above.

*Campbell's Collection.*

**180**

C. M.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display ;  
It makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

*Wm. Cowper.*

**181**

C. M.

1 LET others boast of wealth or power,  
And glory in their pride ;  
Thy word, O God, we value more  
Than all the world beside.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy  
Are open to our sight,  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold,  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet ;  
Here promises of heavenly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**182**

C. M.

1 THERE is an ancient, blessed book,  
Sent down from age to age ;  
Admiring angels bend to look  
Upon its hallowed page.

2 Preserved by wondrous care and skill,  
For our instruction given,  
It speaks of God, and shows his will,  
And points the way to heaven.

3 O let us seek for heavenly grace  
To hear and read aright !  
Till we behold the Saviour's face,  
And faith gives place to sight.

*Anon.*



## WORSHIP.

**183**

C. M.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides me all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead my way.
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;  
I hate the sinner's road ;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide my youth,  
And well support my age.

*Isaac Watts.*

**184**

C. M.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls ;  
Thy grace to us afford ;  
And while we meet to learn thy truth,  
Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound  
To those that walked with thee,  
So teach us, Lord, to understand,  
And its blest fullness see ;
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power, and depth,  
Its holiness discern ;  
Its joyful news of saving grace  
By blest experience learn.
- 4 Thus may thy word be dearer still,  
And studied more each day ;  
And as it richly dwells within,  
Thyself in it display.

*Anon.*

**185**

C. M.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book :  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look !

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
    Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
    But thine conducts to heaven.
- 3 Yet men would fain be just with God  
    By works their hands have wrought ;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
    Extend to every thought.
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace  
    Fall far below thy word ;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
    Dwell only with the Lord.

*Anon.*

**186**

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays  
    Dispel the shades of night,  
Diffusing o'er a ruined world  
    The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,  
    Restores our wandering feet ;  
Converts the sorrows of the mind  
    To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O send thy light and truth abroad,  
    In all their radiant blaze ;  
And bid the admiring world adore  
    The glories of thy grace.

*John Buttress.*

**187**

C. M.

- 1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
    Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace ;  
    Brook by the traveler's way ;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed ;  
    True manna from on high ;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
    Of realms beyond the sky ;
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
    And radiant cloud by day ;  
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,  
    Our anchor and our stay ;

## WORSHIP.

- 4 Word of the everlasting God ;  
Will of his glorious Son,—  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts.

*Barton.*

**188**

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy word is my delight,  
There grace and truth are seen ;  
O could I study day and night,  
And meditate therein !
- 2 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,  
And to our hearts explain ;  
Let all its life and spirit feel,  
And heavenly wisdom gain.
- 3 That thou for us didst live and die,  
Make known to us, dear Lord ;  
To us the promises apply,  
Recorded in thy word.

*William Hammond.*

**189**

C. M.

- 1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,  
When set against the wheat ?  
Can it a dying soul sustain  
Like that immortal meat ?
- 2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread  
Thy children doth supply ;  
And those who by thy word are fed,  
Their souls shall never die.
- 3 'T is like a field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown,  
And he indeed is truly wise  
Who makes this pearl his own.

*Isaac Watts.*

**190**

C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground ;  
O let the dew of heaven descend,  
And shed its influence round,

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
May it take root in every heart,  
And grow in faith and love.
- 3 Let not this life's deceitful cares,  
Nor worldly wealth and joy,  
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,  
The rising plant destroy.
- 4 Where'er the word of life is sown,  
A large increase bestow,  
That all who hear thy message, Lord,  
Its saving power may know.

*John Carwood.*

### 191 S. M.

- 1 How perfect is thy word !  
Thy judgments are all just ;  
And ever in thy promise, Lord,  
May man securely trust.
- 2 I hear thy word in love,  
In faith thy word obey ;  
O send thy Spirit from above,  
To teach me, Lord, thy way.
- 3 Thy counsels all are plain,  
Thy precepts all are pure ;  
And long as heaven and earth remain,  
Thy truth shall still endure.
- 4 O, may my soul with joy  
Trust in thy faithful word ;  
Be it through life my glad employ,  
To keep thy precepts, Lord.

*Isaac Watts*

### 192 7s.

- 1 HOLY Bible ! book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine !  
Mine to tell me whence I came ;  
Mine to teach me what I am ;
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove ;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love ;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet ;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit ;

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless ;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death ;
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom ;  
O thou holy book divine !  
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

*John Burton.*

### 193

S. M.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads the curious eye ;  
But sacred truths the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain  
A meek, inquiring mind,  
Assured we shall not search in vain,  
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blessed,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
We trust alone in thee.

*Anon.*

### 194

8s & 7s.

- 1 BLESSED Bible, how I love it !  
How it doth my bosom cheer !  
What hath earth like this to covet ?  
O, what stores of wealth are here !
- 2 'T is a fountain ever bursting,  
Whence the weary may obtain  
Water for the soul that's thirsting,  
That it may not thirst again.
- 3 'T is a chart that never faileth,  
One which God to man has given ;  
And though oft the storm assaileth,  
It will guide you safe to heaven.
- 4 'T is a pearl of price exceeding  
All the gems in ocean found ;  
And, its sacred precepts heeding,  
So shall you in grace abound.

*Anon.*

## HOLY SCRIPTURES.

**195**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O WORD of God incarnate,  
     O wisdom from on high,  
   O truth unchanged, unchanging,  
     O light of our dark sky !  
   We praise thee for the radiance  
     That from the hallowed page,  
   A lamp to guide our footsteps,  
     Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The church from her dear Master  
     Received the gift divine,  
   And still that light she lifteth  
     O'er all the earth to shine.  
   It is the golden casket  
     Where gems of truth are stored,  
   It is the heaven-drawn picture  
     Of Christ the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner  
     Before God's host unfurled,  
   It shineth like a beacon  
     Above the stormy world ;  
   It is the chart and compass  
     That o'er life's raging sea,  
   Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
     Still guides, O Christ, to thee !
- 4 O, make thy church, dear Saviour,  
     A lamp of burnished gold,  
   To bear before the nations  
     Thy true light as of old ;  
   O, teach thy wandering pilgrims  
     By this their path to trace,  
   Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
     They see thee face to face,

*William How.*

**196**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THE heavens declare his glory,  
     Their Maker's skill, the skies ;  
   Each day repeats the story,  
     And night to night replies.  
   Their silent proclamation  
     Throughout the earth is heard,—  
   The record of creation,  
     The page of nature's word.



## WORSHIP.

2 But there's a radiance streaming  
More bright than that of day,  
'Tis God's own glory beaming  
In truth's celestial ray :  
So pure, so soul-restoring,  
It makes the simple wise ;  
And, balm of comfort pouring,  
Each aching heart supplies.

3 Thy word is richer treasure  
Than lurks within the mine ;  
And daintiest fare less pleasure  
Yields than this food divine.  
How wise each kind monition !  
Led by thy counsels, Lord,  
How safe the saints' condition !  
How great is their reward !

*Josiah Conder.*

**197**

L. M.

1 GOD's law demands one living faith,  
And not a crowd of lifeless creeds ;  
Its warrant is a firm " God saith ; "  
Its claim not words, but living deeds.

2 Yet, Lord, forgive—thy holy law  
Grows tarnished in our earthly clasp ;  
Pure in itself, without a flaw,  
It dims in our too worldly grasp.

3 Forgive the sacrilege, and take  
From every soul the unholy stain,  
And help us for thy Son's dear sake,  
To keep thy perfect law again.

*Anon.*

**198**

L. M.

1 O LAW of God ! blest and divine !  
Penned by the Everlasting Hand !  
Long shall thy sacred precepts shine,  
Firm as the eternal hills shall stand.

2 God's covenant shall e'er abide,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away ;  
That rule which is the angel's guide  
Shall I not fear to disobey ?

## LAW OF GOD.

3 With all my power, from morn till night,  
I'll publish 'mong the sons of men  
That sacred law, though others scorn  
To keep thy holy precepts ten.

4 O that an angel's tongue were mine !  
Then would I magnify that word,  
Which, echoing from lips divine,  
From Sinai's rugged mount was heard.

5 And when old earth shall be restored  
To Eden beauty, fair and bright,  
And God himself shall dwell with men,  
Still in that law shall I delight.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

### 199

L. M.

1 TRUTH is the gem for which we seek,  
O tell us where shall it be found !  
For this we search, and pray, and weep,  
That truth may in our hearts abound.

2 We want the truth on every point,  
We want it all to practice by ;  
Do thou, O Lord, our eyes anoint  
With a fresh unction from on high.

3 Were not the ten commandments given  
By the great Source of light and truth,  
For all who tread the path to heaven  
From the dark wilderness of earth ?

4 Then, as we would our God obey,  
In letter and in spirit too,  
O, let us keep the seventh day,  
For it is plainly brought to view.

*Charlotte Haskins.*

### 200

L. M.

1 O PERFECT law of the Most High !  
Law ever holy, just, and good !  
No other code with thee can vie,  
Unrivalled thou hast ever stood.

2 Let thy ten words my soul convert  
From every false and sinful way ;  
Write thy pure precepts on my heart,  
That from thy truth I may not stray.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Then in the glorious world to come,  
No more I'll need the chastening rod ;  
For all who reach that blissful home  
Will be in harmony with God.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 201

C. M.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart,  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,  
Let no corrupt design  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 202

C. M.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God !  
Soon as I know thy way,  
I hasten to obey thy word,  
And suffer no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before mine eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

## LAW OF GOD.

4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways ;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
O, save thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 203 C. M.

- 1 GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands of living truth  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fixed,  
On sure foundations laid ;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weighed ;
- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
- Or gold refined with skill ;  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distill.
- 5 My trusty counselors they are,  
And friendly warning give ;  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by thy precepts live.

*Anon.*

### 204 C. M.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright :  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thy eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,—  
My sins revived again ;  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 205

C. M.

- 1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practice thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steadfast feet aside.

*Anon.*

### 206

C. M.

- 1 THY law is perfect, Lord of light,  
Thy testimonies sure ;  
The statutes of thy realm are right,  
And thy commandments pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
Let these be gladness to my heart,  
The dayspring to mine eyes.
- 3 So may the words my lips express,  
The thoughts that throng my mind,  
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,  
With thee acceptance find.

*Anon.*

## LAW OF GOD.

207

C. M.

- 1 WHEN God confirmed his law to men,  
Through Israel's waiting flock,  
He spake aloud his precepts ten,  
And graved them in the rock.
- 2 Within the tent's most holy place  
That sacred law was brought,  
Nor can the hand of man efface  
What great Jehovah wrought.
- 3 But God well knew perdition's son  
Would ne'er his precepts love ;  
He gave a duplicate alone,  
And kept his own above.
- 4 There in the tabernacle true,  
Pitched not by hands of men,  
The sacred law is kept in view,  
The holy precepts ten.

*R. F. Cottrell*

208

C. M.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !  
'T is daily my delight ;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.
- 2 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage  
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 3 No treasures so enrich the mind,  
Nor shall thy word be sold,  
For loads of silver well-refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 4 When all the powers of nature droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support the hope  
Of my abiding-place.

*Isaac Watts*

209

C. M.

- 1 WITH all my heart I've sought thy face,  
O let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace !  
Nor tread the sinner's way.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.
- 3 My ear with sacred reverence hears  
The threatenings of thy word ;  
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears  
The judgments of the Lord.
- 4 My God ! I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still ;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 210

C. M.

- 1 How blest are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way ;  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray !
- 2 How blest, who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been,  
And have with fervent, humble zeal  
His favor sought to win !
- 3 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will ;  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfill.
- 4 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside ;  
And I the course of all my life  
By thy direction guide !

*Anon*

### 211

C. M.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quickening power,  
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;  
It is my constant joy.

## THE SABBATH.

- 3 My lips with courage shall declare  
Thy statutes and thy name ;  
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,  
Nor yield to sinful shame.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 212

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath and its light,  
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;  
It is my weary soul's delight,  
The solace of my care-worn breast.
- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,  
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;  
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy  
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 How sweetly now they glide along !  
How hallowed is the calm they yield !  
Transporting is their rapturous song,  
And heavenly visions seem revealed.
- 4 O Jesus, let me ever hail  
Thy presence with the day of rest ;  
Then will thy servant never fail  
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

*Anon.*

### 213

L. M.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL day, best gift to heaven,  
By man in Eden first possessed ;  
Jehovah's rest-day, kindly given  
That all his creatures might be blessed.
- 2 Memorial of creation's King,  
We welcome now thy glad return ;  
And while his praise we join to sing,  
Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
- 3 We bless thy name, almighty Lord,  
We love the keepsake thou hast given ;  
Our voices raise with one accord  
In honor of the King of heaven.
- 4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood  
We are redeemed from sin and death ;  
Give glory to the Son of God,—  
Praise him all creatures that have breath.

## WORSHIP.

- 5 By sin we are exposed to wrath ;  
    He died for us, that he might draw  
    Our wandering feet to virtue's path,  
    Where we may keep God's holy law.
- 6 That law shall still be our delight,—  
    The holy Sabbath is a part,—  
    And when we gain a world so bright,  
    All flesh shall keep it with one heart.
- R. F. Cottrell.*

### 214

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart ! my soul, arise !  
    This is the day believers prize ;  
    Improve this Sabbath, then, with care ;  
    Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn thought ! Lord, give me power,  
    Wisely to fill up every hour ;  
    O for the wings of faith and love  
    To bear my longing heart above !
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail  
    To worship thee within the veil,  
    To glorify thy matchless grace,  
    To see the beauties of thy face.
- 4 Be with me in thy house to-day,  
    And tune my heart to praise and pray ;  
    Command thy word to fall like dew,  
    Refreshing, quickening all anew.
- 5 Call forth my thoughts, and let them rove  
    O'er the green pastures of thy love ;  
    O let not sin prevent my rest,  
    Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

*Anon.*

### 215

L. M.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
    Another Sabbath is begun ;  
    Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
    Improve the day that God has blessed.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
    So sweet a rest to weary minds :  
    A blessed antepast is given,  
    On this day more than all the seven.

## THE SABBATH.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from Christ that sweet repose  
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

*Samuel Stennett.*

### 216

L. M.

1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God,  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er his anxious breast ;  
While all around, the calm divine  
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour ! for, where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given ;  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

*Thomas Raffles.*

### 217

L. M.

1 WE'VE entered now on holy time,  
God's blessed rest-day all divine ;  
The labors of the week are past,  
Now let earth's cares aside be cast.

2 O let us help repair the breach,  
And all of God's commandments teach,  
Calling his rest-day our delight,  
Thus walking blameless in his sight.

3 This holy rest to us is given,  
To call our minds from earth to heaven ;  
That we may not forget the Lord,  
And trample down his holy word.

## WORSHIP.

- 4 The faith of Jesus, too, we need ;  
For thus the flying angel said :  
Commands of God and Jesus' faith  
Will shield us in the day of wrath.

*Anon.*

### 218

L. M.

- 1 THUS far we're spared again to meet  
Before Jehovah's mercy-seat ;  
To seek his face, to sing and pray,  
And hail another Sabbath-day.
- 2 Now met to praise his holy name,  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Let every tongue its silence break,  
Let every one his goodness speak,  
Who deigns his glory to display  
On each returning Sabbath-day.

*Anon.*

### 219

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord  
And bless his works and bless his word ;  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 When grace has purified my heart,  
Then I shall share a glorious part ;  
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired or wished below,  
And every hour find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

*Isaac Watts.*

## THE SABBATH.

**220**

L. M.

- 1 THIS is the day of sacred rest,  
Which God hath sanctified and blessed,  
When throned in majesty he stood,  
And viewed his works, and called them good.
- 2 The heavenly host their harps employ,  
The Sons of God gave shouts of joy ;  
Through heaven and earth his praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.
- 3 Come, then, ye weary souls oppressed,  
Come and enjoy this holy rest ;  
Let humble songs like incense rise,  
And prayer and praise ascend the skies.

*Dr. H. Clarke.*

**221**

L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the Sabbath of the Lord  
To those who in his law delight ;  
Who love the precepts of his word,  
And tread the narrow path of right.
- 2 This holy day Jehovah blessed  
Ere sorrow, pain, or death were born,  
And sanctified for man his rest  
In glad creation's sinless morn.
- 3 It speaks of him whose wondrous might  
The heavens and earth from nothing made ;  
Who formed the glorious orbs of light,  
And the deep sea's foundations laid.
- 4 Its sacred hours, ye saints of God,  
Remember with respect and love ;  
And through obedience to his word  
Your love for your Creator prove.
- 5 And, when, immortalized we see  
The treasures of the new earth bright,  
God's holy Sabbath still shall be  
A source of blessing and delight.

*J. S. Thorp.*

**222**

L. M.

- 1 THE day of rest once more comes round,  
A day to all believers dear ;  
The silver trumpets seem to sound,  
That call the tribes of Israel near.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 O, hasten, Lord, the day when those  
Who know thee here shall see thy face ;  
When suffering shall forever close,  
And they shall reach their destined place.  
*Thomas Kelly.*

### 223

L. M.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray  
In this thy house, on this thy day ;  
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our laboring souls aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
No sin nor death can reach that place ;  
No tears shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarm of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would I leave this weary road,  
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 224

L. M.

- 1 LORD, on this Sabbath-day of rest  
We lift to thee our earnest praise,  
Obedient to the high behest  
Which thou didst give to guide our ways.
- 2 We thank thee for the holy light  
That from thy law shines full and clear,  
Directing our weak steps aright  
Through earth's low path of doubt and fear.
- 3 For Jesus, too, whom thou didst send  
To teach the way of grace and truth,  
We bow before thy throne, and blend  
The thanks of age, the love of youth.

## THE SABBATH.

- 4 O, write thy word on every heart!  
In us let thy pure Spirit live,  
That his rich presence may impart  
Such peace as thou alone canst give.  
*T. R. Williamson.*

### 225 L. M.

- 1 THIS day the Lord has called his own ;  
O, let us, then, his praise declare !  
Fix our desires on him alone,  
And seek his face with fervent prayer.
- 2 Lord, in thy love we would rejoice,  
Which bids the burdened soul be free ;  
And with united heart and voice,  
Devote these sacred hours to thee.
- 3 Now let the world's delusive things  
No more our groveling thoughts employ,  
But Faith be taught to stretch her wings  
In search of heaven's unfading joy.
- 4 O, let these earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
Be to our lasting welfare blessed !  
The purest comfort here afford,  
And fit us for eternal rest.

*William H. Bathurst.*

### 226 L. M.

- 1 I LOVE thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
For they are days of holy rest ;  
And thou hast passed thy changeless word,  
That they shall be forever blest.
- 2 I love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,  
That congregate thy people here,  
To join their hearts in sweet accord,  
And fit them for a higher sphere.

*Anon.*

### 227 C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day  
Which God has called his own ;  
With joy the summons we obey,  
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !  
Where willing votaries throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell  
    Within thy church below ;  
    Make her in holiness excel,  
    With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ;  
    Let all her sons unite  
    To spread with grateful zeal around,  
    Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Then hail ! thou sacred, blessed day,  
    The best of all the seven,  
    When hearts unite their vows to pay  
    Of gratitude to heaven.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

### 228 C. M

- 1 DEAR Lord, we would thy praises sing  
    On this thy holy day ;  
    With grateful hearts our tribute bring ;  
    To thee our homage pay.
- 2 This day, which thou for us hast blessed,  
    And set apart as thine,—  
    This day when God himself did rest,  
    Hath honors all divine.
- 3 Lord, we would turn away our feet  
    From this thy holy day,  
    And call its rest and worship sweet,  
    Not doing our own way.
- 4 That we may thus restore the breach  
    Which in thy law is made,  
    We need thy grace our hearts to teach,  
    We need thy Spirit's aid.
- 5 O, give us wisdom from above  
    To worship thee aright,  
    Till we shall meet Him whom we love,  
    And faith is lost in sight.

*Anon.*

### 229 C. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,  
    On this sweet day of rest ;  
    O bless this flock, and make this fold  
    Enjoy a heavenly rest.

## THE SABBATH.

- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul  
Are these sweet days of love,  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above !
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace ;  
Here, in thine own appointed way,  
I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
On which my Lord I've seen ;  
And oft, when feasting on his word,  
In raptures I have been.
- 5 O, if my soul, when Christ appears,  
In this sweet frame be found,  
I'll clasp my Saviour in my arms,  
And leave this earthly ground !

*William Mason.*

### 230

C. M.

- 1 How sweet upon this sacred day,  
The best of all the seven,  
To cast our earthly thoughts away,  
And think of God and heaven !
- 2 How sweet to be allowed to pray,  
Our sins may be forgiven !  
With filial confidence to say,  
"Father, who art in heaven !"
- 3 How sweet the words of peace to hear  
From him to whom 'tis given  
To wake the penitential tear,  
And lead the way to heaven !
- 4 And if to make our sins depart,  
In vain the will has striven,  
He who regards the inmost heart  
Will send his grace from heaven.

*Mrs. Follen.*

### 231

C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,  
And sighs her God to seek,  
How sweet to hail the hours that close  
The labors of the week !

## WORSHIP.

- 2 How sweet to hail the Sabbath-day,  
The day of holy rest ;  
From earth's wild cares to soar away  
To regions pure and blest.
- 3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease,  
Yet while they gently roll,  
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 Soon will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er,—  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day which fades no more.

*James Edmeston.*

### 232

C. M.

- 1 How bright a day was that which saw  
Creation's week complete !  
All nature owned her Maker's law,  
And worshiped at his feet.
- 2 The world, arranged by power divine,  
In perfect order stood ;  
And, resting from his great design,  
God saw that all was good.
- 3 Not such a Sabbath now appears,  
For sin has ruined all ;  
No longer man with pleasure hears  
A gracious Father's call.
- 4 Yet, Lord, bring back the reign of peace,  
Let brighter days begin ;  
And teach vain creatures how to cease  
From folly and from sin.
- 5 Let sinners be again made thine,  
Though once with vengeance cursed ;  
And let the holy Sabbath shine,  
As glorious as at first.

*Anon.*

### 233

C. M.

- 1 COME, thou beloved Redeemer, come,  
Thy waiting church to bless ;  
Shine forth upon this Sabbath-day,  
Thou Sun of righteousness.

## THE SABBATH.

- 2 Thou art our Maker, thou our God,  
And thy great name we own :  
All praise and honor and renown  
We yield to thee alone.

*Anon.*

### 234

L. M. 6l.

- 1 HAIL, peaceful day ! divinely blest !  
Sweetly thy glories would we sing,  
Memorial of that sacred rest  
Of vast creation's mighty King :  
This hallowed time to man was given,  
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 2 Hark ! through the shining courts above  
What rapturous praises echo now !  
Around that holy law of love  
Seraphs in adoration bow ;  
Let earth, responsive to the strain,  
Exalt alone Jehovah's name.
- 3 O come, thou bright, immortal day !  
When at his temple all adore,  
And own his universal sway  
From age to age, forevermore ;  
Then Zion shall in triumph reign,  
And Eden bloom on earth again.

*Annie R. Smith.*

### 235

C. P. M.

- 1 HAIL, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail ;  
How do thy hours my mind regale  
With feasts of heavenly joy !  
Nor can I half thy blessings name,  
Which kindle in my soul a flame,  
And all my powers employ.
- 2 How shall I best improve thy hours ?  
Lord, on me shed in copious showers  
Thy Spirit and thy grace ;  
That when thy sacred courts I tread,  
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,  
And sing Jehovah's praise.



## WORSHIP.

3 Thou hallowed season of repose,  
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes  
Of this care-stricken breast ;  
Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,  
And with the faithful will I meet,  
To taste thy holy rest.

4 Thus may the Sabbath pass away,  
My best, my holiest, happiest day,  
The sweetest of the seven ;  
But yet a rest for saints remains,  
The Sabbath free from ills and pains,  
Eternal, and in heaven.

*Anon.*

### 236 S. M.

1 THY holy Sabbath, Lord,  
Thy people hail with joy ;  
And while we wait to hear thy word,  
Let praise our hearts employ.

2 With sweet delight the day  
That thou hast called thine own  
We hail, and all our homage pay  
To thine exalted throne.

3 O may thy saints be blessed ;  
Assist us while we pray ;  
May we enjoy a holy rest,  
And keep the sacred day.

4 When Sabbaths here shall end,  
And from these courts we move,  
May we an endless Sabbath spend  
In heavenly courts above.

*Anon.*

### 237 S. M.

1 SIX days of toil and care,  
I bid you all adieu ;  
And now, O peaceful Sabbath hours,  
I gladly welcome you.

2 My heart with rapture turns  
To Eden's vale so fair ;  
Then forward to the heavenly world,  
And views the Sabbath there.

## THE SABBATH.

3 Sweet day of rest, through thee  
Shall memory faithful prove  
To Him who made the earth and sea,  
And starry worlds above.

4 Each Sabbath spent aright  
Shall bring us nearer thee,  
Till in that glorious land of light  
We're made forever free.

*Anon.*

### 238 S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
The day believers prize,  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and taste his cheer,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place  
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of folly and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 239 S. M.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,  
Thy glorious name to sing ;  
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

*Harriet Auber.*

## WORSHIP.

**240**

7s.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, day of rest,  
To the world in kindness given ;  
Welcome to this humble breast,  
As the beaming light from heaven.
- 2 Day of calm and sweet repose,  
Gently now thy moments run ;  
Balm to soothe our cares and woes,  
Till our labor here is done.
- 3 Holy day that most we prize,  
Day of solemn praise and prayer,  
Day to make the simple wise,  
O, how great thy blessings are !
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest,  
With thy influence all divine ;  
May thy hallowed hours be blessed  
To this waiting heart of mine.

*Anon.*

**241**

7s.

- 1 HOLY Sabbath, sacred rest,  
Welcome to each waiting breast ;  
Cheering hour that points away  
To eternity's glad day.
- 2 Ever since creation's birth,  
Thou hast been to cheer our earth ;  
When the course of time began,  
Thou wast made, and made for man.
- 3 While thou bringest peaceful rest,  
Man by thee is doubly blest ;  
Thou dost tend our thoughts to raise  
To our great Creator's praise.
- 4 Thus drawn nearer to our Lord,  
Hearts attuned to sweet accord,  
We shall hail the glorious day  
When all flesh shall own thy sway.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

**242**

7s.

- 1 HOLY day ! Jehovah's rest !  
Of creation's week the best ;  
Last of all the chosen seven,  
Blest of God, to man 'twas given.

## THE SABBATH.

- 2 First his six days' work was done,  
Then the Sabbath hour begun ;  
Thus he blessed the seventh day,  
Thus in resting we obey.
- 3 While we praise our Maker's name,  
We his faithful promise claim ;  
Meet with us, dear Lord, we pray,  
Thine are we, and thine this day.
- 4 Let thy Spirit on us shine,  
Help us keep thy law divine ;  
Day by day so shall we be  
Shining lights, O Lord, for thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 243

7s.

- 1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest !  
Sweet repose from worldly care ;  
Day above all days the best,  
When our souls for heaven prepare.
- 2 Gracious Lord, we love this day,  
When we hear thy holy word ;  
When we sing thy praise and pray ;  
Earth can no such joys afford.
- 3 But a better rest remains,—  
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days,  
Rest from sin, and rest from pains,  
Endless joys, and endless praise.

*Anon.*

### 244

7s. 6l.

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day,—  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame ;  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

## WORSHIP.

- 3 Here we come thy name to praise,  
May we feel thy presence near,  
May thy glory meet our eyes  
While we in thy courts appear ;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief to all complaints ;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths be  
Till we rise to reign with thee.

*John Newton*

**245**

7s. 6l.

- 1 CLOSING Sabbath ! Ah, how soon  
Have thy sacred moments passed ;  
Scarcely shines the morn, the noon,  
Ere the evening brings thy last !  
And another Sabbath flies,  
Solemn witness ! to the skies.
- 2 What is the report it bears  
To the secret place of God ?  
Does it speak of worldly cares,  
Thoughts which cling to earth's low sod ?  
Or has sweet communion shone  
Through its hours from God alone ?
- 3 Could we hope the day was spent  
Prayerfully, with constant heart,  
We might yield it up content,  
Knowing, though so soon it part,  
We should see a better day,  
Which could never pass away.
- 4 God of Sabbaths, O, forgive  
That we use thy gifts so ill :  
Teach us daily how to live  
That we ever may fulfill  
All thy gracious love designed,  
Giving Sabbaths to mankind.

*Anon.*

## THE SABBATH.

**246**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright ;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Who bend before the throne,  
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,  
To the Eternal One.
- 2 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise,  
A garden intersected  
With streams of paradise ;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.
- 3 A day of sweet reflection  
Thou art, a day of love ;  
A day to raise affection  
From earth to things above.  
New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We seek the rest remaining  
In the mansions of the blest.

*Christopher Wordsworth.*

**247**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THY holy day's returning  
Our hearts exult to see,  
And, with devotion burning,  
Ascend, great God, to thee.  
To-day, with purest pleasure,  
Our thoughts from earth withdraw ;  
We search for heavenly treasure,  
We learn thy holy law.
- 2 We join to sing thy praises,  
O God of Sabbath-day !  
Each voice in gladness raises  
Its loudest, sweetest lay.  
Thy richest mercies sharing,  
Inspire us with thy love,  
By grace our souls preparing  
For nobler praise above.



## WORSHIP.

**248**

7s. 6l.

1 HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,  
Risen with gladness in thy beams !  
Light, which not of earth is born,  
From thy dawn in glory streams ;  
Airs of heaven are breathed around,  
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator ! who this day  
From thy perfect work didst rest,  
By the souls that own thy sway  
Hallowed be its hours, and blest,  
Cares of earth aside be thrown,  
This day given to God alone.

*Julia A. Elliot.*

**249**

10s.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest ;  
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,  
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;  
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

3 Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear ;  
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear ;  
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,  
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind.

4 Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts  
guide,  
Through life our surest guardian and friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

*William Mason.*

**250**

10s.

1 HAIL, happy day ! thou day of holy rest ;  
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast  
When Christ, the Lord of grace, in love descends,  
And kindly holds communion with his friends !

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone ;  
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

## THE SABBATH.

- 3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes :  
O meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above !
- 4 O Son of God, exalted on thy throne,  
Impart that grace which comes from thee alone .  
Thou, by whose love our light and peace are given,  
Bring us, dear Saviour, to thyself and heaven.

*P. H. Brown.*

**251**

10s.

- 1 As time rolls on amid earth's gloom profound,  
And wearing toil presents a ceaseless round,  
'T is good to have some way-marks on our road,  
To cheer our hearts, and lift our thoughts to God.
- 2 The Sabbath to this end divinely blest,  
Not only gives the body timely rest,  
But by its influence helps our minds to raise  
And tune our hearts to our Creator's praise.
- 3 Then hail the glad memorial of our King !  
Let us give thanks, and join his praise to sing ;  
And learning now to celebrate his praise,  
So shall we sing of him through endless days.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

**252**

H. M.

- 1 THE God that made the earth,  
And all the worlds on high,  
Who gave all creatures birth,  
In earth, and sea, and sky,  
After six days in work employed,  
Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.
- 2 The Sabbath-day was blessed,  
Hallowed, and sanctified ;  
It was Jehovah's rest,  
And so it must abide ;  
'T was set apart before the fall,  
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.
- 3 And when from Sinai's mount,  
Amidst the fire and smoke,  
Jehovah did recount,  
And all his precepts spoke,  
He claimed the rest-day as his own,  
And wrote it with his law on stone.

## WORSHIP.

- 4    The Son of God appeared  
      With tidings of great joy ;  
      God's precepts he revered,  
      He came not to destroy ;  
      None of the law was set aside,  
      But every tittle ratified.
- 5    Our Saviour did not die  
      To render null and void  
      The law of the Most High,  
      Which cannot be destroyed ;  
      But bruised for us, our stripes he bore,—  
      We'll go in peace and sin no more.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 253

H. M.

- 1    WELCOME, the Sabbath hour,  
      The holy and the best !  
      With sweet, subduing power,  
      It calms the soul to rest ;  
      And hope and love spring up anew,  
      To cheer us on our journey through.
- 2    Our only care and aim  
      Throughout this hallowed day,  
      To glorify thy name,  
      And grateful homage pay ;  
      Advance the glory of thy cause,  
      And vindicate thy righteous laws.
- 3    Descend, celestial Dove !  
      E'en while we wait and sing ;  
      Come from the throne of love,  
      With healing on thy wing ;  
      With ardent zeal each heart inspire,  
      And rebaptize with holy fire.

*Harriet N. Smith.*

### 254

H. M.

- 1    WELCOME, delightful morn,  
      Thou day of sacred rest ;  
      I hail thy kind return ;  
      Lord, make these moments blest.  
      From the low train of mortal toys,  
      I soar to reach immortal joys.

## THE SABBATH.

2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace ;  
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face ;  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours :  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

*Hayward.*

**255**

11s.

1 OUR Father in heaven, thy promise we claim,  
To meet with a few who have met in thy name ;  
We thank thee to-day for this Sabbath of rest,  
Divine is its mission, divinely 't is blest.

2 We praise thee, our Maker, our God, and our King,  
Extolling thy goodness we joyfully sing ;  
For thou hast preserved us, and guarded our way,  
From hour unto hour, and from day unto day.

3 O send us thy Spirit, and teach us thy word,  
Nor let thy sweet blessings from us be deferred ;  
O help us, our Father, thy will to discern,  
And ever to practice the truths that we learn.

*F. E. Belden.*

**256**

L. M.

1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

*Thomas Ken.*

**257**

L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
Help us to feed upon thy word ;  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood ;  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.

*Joseph Hart.*

## WORSHIP.

**258**

L. M.

- 1 ERE to the world again we go,  
To meet its cares and idle show,  
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,  
From folly and from sin to save.
- 2 May the great truths we here have heard,  
The lessons of thy holy word,  
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,  
And all our souls from error keep.
- 3 O may the influence of this day  
Long as our memory with us stay,  
And as an angel guardian prove,  
To guide us to our home above !

*Anon.*

**259**

L. M.

- 1 Now may the Lord, our Shepherd, lead  
To living streams his little flock ;  
May he in flowery pastures feed,  
Shade us at noon beneath the rock.
- 2 Now may we hear our Shepherd's voice,  
And gladly answer to his call ;  
Now may our hearts in him rejoice  
Who knows, and names, and loves us all.
- 3 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
And small and great before him stand,  
O may the flock assembled here  
Be with the saved at his right hand!

*Anon.*

**260**

L. M.

- 1 THY presence, ever-living God,  
Wide through all nature spreads abroad ;  
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 To thee we now commit our ways,  
And still implore thy heavenly grace ;  
Still cause thy face on us to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 3 Give us within thy house to raise  
Again united songs of praise ;  
Or if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

*Anon.*

## CLOSING HYMNS.

**261**

**L. M.**

- 1 BE with us, Lord, where'er we go ;  
Teach us what thou wouldst have us do ;  
Suggest whate'er we think or say ;  
Direct us in the narrow way .
- 2 Prevent us, lest we harbor pride ;  
Lest we in our own strength confide ;  
Show us our weakness, let us see  
We have our power, our all, from thee.
- 3 Enrich us always with thy love ;  
Our kind Protector ever prove :  
Thy signet put upon each breast,  
And let thy Spirit on us rest.

*John Cennick.*

**262**

**L. M.**

- 1 ETERNAL Father, God of love,  
Creator of the universe,  
Pour out thy Spirit from above  
As from thy temple we disperse.
- 2 Keep thou our lips, that all we say  
May honor thee, our God and King ;  
That our example day by day  
May teach the sacred truths we sing.
- 3 Direct our wayward steps aright,  
Our Guide and Guard forever be ;  
In thy eternal arms of might  
Infold and draw us nearer thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

**263**

**L. M.**

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word  
Which through thy grace we now have heard ;  
O may the precious seed take root,  
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,  
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face ;  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here  
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

*Anon.*

**264**

**C. M.**

- 1 BE perfect ; holiness pursue ;  
In love be sure to dwell ;  
And God through Christ will comfort you ;  
So, brethren, all farewell.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 Be of one mind ; give God your hearts,  
And of his mercies tell,  
Which he through grace to you imparts ;  
So, brethren, all farewell.
- 3 Now live in peace and holy fear ;  
In love strive to excel ;  
For Christ, our King, will soon appear ;  
So, brethren, all farewell.

*Anon.*

### 265

C. M.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain.  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 2 Thou wilt redeem us by thy blood,  
And set the prisoners free,  
And make us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

*Anon.*

### 266

S. M.

- 1 ONCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name ;  
Record his mercies, every heart ;  
Sing, every tongue, the same.
- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,  
Thy blessing still impart ;  
We met in Jesus' sacred name,  
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 May we receive his word,  
And feed thereon, and grow ;  
Go on to seek and know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come !"  
Soon will he call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

*Joseph Hart.*

## CLOSING HYMNS.

### 267 S. M.

- 1 LORD, at this closing hour  
Establish every heart  
Upon thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give,  
Fill all our hearts with love ;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.
- 3 Through changes, bright or drear,  
We would thy will pursue,  
And toil to spread thy kingdom here  
Till we its glory view.

*E. T. Fitch.*

### 268 S. M.

- 1 To God, the only wise,  
Who keeps us by his word,  
Be glory now and evermore,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
- 2 Hosannah to the Word,  
Who from the Father came ;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
And ever bless his name.
- 3 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 269 S. M.

- 1 STILL with thee, O my God !  
I would desire to be ;  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with thee.
- 2 With thee when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind ;  
The setting, as the rising sun,  
With thee my heart would find.

## WORSHIP.

- 4 With thee, in thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be ;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with thee.  
*James Burns.*

**270**

6s & 5s.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ?  
When will peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever ?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark vale of woes,  
Never,—no, never !
- 2 When shall love freely flow  
Pure as life's river ?  
When shall sweet friendship glow,  
Changeless forever ?  
Where joys celestial thrill,  
There bliss each heart shall fill,  
And fears of parting chill  
Never,—no, never !
- 3 Then to that world of light,  
Take us, dear Saviour ;  
May we all there unite,  
Blessed forever ;  
Where kindred spirits dwell,  
There may our music swell,  
And time our joys dispel  
Never,—no, never !
- 4 Soon shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever ;  
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain  
Round us forever ;  
Our hearts will then repose,  
Secure from worldly woes ;  
Our songs of praise shall close  
Never,—no, never !

*Alaric A. Watts.*

## CLOSING HYMNS.

**271**

6s & 5s.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, ere we part  
Give us thy Spirit,  
And as children of thine  
May we inherit  
That land of light and joy  
Where sin can ne'er annoy,  
And peace without alloy  
Reigneth forever.

- 2 There shall saints ever dwell,  
Free from all sorrow,  
In that home of delight,  
On that blest morrow.  
Lord, fill us with thy grace,  
And give us each a place,  
Where we may see thy face,  
Glorified ever.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

**272**

7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
Sweeten every cross and pain,  
And our wasting lives prolong  
Till we meet on earth again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who regards our humble cries.

*John Newton.*

**273**

7s.

- 1 FOR the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth and King of heaven !

## WORSHIP.

- 2 Oft our services have been  
Mingled with the taint of sin ;  
But thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
By thy grace alone we live.
- 3 While the thorny path we tread,  
May thy love our footsteps lead ;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above ,  
While their steps thy children bend  
To the rest that knows no end.

*James Montgomery.*

**274** 7s.

- 1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore ;  
There released from toil and pain,  
Saints with joy shall meet again.

*Henry K. White*

**275** 7s.

- 1 THOU, from whom we never part,  
Thou, whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
Listen to our closing prayer.
- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,  
Love unfailing, full and free ;  
Love that no alarm can move,  
Love that ever rests on thee.

*Anon.*

**276** 7s. 6l.

- 1 IF 't is sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer,  
If 't is sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,  
O, how sweet that state must be,  
Where they meet eternally !

## CLOSING HYMNS.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations from above ;  
As we leave this sacred place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

*Anon.*

### 277 8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor  
Heavenly truth has reached our ears ;  
May its sweet reviving savor  
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

- 2 Truth ! how sacred is the treasure !  
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;  
Vain the hope and short the pleasure  
Which from other sources flow.

- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,  
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;  
In the day of thy appearing  
May we share thy people's part.

- 4 Till we leave this world forever,  
May we live beneath thine eye ;  
This our aim, our sole endeavor,  
Thine to live, or thine to die.

*Anon.*

### 278 8s & 7s.

- 1 PRAISE the God of all creation,  
Praise the Father's boundless love,  
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,  
Priest and King, enthroned above.

- 2 Praise the Fountain of salvation,  
Him in whom his people live ;  
Undivided adoration  
To the Lord Jehovah give.

*Josiah Conder.*

### 279 8s & 7s.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.



## WORSHIP.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

*John Newton.*

### 280

8s & 7s.

- 1 GUIDE and guard us, O our Father,  
Till another Sabbath-day ;  
Shield us with thy holy presence,  
Lead us in the righteous way.
- 2 Now we thank thee for thy blessing  
On this sacred day of rest,  
And for truths which thou hast shown us  
In thy word divinely blest.
- 3 Every day and every moment  
We are safe if thou art near ;  
From all danger thou canst rescue,  
In our sorrows thou canst cheer.
- 4 We will trust thy constant watch-care,  
For thou knowest what is best ;  
O, forever guide and guard us,  
Till we reach our final rest !

*F. E. Belden.*

### 281

8s & 7s.

- 1 GOD of our salvation, hear us ;  
Bless, O, bless us, ere we go ;  
When we join the world, be near us,  
Lest we cold and careless grow.
- 2 May we live in view of heaven,  
Where we hope to see thy face ;  
Let thy Spirit's light be given,  
All our hidden paths to trace.
- 3 As our steps are drawing nearer  
To the place we call our home,  
May our view of heaven grow clearer,  
Hope more bright of joys to come.

*Thomas Kelly.*

# CLOSING HYMNS.

**282**

P. M.

- 1 OF thy love some gracious token  
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;  
Bless the word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace on all bestow.  
When we join the world again,  
Let our hearts with thee remain ;  
O direct us !  
O protect us,  
Till we gain the heavenly shore,  
Where thy people want no more !
- 2 Then, O Lord of mercy, hear us,  
Guard our souls from every foe ;  
In all peril be thou near us,  
In our weakness, strength bestow.  
God of Israel, be our stay  
While we tread life's rugged way ;  
Nor forsake us,  
Till thou take us,  
To thyself to dwell with thee,  
Through a bright eternity.

*Anon.*

**283**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness !
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound ;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.
- 3 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee ;  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be,  
Till thy glory  
Without clouds in heaven we see.

*Fawcett & Kelly.*

## CHRIST.

**284**

L. M.

- 1 ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood ;  
Choosing a manger for thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are thine alone !
- 2 Once did the skies before thee bow ;  
A virgin's arms contain thee now :  
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,  
Now listen to thy infant voice.
- 3 A little child, thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in thee may rest ;  
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light ;  
To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like thy own angels round thee shine.
- 5 All this for us thy love hath done,  
By this to thee our love is won ;  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And tell our thanks in songs of praise.

*Martin Luther.*

**285**

L. M.

- 1 WAKE ! O my soul, and hail the morn ;  
For unto us a Saviour's born :  
See how the angels wing their way  
To usher in the glorious day !
- 2 Hark ! what sweet music ! what a song  
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng !  
Sweet songs, whose melting strains impart  
Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels as they cry,  
"Glory to God who reigns on high ;  
Let peace and love on earth abound,  
While spheres revolve and years roll round."

*Anon.*

**286**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;  
When Salem's shepherds through the night  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light ;

## FIRST ADVENT.

- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Like music o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
While angels struck their harps and sung.
- Thomas Campbell.*

**287**

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE the heavens were spread abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God he was, the Word was God !  
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
His generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of his years ?
- 3 But lo ! he leaves those heavenly forms ;  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may converse hold with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 The angels leave their high abode,  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

*Isaac Watts.*

**288**

C. M.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,—  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :

## CHRIST.

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All humbly wrapped in swathing-bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

*Tate and Brady.*

### 289

C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,  
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled ;  
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—  
'T was more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran ;  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,  
"Glory to God on high !"  
Good-will and peace are now complete,  
Through Christ who came to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

*Samuel Medley.*

## FIRST ADVENT.

290

C. M.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born ;  
To us a Son is given ;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,  
Forevermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counselor,  
The great and mighty Lord !
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread,  
His reign no end shall know ;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below,

*John Morrison.*

291

C. M. D.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold ;  
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven’s all-gracious King.”  
The world in solemn stillness lay,  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled :  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O’er all the weary world :  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o’er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 But with the woes of sin and strife  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong ;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love song which they bring ;  
O cease, ye mortals, cease your strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

*Edmund H. Sears.*



## CHRIST.

**292**

C. M. D.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains;  
Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 2 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply,  
And greet from all their holy heights  
The Dayspring from on high :  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm ;  
And Sharon waves in solemn praise  
Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 "Glory to God !" the lofty strain  
The realms of ether fills ;  
How sweeps the song of solemn joy  
O'er Judah's sacred hills !  
"Glory to God !" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring :  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King."
- 4 To-day shall Christian tongues be mute,  
And Christian hearts be cold ?  
O catch the anthem that from heaven  
O'er Judah's mountains rolled  
When sweetly burst from seraph-harps  
The high and solemn lay,—  
"Glory to God ; on earth be peace ;  
Salvation comes to-day !"

*Edmund H. Sears.*

**293**

7s. D.

- 1 HARK ! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King ;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled !"  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With the angel host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem !"

## FIRST ADVENT.

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ the everlasting Lord ;  
In the manger born a king,  
While adoring angels sing,  
“Peace on earth, to men good will ;”  
Bid the trembling soul be still,  
Christ on earth has come to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel !
- 3 Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of peace !  
Hail ! the Sun of righteousness !  
Life and light to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

*Charles Wesley.*

**294**

7s. D.

- 1 HE has come ! the Christ of God  
Left for us his glad abode,  
Stopping from his throne of bliss  
To this darksome wilderness.  
He has come ! the Prince of peace ;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease,  
Come to scatter with his light  
All the shadows of our night.
- 2 He, the mighty King, has come !  
Making this poor earth his home ;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load ;  
Son of David, Son of God !  
He has come, whose name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race ;  
Left for us his glad abode ;  
Son of Mary, Son of God !
- 3 Unto us a child is born !  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,  
Among all the morns of time,  
Half so glorious in its prime.  
Unto us a Son is given !  
He has come from God's own heaven,  
Bringing with him from above  
Holy peace and holy love.

*Horatius Bonar.*

CHRIST.

**295**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 FROM the lips of angels spoken,  
Fell the song with falling dews ;  
Was there ever silence broken  
By such joyous, welcome news ?

CHORUS.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! Christ is born.

- 2 Startled shepherds, all awaking,  
Hear the song the angels sing,  
And their frightened flocks forsaking,  
Go to seek the Saviour-king.
- 3 Son of God, in manger lowly,  
Prince of light and Lord of love ;  
King of heaven, high and holy,  
Boon on earth from courts above !
- 4 We exalt thee, we adore thee,  
We rejoice, and praise thy name ;  
Every knee shall bend before thee,  
Every tongue thy love proclaim.

*F. E. Belden.*

**296**

8s & 7s.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly warbling in the skies ?  
All the heavenly host rejoices,  
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy,—  
“Glory in the highest, glory ;  
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great Anointed ;  
Heaven and earth his glory sing ;  
Glad receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

## FIRST ADVENT.

- 5 "Hasten, mortals! to adore him;  
Learn his name and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven you stand before him,  
And his praise your tongues employ."  
*John Cawood.*

### 297 8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

#### CHORUS.

Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
Ye have seen his natal star.

- 4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In his temple shall appear.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Come with all your guilty stains;  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you,—break your chains.  
*James Montgomery.*

### 298 11s & 10s.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining;—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

## CHRIST.

- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
*Reginald Heber.*

299

7s. 6l.

- 1 As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Blessed Saviour, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

*William C. Dix.*

## LIFE AND CHARACTER.

300

11s & 10s. P.

CHORUS.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

- 1 Zion, the marvelous story be telling  
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth !  
The brightest of angels in glory excelling,  
He stoops to redeem thee, is born upon earth !

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo  
round ;  
How free to the faithful he offers salvation !  
His people with joy everlasting are crowned !

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;  
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing ;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the  
skies.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,  
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King,  
Messiah is King, Messiah is King !

*William A. Muhlenberg.*

301

L. M.

- 1 MY blest Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill !  
What zeal to do thy Father's will !  
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.



## CHRIST.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make be bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 302

L. M.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine  
That in thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit thy path, O Son of God !  
The lonely path thy feet have trod.
- 2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so mild,  
So patient, pure, and undefiled ?  
Oh, who like thee did ever go  
So sinless through a world of woe ?
- 3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?  
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 A suffering life by thee was led ;  
Thou hadst not where to lay thy head ;  
And since, O Lord, 't was all for me,  
Shall I not gladly follow thee ?
- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be  
Still more and more conformed to thee,  
And learn of thee, the lowly One,  
And like thee, all my journey run.

*A. Cleveland Cox.*

### 303

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wandered here,  
Where'er he went, affliction fled,  
And sickness reared her fainting head.

## LIFE AND CHARACTER.

- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,  
Beheld his face—for God is light ;  
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,  
His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,  
To hail their great Deliverer came ;  
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,  
He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,  
In his inspiring presence smiled ;  
The storm of horror ceased to roll,  
And reason lighted up the soul.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,  
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread ;  
To all with willing hands dispense  
The gifts of our benevolence.

*James Montgomery.*

### 304

L. M.

- 1 How shall I follow Him I serve ?  
How shall I copy Him I love ?  
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve  
Which lead me to his seat above ?
- 2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
Forbid that I should e'er repine ;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my grief, remembering thine,
- 3 O, let me think how thou didst leave  
Thy heavenly home of pure delights,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
Through toilsome days, through lonely  
nights !
- 4 All this thou didst, then died for me !  
Thou camest not thyself to please ;  
And, dear though earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love thee more than these ?

*Josiah Conder.*

### 305

L. M.

- 1 WHEN the blind suppliant in the way,  
By friendly hands to Jesus led,  
Prayed to behold the light of day,  
“Receive thy sight,” the Saviour said.

## CHRIST.

- 2 At once he saw the pleasant rays  
That lit the glorious firmament ;  
And, with firm step and words of praise,  
He followed where the Master went.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,  
On eyes oppressed by moral night,  
And touch the darkened lids, and say  
The gracious words, "Receive thy sight."
- 4 Then, in clear daylight, shall we see  
Where walked the sinless Son of God ;  
And, aided by new strength from thee,  
Press onward in the path he trod.

*William C. Bryant.*

### 306

L. M.

- 1 O WONDROUS type ! O vision fair  
Of glory that the church shall share,  
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,  
Where brighter than the sun he glows !
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above,  
Who live below in perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
By this great vision's mystery ;  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

*Sarum Breviary.*

### 307

L. M.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unvailing an immortal day.

## LIFE AND CHARACTER.

- 3 He points us to his Father's home,  
"Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ;"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !  
*Sir John Bowring.*

**308**

C. M.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around thy steps below ;  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For, ever on thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung ;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O, give us hearts to love like thee !  
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.  
*Sir Edward Denny.*

**309**

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,  
Appears each grace divine !  
The virtues all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
He meek and patient stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,  
Who labored for their good.
- 4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,  
His image may we bear ;  
O, may we tread his holy steps  
Till we his glory share !  
*William Enfield.*

## CHRIST.

### 310

C. M.

- 1 THE chosen three, on mountain hight,  
While Jesus bowed in prayer,  
Beheld his vesture glow with light,  
His face shine wondrous fair.
- 2 And lo ! with the transfigured Lord,  
Leader and seer they saw ;  
With Carmel's hoary prophet stood  
The giver of the law.
- 3 From the low-bending cloud above,  
Whence radiant brightness shone,  
Spake out the Father's voice of love,  
"Hear my beloved Son !"
- 4 Lord, lead us to the mountain hight ;  
To prayer's transfiguring glow ;  
And clothe us with the Spirit's might,  
For grander work below.

*David H. Ela.*

### 311

C. M.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed ;  
A mourner all his life was he,  
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn ?  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
That wreathed his brow with thorn ?

*Sir Edward Denny.*

### 312

C. M.

- 1 WE may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Saviour down ;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For him no depths can drown.
- 2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he ;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

## LIFE AND CHARACTER.

- 3 The healing of the seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.
- 4 Through him the first fond prayers are said  
Our lips of childhood frame ;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with his name.
- 5 O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
We test our lives by thine !

*John G. Whittier.*

### 313

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 JESUS wept ! those tears are over,  
But his heart is still the same ;  
Kinsman, Friend, and elder Brother,  
Is his everlasting name.  
Saviour, who can love like thee,  
Gracious One of Bethany ?
- 2 When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul :  
Surely, none can feel like thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany !
- 3 Jesus wept ! and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner's tear,  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts he solaced here,  
Lord, if I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.
- 4 Jesus wept ! those tears of sorrow  
Are a legacy of love ;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany !

*Sir Edward Denny.*



## CHRIST.

**314**

L. M.

- 1 'Tis midnight ; and on Olives' brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now,  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears ;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt  
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

*William B. Tappan.*

**315**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 3 Since I, who was undone and lost,  
Have pardon through his name and word ;  
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

*Isaac Watts.*

**316**

L. M.

- 1 "'Tis finished !" so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head, and died :  
'Tis finished ! yes, the race is run ;  
The battle fought ; the victory won.

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

2 'T is finished ! that which heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old ;  
And truths are opened to our view  
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'T is finished ! Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

4 'T is finished ! let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round ;  
'T is finished ! let the triumph rise.  
And swell the chorus of the skies !

*Samuel Stennett.*

### 317 L. M.

1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and shed your tears anew  
For him who groaned beneath your load ;  
He shed his precious blood for you,  
Then freely be your tears bestowed.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for men !  
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

4 He lives forever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;  
Then ask, O death, where is thy sting ?  
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

*Isaac Watts.*

### 318 L. M.

1 'T is finished ! the Messiah dies,—  
Cut off for sins, but not his own ;  
Accomplished is the sacrifice ;  
Now his incarnate work is done.

2 'T is finished ! all the debt is paid ;  
Justice divine is satisfied ;  
The grand and full provision made :  
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

## CHRIST.

- 3 The vail is rent ; in him alone  
The living way to heaven is seen ;  
The middle wall is broken down,  
And all mankind may enter in.
- 4 The types and figures are fulfilled ;  
Exacted is the legal pain ;  
The precious promises are sealed :  
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

*Charles Wesley*

### 319

L. M.

- 1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,  
And gaze upon thy holy cross,  
In love of thee and scorn of self,  
O, may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord ! uplifted high  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below !

*William W. How*

### 320

L. M. 6l.

- 1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done !  
The incarnate God hath died for me !  
The Father's well-beloved Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree !  
The Son of God for me hath died,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 2 Behold him, all ye passers by—  
The bleeding Prince of life and peace !  
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die,  
And say, was ever grief like his ?  
Come, feel with me his blood applied,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified :
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God ;  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood ;  
Pardon for all flows from his side,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream ;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him !  
Of nothing think or speak beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

*Charles Wesley*

### 321 L. M. 6l.

- 1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die ?  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?  
What means that strange expiring cry ?  
Sinner, he prays for you and me :  
“ Forgive them, Father, O forgive !  
They know not that by me they live.”

- 2 Jesus, descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve ;  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through thee may live,  
In us a quickening spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me.

- 3 O, let thy love my heart constrain,—  
Thy love for every sinner free,—  
That every fallen son of man  
May taste the grace that rescued me,  
That all mankind his love may prove—  
That sovereign, everlasting love.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 322 C. M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

#### CHORUS.

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,  
And ever faithful be ;  
And when thou sittest on thy throne,  
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

## CHRIST.

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the Lord was crucified  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'T is all that I can do.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 323

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To die for you and me!
- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'T is done! the precious ransom's paid!  
'T is done, the Saviour cries;  
See where he bows his sacred head;  
He bows his head, and dies.

*Samuel Wesley.*

### 324

C. M.

- 1 SEE! through his holy hands and feet  
The cruel nails they drive:  
Our ransom thus is made complete,  
Our souls are saved alive.
- 2 And see! the spear has pierced his side,  
And shed that sacred flood—  
That holy, reconciling tide—  
The water and the blood.
- 3 O holy cross! from thee we learn  
The only way to heaven;  
And O, to thee may sinners turn,  
And look, and be forgiven!

*V. Fortunatus.*

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

**325**

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a dear and hallowed spot,  
    Oft present to my eye ;  
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—  
    That place is Calvary.
- 2 O, what a scene was there displayed,  
    Of love and agony,  
When our Redeemer bowed his head,  
    And died on Calvary !
- 3 When fainting under guilt's dread load,  
    Unto the cross I'll fly,  
And trust the merits of the blood  
    That flowed at Calvary.
- 4 Whene'er I feel temptation's power,  
    On Jesus I'll rely,  
And in the sharp, conflicting hour  
    Repair to Calvary.

*Anon.*

**326**

C. M.

- 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground  
    On which the Lord was laid ;  
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,  
    In agony he prayed :—
- 2 “ Father remove this bitter cup,  
    If such thy sacred will ;  
If not, content to drink it up,  
    Thy pleasure I fulfill.”
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see  
    Those precious drops that flow ;  
The heavy load he bore for thee,  
    For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,  
    Thy Father's will obey ;  
And, when temptations press thee near,  
    Awake to watch and pray.

*Thomas Haweis.*

**327**

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy love shall we forget,  
    And never bring to mind  
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,  
    And bade us pardon find ?



## CHRIST.

- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,  
Thy fasting and thy prayer,  
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,  
To save us from despair ?
- 3 Gethsemane can we forget—  
Thy struggling agony  
When night lay dark on Olivet,  
And none to watch with thee ?
- 4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee, alone on thee ;  
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—  
Thine all the glory be !

*Wm. Mitchell.*

### 328

C. M.

- 1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed  
While at thy cross I kneel,  
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,  
And all thy sorrows feel.
- 2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,  
This heart so hard before ;  
I hear thee for the guilty plead,  
And grief o'erflows the more.
- 3 I know this cleansing blood of thine  
Was shed, dear Lord, for me ;  
For me, for all, —O, grace divine !—  
Who look by faith on thee.
- 4 In patient hope the cross I'll bear,  
Thine arm shall be my stay ;  
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare  
On thy great Judgment-day.

*Ray Palmer.*

### 329

C. M.

- 1 O, LOVING wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.
- 2 O, wisest love ! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail !

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 3 O, generous love!—that he who smote  
In Man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo!  
*John H. Newman.*

### 330

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O SACRED Head, once wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down;  
Once scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till then was thine!  
Yet though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain;  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserved thy place;  
Look on me with thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me thine forever,  
Nor let me faithless prove;  
O, let me never, never  
Abuse such dying love!

*Paul Gerhardt.*

### 331

7s. 6l.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus how to pray.

## CHRIST.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O, the wormwood and the gall!  
O, the pangs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There adoring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete:  
"It is finished!" hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus how to die.

*James Montgomery.*

### 332

P. M.

- 1 COME, O my soul, to Calvary,  
And see the Man who died for thee,  
Upon the accursed tree.

#### CHORUS.

- How can I forget thee!  
How can I forget my Lord!  
How can I forget thee!  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 Behold the Saviour's agony  
While groaning in Gethsemane  
Beneath the sins of men.
- 3 With purple robe and thorny crown,  
And mocking soldiers bowing down,  
The Saviour bears my shame.
- 4 Behold, they shed his precious blood!  
O, hear him cry, "My God, my God,  
Hast thou forsaken me?"
- 5 He died! the earth was robed in gloom!  
They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,  
While soldiers watched around.
- 6 But in the light of dawning day  
Bright angels rolled the rock away,  
And Christ, the Conqueror, rose.
- 7 Now He who died on Calvary  
Still lives to plead for you and me,  
And bids us look and live.

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 8 Soon He who once was scourged and bound  
Shall come again, with glory crowned,  
And reign forevermore.
- 9 His saints shall crown him Lord of all ;  
Before him every foe shall fall,  
And every knee shall bow.

*Anon.*

### 333

7s.

- 1 WONDER of the countless spheres !  
See the Son of God in tears !  
He by whom the worlds were made,  
He on whom our sins were laid.
- 2 See him bear the cross of shame ;  
Hear the world revile his name :  
Lo ! he dies that we may live,—  
All who on his name believe.
- 3 In the tomb behold him laid  
Whom the universe obeyed ;  
See him rise, ascend to God,  
There to plead his precious blood.
- 4 Now he stands before the throne,  
Pleading for his loved, his own :  
“ Father, I my life-blood gave  
These to ransom, these to save.”
- 5 “ If I go I’ll come again,”  
Preach this gospel to all men ;  
Now redemption’s work goes on,  
Then redemption’s work is done.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 334

P. M.

- 1 AMONG the mountain trees  
The winds were whispering low,  
And night’s ten thousand harmonies  
Were harmonies of woe ;  
A voice of grief was on the gale,  
It came from Kedron’s gloomy vale.
- 2 It was the Saviour’s prayer  
That on the silence broke,  
Imploring strength from heaven to bear  
The sin-avenging stroke ;  
As in Gethsemane he knelt,  
And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

## CHRIST.

- 3 The fitful starlight shone  
In dim and misty gleams ;  
Deep was his agonizing groan,  
And large the vital streams  
Which trickled to the dewy sod,  
While Jesus raised his voice to God.
- 4 The chosen three that staid  
Their nightly watch to keep,  
Left him through sorrows deep to wade,  
And gave themselves to sleep ;  
Meekly and sad he prayed alone,  
Strangely forgotten by his own.
- 5 Along the streamlet's bank  
The reckless traitor came,  
And heavy on his bosom sank  
The load of guilt and shame ;  
Yet unto those who waited nigh,  
He gave the Lamb of God to die !
- 6 Among the mountain trees  
The winds were whispering low,  
And night's ten thousand harmonies  
Were harmonies of woe ;  
For cruel voices filled the gale  
That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

*Anon.*

### 335

7s. D.

- 1 BOUND upon the accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow ;  
Son of man, 't is thou ! 't is thou !
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending vail,  
By the earth enwrapt in gloom,  
By the saints who burst their tomb,  
Lord our suppliant knees we bow !  
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

## RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
“ Lord they know not what they do ! ”  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the rainbow round his brow,  
Son of God ! ’t is thou ! ’t is thou !

*Henry H. Milman.*

### 336

L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high !  
A captive host he joyful led  
To the bright portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”
- 3 Loose all your bars of golden light,  
And wide unfold the beauteous scene :  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?—  
The Lord, that all our foes o’ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits.  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.”
- 6 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?—  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed ;  
The King of saints and angels too ;  
God over all, forever blest.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 337

L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—  
What joy the blest assurance gives !  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead :  
He lives, my everlasting Head !



## CHRIST.

- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;  
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;  
He lives my mansion to prepare,  
He lives to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name !  
He lives, my Saviour, still the same ;  
What joy the blest assurance gives,—  
“I know that my Redeemer lives !”

*Samuel Medley.*

### 338

L. M.

- 1 THE morning kindles all the sky,  
The heavens resound with anthems high ;  
The shining angels, as they speed,  
Proclaim, “The Lord is risen indeed !”
- 2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred,  
While Roman warriors stood on guard.  
Majestic from the spoilt tomb  
In pomp of triumph, he has come !
- 3 When the amazed disciples heard,  
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred ;  
Their Lord’s beloved face to see,  
Eager they haste to Galilee.
- 4 His piercèd hands to them he shows,  
His face with love’s own radiance glows ;  
They with the angels’ message speed,  
And shout, “The Lord is risen indeed !”
- 5 O Christ, thou King compassionate !  
Our hearts possess, on thee we wait ;  
Help us to render praises due,  
To thee the endless ages through !

*Ambrosian.*

### 339

7s.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;  
Day of triumph through the skies,  
See the glorious Saviour rise.

## RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade ;  
Drive your anxious cares away ;  
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears ;  
Chase your unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.
- William B. Collyer.*

### 340

7s.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
And ascend his native skies !  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads eternal gates !  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;  
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 See, the heaven its Lord receives !  
Yet he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Though returning to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, he lifts his hands above !  
See, he shows the prints of love !  
Hark ! his gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on his church below.
- 5 Saviour, parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure hight,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following thee beyond the skies.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 341

7s.

- 1 ANGELS ! roll the rock away ;  
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;  
See ! the Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark the wondering angels raise  
Louder notes of joyful praise ;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo with the blissful sound.

## CHRIST.

- 3 Saints on earth lift up your eyes ;  
Now to glory see him rise  
In long triumph through the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide !  
Mighty conqueror ! through them ride ;  
King of glory ! mount thy throne,  
Boundless empire is thine own.

*Thomas Scott.*

### 342

7s.

- 1 CHRIST is risen, our Lord and King,  
Let the whole creation sing ;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heavens, let earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ the mighty, to conceal ;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
He hath opened paradise.
- 3 Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led,—  
Thou, our high, exalted Head ;  
Made like thee, by thee we rise ;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 343

L. M.

- 1 BY living faith we now can see,  
In the most holy place on high,  
Jesus, our Advocate and Friend,  
Who gave himself for us to die.
- 2 A Minister of holy things,  
At God's right hand exalted high,  
He pleads his own, his precious blood,  
That chosen Israel may not die.
- 3 Once was he offered,—once for all,  
A Sacrifice for guilty man,—  
What wondrous, what unbounded love  
Is seen throughout salvation's plan !
- 4 All glory to his holy name !  
To those who love him will he come  
The second time ; then to redeem,  
And take them to his glorious home.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

## MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

**344**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Advocate above,  
My Friend before the throne of love,  
If now for me prevails thy prayer,  
If now I find thee pleading there,—
- 2 Do thou the secret wish convey  
That prompts my wayward heart to pray ;  
Hear, and my weak petition join,  
Almighty Advocate, to thine.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain,  
My earnest suit present, and gain ;  
My fullness of corruption show ;  
The knowledge of myself bestow.
- 4 My sovereign Lord, to thee I cry ;  
Without thy mercy I must die :  
My life, my only heaven thou art ;—  
O may I feel thee in my heart !

*Charles Wesley.*

**345**

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a house in heaven built,  
The temple of the living God,  
The tabernacle true, where guilt  
Is washed away by precious blood.
- 2 Long since, our High Priest entered there,  
Who knows the frailties of our frame,  
Who loves to hear his people's prayer,  
And offer to our God the same.
- 3 The daily ministry he bore,  
Till ended the prophetic days ;  
He opened then the inner door,  
To justify the sacred place.
- 4 Before the ark of ten commands,  
On which the mercy-seat is placed,  
Presenting his own blood, he stands,  
Till Israel's sins are all erased.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

**346**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
'Mid hosts of sin, in these arrayed,  
My soul shall never be afraid.

## CHRIST.

2 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
Forever doth for sinners plead,  
Can cleanse my guilty soul indeed.

3 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full provision made.

*Nicolaus Zinzendorf.*

### 347

L. M.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth his precious blood,  
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Michael Bruce.*

### 348

L. M.

1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In water of the driven snow,  
My soul would yet its spots retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and woe.

2 God's law in all its power divine  
Condemns my erring soul to death ;  
Declares the foulness of its sin,  
And shows the vileness of its worth.

3 There must a Mediator plead  
Whom God and man may both embrace,  
With God for man to intercede,  
And offer us the purchased grace.

## MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

- 4 And thus the Son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crowned ;  
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In him thy righteousness be found.

*Anon.*

**349**

L. M. D.

- 1 O SOLEMN thought ! and can it be  
The hour of Judgment now is come,  
Which soon must fix our destiny,  
And seal the sinner's fearful doom ?  
Yes, it is so ; the Judgment hour  
Is swiftly hastening to its close ;  
Then will the Judge, in mighty power,  
Descend in vengeance on his foes.
- 2 He who came down to earth to die,  
An offering for the sins of men,  
And then ascended up on high,  
And will ere long return again,  
Is standing now before the ark,  
And mercy-seat, and cherubim,  
To plead his blood for saints, and make  
The last remembrance of their sin.
- 3 The solemn moment is at hand  
When we who have his name confessed,  
Each in his lot must singly stand,  
And pass the final, searching test.  
Jesus ! we hope in thee alone ;  
In mercy now upon us look,  
Confess our names before the throne,  
And blot our sins from out thy book.
- 4 O blessed Saviour ! may we feel  
The full importance of this hour.  
Inspire our hearts with holy zeal,  
And aid us by thy Spirit's power,  
That we may in thy strength be strong,  
And brave the conflict valiantly ;  
Then, on Mount Zion, join the song,  
And swell the notes of victory.

*R. F. Cottrell.*



## CHRIST.

**350**

C. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of his love he gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.
- 3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet thee from above ;  
Thy goodness thankfully adores,  
And tastes thy precious love.
- 4 When God is mine and I am his,  
Of Paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

*Charles Wesley.*

**351**

C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bosom glows with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out his cries and tears ;  
And in full measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts.*

**352**

C. M.

- 1 BEFORE the throne of God above  
Our Intercessor stands ;  
Pleads for his own with deathless love,  
With pierced and bleeding hands.

## MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

- 2 The barren rocks of Calvary  
    Echoed his dying cries,  
When Christ became, as sin for me,  
    A wondrous Sacrifice.
- 3 Not yet may victors' songs be sung  
    In realms of endless light,  
Not yet the notes of triumph rung  
    By saints all robed in white.
- 4 Not yet do pilgrims' weary feet  
    Find sweet, abiding rest ;  
But when redemption is complete,  
    We 'll dwell among the blest.

*L. D. Santee.*

### 353

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Lord of glory, died  
    That we might never die ;  
And now he reigns supreme, to guide  
    His people to the sky.
- 2 Weak though we are, he still is near,  
    To lead, console, defend ;  
In all our sorrow, all our fear,  
    Our all-sufficient Friend.
- 3 From his high throne of grace he deigns  
    Our every prayer to heed ;  
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,  
    Supplies our every need.

*Baptist W. Noel.*

### 354

C. M.

- 1 THE wonders of redeeming love  
    Our highest thoughts exceed ;  
The Son of God comes from above,  
    For sinful man to bleed.
- 2 He gives himself, his life, his all,  
    A sinless Sacrifice ;  
For man he drains the cup of gall,  
    For man the victim dies.
- 3 And now before his Father's face  
    His precious blood he pleads ;  
For those who seek the throne of grace  
    His love still intercedes.

## CHRIST.

- 4 He knows the frailties of our frame,  
For he has borne our grief ;  
Our great High Priest once felt the same,  
And he can send relief.
- 5 His love will not be satisfied,  
Till he in glory see  
The faithful ones for whom he died  
From sin forever free.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 355

C. M.

- 1 ERECTED high in heaven stands  
The tabernacle true ;  
And Jesus there in mercy pleads  
For all the faithful few.
- 2 His blood he offers freely now  
For all who will receive,  
For all who to his truth will bow,  
And in his word believe.
- 3 The Jewish priesthood shadowed forth  
His ministration there,  
The cleansing of the inner court,  
His coming to prepare.
- 4 His work performed, he leaves the seat  
Of mercy, where is found  
The law of God, the ten commands,  
And comes with glory crowned.
- 5 He that is holy then shall be  
In holiness preserved,  
While sinners vainly strive to flee  
The wrath they've long deserved.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 356

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our songs of praise  
To our ascended Priest ;  
He entered heaven with all our names  
Engraven on his breast.
- 2 He died to wash our guilt away,  
By his atoning blood,  
Which now he pleads before the throne,  
And brings us near to God.

## MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

- 3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows  
The weakness of our frame,  
And how to shield us from the foes  
Which he himself o'ercame.
- 4 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench  
The fervor of his love ;  
For us he died in kindness here,  
For us he lives above.
- 5 O, may we ne'er forget his grace,  
Nor blush to speak his name !  
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,—  
Our lips his praise proclaim.
- Alexander Pirrie.*

**357**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THE sprinkled blood is speaking  
Before the Father's throne,  
The Spirit's power is seeking  
To make its virtues known ;  
The sprinkled blood is telling  
Jehovah's love to man,  
While heavenly harps are swelling  
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.
- 2 The sprinkled blood is speaking  
Forgiveness full and free,  
Its wondrous power is breaking  
Each bond of guilt for me ;  
The sprinkled blood's revealing  
A Father's smiling face,  
The Saviour's love is sealing  
Each monument of grace.
- 3 The sprinkled blood is pleading  
Its virtue as my own,  
And there my soul is reading  
Her title to Thy throne.  
The sprinkled blood is owning  
The weak one's feeblest plea ;  
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,  
It pleads, O Lord, with thee.

## CHRIST.

- 4 O wondrous power, that seeketh  
From sin to set me free !  
O precious blood, that speaketh !  
Should I not value thee ?  
The sprinkled blood is shedding  
Its fragrance all around,  
It gilds the path we 're treading,  
It makes our joys abound.

*Anon.*

### 358

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !  
Crowned in mockery a king !  
Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour !  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By thy merits we find favor ;  
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on thee were laid ;  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou redemption's price hast paid.  
All thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory !  
There forever to abide ;  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side :  
There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
There thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give ;  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise !

*John Bakewell.*

## MEDIATION AND ATONEMENT.

**359**

H. M.

- 1 **ARISE**, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Saviour stands ;  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead ;  
His blood was shed for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me :  
Forgive him, O, forgive ! they cry,  
Nor let the contrite sinner die !
- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear, anointed One ;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son ;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I'm a child of God.

*Charles Wesley.*

**360**

H. M.

- 1 His earthly work is done,  
The Victim's blood is shed,  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead ;  
He stands in heaven, their great High Priest,  
He bears their names upon his breast.
- 2 He sprinkles with his blood  
The mercy-seat above ;  
He seals our brotherhood  
With his atoning love ;  
And justice threatens us no more,  
But mercy yields her boundless store.



## THE SINNER.

- 3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is ;  
In heaven itself he stands,  
A heavenly priesthood his :  
In him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile he be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again ;  
In brightest glory he will come,  
And take his waiting people home.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 361

L. M.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,  
Is thy Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain that heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Let thy sweet Spirit me sustain,—  
O guide me all life's journey through.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 362

L. M.

- 1 LORD, we are vile, and full of sin,  
We're born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face ;  
Our only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make us clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor earthly priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make us white as snow ;  
No other tide can cleanse us so.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 363

L. M.

- 1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope forever fly ?
- 3 There is a great Physician near ;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;  
See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such help as nature cannot give.

*Anne Steele.*

### 364

L. M.

- 1 SHALL this vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, God ?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just than he ?
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight ;  
Buried in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 3 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;  
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

*Isaac Watts.*

## THE SINNER.

**365**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 3 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 4 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's thrall  
It led me to the port of peace.

*Henry Kirke White.*

**366**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart  
That thou the one thing needful art ;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Needful is thy most precious blood,  
To reconcile my soul to God ;  
Needful is thy indulgent care,  
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
True peace and comfort to afford ;  
Needful thy promise, to impart  
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,  
Through all life's dark and weary way ;  
Nor will at last less needful be  
To bring me home to heaven and thee.

*Samuel Medley.*

**367**

L. M.

- 1 INFINITE Love ! what precious stores  
Thy mercy has prepared for us !  
The costliest gems, the richest ores,  
Could never have endowed us thus.

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

- 2 But thy soft hand, O gracious Lord,  
Can draw from suffering souls the sting ;  
And thy rich bounty to our board  
Can bread for hungering sinners bring.
- 3 How rich the grace ! the gift how free !  
'Tis only "ask"—it shall be given ;  
'Tis only "knock," and thou shalt see  
The opening door that leads to heaven.
- 4 O then arise, and take the good,  
So full and freely proffered thee,  
Remembering that it cost the blood  
Of Him who died on Calvary.

*Jared Waterbury.*

### 368

L. M.

- 1 AGAINST the God that rules the sky  
I fought, with weapons lifted high :  
I madly ran the sinful race.  
Regardless of a hiding-place.
- 2 But a celestial voice I heard,  
A bleeding Saviour then appeared ;  
Led by the Spirit of his grace,  
I found in him a hiding-place.
- 3 On him the weight of vengeance fell  
That else had sunk a world to hell ;  
Then, O my soul, forever praise  
Thy Saviour, God, thy hiding-place !

*Jehoida Brewer.*

### 369

C. M.

- 1 Not all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace ;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

## THE SINNER.

- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

*Isaac Watts.*

**370**

C. M.

- 1 THOU art the Way ; to thee alone,  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; thy word alone,  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*Anon.*

**371**

C. M.

- 1 How sad our state by nature is ;  
Our sin—how deep it stains !  
And Satan holds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
Sounds from the sacred word ;  
“ Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come !  
And trust a pardoning Lord.”
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord ;  
O, help my unbelief !
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
In thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Saviour and my All.

*Isaac Watts*

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

**372**

C. M.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high ;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While thousands pass it by.
- 2 Belovèd self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfill a task so hard ?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

*Isaac Watts.*

**373**

C. M.

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit ! thine,  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise ;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine ;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord ! be thine.

*Anne Steele.*

**374**

C. M.

- 1 IN vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own :  
No other plea than Jesus' blood  
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of the broken law  
Impress the soul with dread ;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes the spirit dead.



## THE SINNER.

- 3 But thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands,  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Are offered by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !  
'Tis on thy cross we rest :  
Forever be thy love adored,  
Thy name forever blessed.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 375

C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief :  
He saw, and, O amazing love !  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining courts above,  
With joyful haste he sped,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 376

C. M.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,  
And all their actions, guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile equal stand,  
Without a murmuring word ;  
And the whole race of Adam own  
Their guilt before the Lord.
- 3 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace ;  
When in thy name we trust  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

*Isaac Watts.*

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

377

C. M.

- 1 THOU Saviour of the sin-sick soul,  
Thou Refuge in distress,  
When doubt's dark billows near me roll,  
Close to thy side I press.
- 2 The burdened heart must seek in vain  
For merit of its own ;  
There's freedom from each crimson stain  
In thee, and thee alone.
- 3 Let him who feels his load of guilt  
Strive not its weight to bear ;  
The hopes that man on self has built  
Are doomed to dark despair.
- 4 But thou, O Christ, whose blood was shed  
For all who plead its power,  
Wilt lift the load that bows the head  
In deep contrition's hour !
- 5 Thy tender heart has felt the weight  
Of sins that were not thine,  
And lo ! within that burden great  
I view these sins of mine.
- 6 'Tis faith that points them out to me,  
When, fainting 'neath the load,  
I turn my longing eyes to thee,  
Far up the narrow road.

*F. E. Belden.*

378

C. M.

- 1 WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand—a piercèd hand—  
Can heal the sinner's wound.
- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart—a broken heart—  
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul, dark spot,  
One only stream—a stream of blood—  
Can wash away the blot.

## THE SINNER.

- 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief;  
His heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feels for all our grief.
- 5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!  
Unseal that cleansing tide:  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in thy wounded side.

*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.*

### 379

C. M.

- 1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace.  
Which in redemption shine!  
The heavenly host with joy confess  
The work is all divine.
- 2 Before His feet they cast their crowns,—  
Those crowns which Jesus gave,—  
And with ten thousand thousand tongues,  
Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,  
The suffering which he bore;  
How low he stooped, how high he rose,  
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 With them let us our voices raise,  
And still the song renew;  
Salvation well deserves the praise  
Of men and angels too.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 380

S. M.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 This world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
Its fairest glories shortest live,  
And all its pleasures die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

- 4 Through Christ, the Life, the Way,  
May we that life obtain ;  
And through the merits of his blood  
That endless glory gain.

*James Montgomery.*

### 381 S. M.

- 1 GOD's holy law, transgressed,  
Speaks nothing but despair ;  
Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,  
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood ;  
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,  
The spotless Victim dies ;  
This is salvation's only source,  
Whence all our hopes arise.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 382 S. M.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,—  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour  
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
When Christ sustained the stroke !  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,  
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

*Isaac Watts.*

## THE SINNER.

**383**

S. M.

- 1 NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul ;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God ;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,  
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin ;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**384**

S. M.

- 1 AH, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God ?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !  
Who can with thee contend ?  
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake ;  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God ?  
None, none, can meet him and escape,  
But through the Saviour's blood.

*Isaac Watts.*

**385**

S. M.

- 1 MY former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.

## CHRIST THE WAY OF LIFE.

2 Ah ! whither shall I fly ?  
I hear the thunder roar ;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom  
Until a friendly whisper says,  
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”

*William Cowper.*

### 386 S. M.

1 Is this the kind return,  
Are these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow ?

2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind !  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind !

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mold our souls afresh ;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 387 S. M.

1 CAN sinners hope for heaven,  
Who love this world so well ?  
Or dream of future happiness,  
While on the road to hell ?

2 Shall they hosannas sing,  
With an unhallowed tongue ?  
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand  
Which does its neighbor wrong ?

3 Can sin's deceitful way  
Conduct to Zion's hill ?  
Or those expect with God to reign  
Who disregard his will ?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone,  
Good hopes can e'er afford :  
The pardoned and the pure shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

*Anon.*



## THE SINNER.

388

L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls with sin distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O, come and spread your woes abroad !  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;  
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful hearts,  
The hopes thy gracious word imparts ;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

*Anne Steele.*

389

L. M.

- 1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,  
"If thou wouldst my disciple be ;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after me."
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;  
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,  
And calmly every danger brave ;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ ;  
Nor think till death to lay it down ;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.  
*Charles W. Everest.*

**390**

L. M.

- 1 God calling yet ! shall I not hear ?  
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear ?  
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
And still my soul in slumber lie ?
- 2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?  
Can I his loving voice despise,  
And basely his kind care repay ?  
He calls me still ; can I delay ?
- 3 God calling yet ! and shall he knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock ?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve ?
- 4 God calling yet ! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live ?  
I wait, but he does not forsake :  
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !
- 5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;  
My heart I yield without delay ;  
Vain world, farewell ! from thee I part ;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.  
*Jane Borthwick.*

**391**

L. M.

- 1 WHY do we waste on trifling cares  
That life which God's compassion spares,  
While in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Shall God invite us from above ?  
Shall Jesus urge his dying love ?  
Shall troubled conscience give us pain ?  
And all these pleas unite in vain ?
- 3 Not so our eyes will always view  
Those objects which we now pursue ;  
Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
When death's decisive hour is near.

## THE SINNER.

- 4 Almighty God, thy grace impart ;  
Fix deep conviction on each heart ;  
Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
That life which thy compassion spares.  
*Philip Doddridge.*

### 392

L. M.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls ;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mold and guide us at thy will.  
*Isaac Watts.*

### 393

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still ;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude ! he stands  
With melting heart and laden hands ;  
O, matchless kindness ! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will, the very friend you need—  
The Friend of sinners ; yes, 't is he,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out his enemy and thine—  
That soul-destroying monster, sin—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 5 Admit him ere his anger burn ;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return :  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
When at his door denied you'll stand.

*Joseph Grigg.*

### 394 L. M.

- 1 HASTE, traveler, haste ! the night comes on.  
And many a shining hour is gone ;  
The storm is gathering in the west,  
And thou art far from home and rest.
- 2 Then linger not in all the plain,  
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain ;  
Look not behind, make no delay,  
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way !

*William B. Collyer.*

### 395 C. M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek thy Father's face ;  
Those new desires which in thee burn,  
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
He hears thy humble sigh ;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return ;  
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;  
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn  
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe the falling tear ;  
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn ;  
'Tis love invites thee near.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return ;  
Regain thy long-sought rest ;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to his breast.

*William B. Collyer.*

### 396 C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour calls ;— let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound ;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.

## THE SINNER.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;  
The gracious call obey :  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,  
And can you yet delay ?

*Anne Steele.*

### 397

C. M.

1 O SINNER, heed the voice of God,  
It speaks to you to-day,  
And calls you by his sacred word  
From sin's destructive way.

2 It bids you turn to him, and live  
Through his abounding grace ;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive  
Of those who seek his face.

3 Bow to the scepter of his word,  
Renouncing every sin :  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And bid him reign within.

*John Fawcett.*

### 398

C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins  
Like mountains round me close ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.

*Edmund Jones.*

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

**399**

**C. M.**

- 1 COME to the living waters, come !  
Obey your Maker's call ;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home ;  
My grace is free for all.
- 2 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;  
Leave all you have behind ;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
And peace in Jesus find.
- 3 I bid you all my goodness prove ;  
My promises are free :  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
Delight your souls in me.
- 4 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words in faith receive ;  
Quickened, your souls by faith divine,  
Eternal life shall live.

*Anon.*

**400**

**C. M.**

- 1 THERE is a line by us unseen,  
That crosses every path,—  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.
- 2 O ! where is this mysterious bourne  
By which our path is crossed,—  
Beyond which God himself hath sworn  
That he who goes is lost ?
- 3 How far may we go on in sin ?  
How long will God forbear ?  
Where does hope end ? And where begin  
The confines of despair ?
- 4 An answer from the skies is sent :  
" Ye that from God depart,  
While it is called to-day, repent,  
And harden not your heart."

*J. Addison Alexander.*

**401**

**C. M.**

- 1 WHY should we boast of time to come,  
Though but a single day ?  
This hour may fix our final doom,  
Though strong, and young, and gay.



## THE SINNER.

- 2 The present we should now redeem ;  
This only is our own ;  
The past, alas ! is all a dream ;  
The future is unknown.
- 3 O think what vast concerns depend  
Upon a moment's space,  
When life and all its cares shall end  
In vengeance or in grace.
- 4 O for that power which melts the heart,  
And lifts the soul on high !  
Where sin and grief and death depart,  
And pleasures never die.

*M. Wilkes.*

### 402

C. M.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord !  
Thy power to us make known ;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day ;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 3 Convince us first of unbelief,  
And freely then release ;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 403

S. M.

- 1 O SINNER, mark thy fate !  
Soon will the Judge appear,  
And then thy cries will come too late—  
Too late for God to hear.
- 2 The day of mercy gone,  
The Spirit grieved away,  
The cup, long filling, now o'erflown,  
Demands the vengeful day.
- 3 Thy God, insulted, seems  
To draw his glittering sword ;  
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,  
To vindicate his word.

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 4 One only hope I see ;  
O sinner, seize it now ;  
The blood that Jesus shed for thee !  
No other hope hast thou.

### 404 S. M.

- 1 "ALL things are ready," come !  
Come to the supper spread ;  
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young ;  
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," come !  
The invitation's given  
Through Him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," come !  
The door is open wide ;  
O feast upon the love of God ;  
For Christ, his Son, has died.
- 4 "All things are ready," come !  
To-morrow may not be ;  
O sinner, come ! the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

*Albert Midlane.*

### 405 S. M.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"  
The holy bride of Christ proclaims  
To all her children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come !"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the Fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come :"  
Lord, even so, we wait thy hour ;  
O blest Redeemer, come.

*Henry Onderdonk.*

## THE SINNER.

406

S. M.

- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,—  
The latest call of grace ;  
The day will come—the vengeful day—  
Of a devoted race.
- 2 To shelter the distressed,  
He did the cross endure ;  
Enter into the clefts, and rest  
In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly  
From the devouring sword ;  
Our city of defense is nigh,  
Our help is in the Lord.

*Anon.*

407

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, haste to mercy's gate,  
Strive, O strive to enter there ;  
Hasten, lest ye come too late,  
Lest in vain shall be your prayer.
- 2 Soon the Saviour will arise,  
And forever shut the door :  
Hopeless then will be your cries ;  
God will welcome you no more.
- 3 From his glorious seat within,  
Zion's King so long forgot,  
Then will say, "Ye slaves of sin,  
Hence depart, I know you not."
- 4 O ! the anguish of that word.—  
Anguish which no measure knows,—  
Sinners, haste to seek the Lord,  
Ere the door of mercy close.

*Anon.*

408

7s.

- 1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Hither come ; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

*Anna L. Barbould.*

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

**409**

7s.

- 1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Never can by thee be won.
- 2 Hasten, sinner, to return ;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere thy work of grace be done.

*Thomas Scott.*

**410**

7s.

- 1 HEAVY clouds are gathering fast,  
Tokens of destruction sure ;  
Sinner, now before the blast,  
Seek a shelter to secure.
- 2 Thousand voices from afar,  
Warn thee of thy coming fate :  
Careless sinner, now beware !  
Haste thee, ere it be too late !
- 3 Crimes in every shape increase ;  
Judgments stalk throughout the land :  
Signs are borne on every breeze,  
That destruction is at hand.
- 4 Darker clouds will soon arise,  
Louder still the thunders roar,  
Fiercer lightnings pierce the skies,—  
But the sinner's day is o'er.

*Anon.*

**411**

7s.

- 1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 At his presence nature shakes ;  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax ;  
What will then become of thee ?
- 3 Who his advent may abide ?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapped in flame ?

*Anon*

## THE SINNER.

**412**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power.  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho, ye needy ; come, and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify !  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him ;  
This he gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

*Joseph Hart.*

**413**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,  
By the perfect law convicted,  
Through the cross behold the crown ;  
Look to Jesus ;  
Mercy flows through him alone,
- 2 Take his easy yoke and wear it ;  
Love will make obedience sweet ;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While his wisdom guides your feet  
Safe to glory,  
Where his ransomed captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,  
Light to newly opened eyes,  
Or full springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies ;  
All who taste it  
Shall to rest immortal rise.

*Joseph Swain.*

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

**414**

6s & 4s.

- 1 To-DAY the Saviour calls :  
Ye wanderers come ;  
O ye benighted souls,  
Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls !  
O listen now ;  
Within these sacred walls,  
To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls !  
For mercy flee ;  
For all the guilty soon  
Must guilty be.
- 4 To-day the Saviour calls !  
For refuge fly ;  
The storm of vengeance falls ;  
Ruin is nigh.
- 5 The Spirit calls to-day !  
Yield to its power ;  
O grieve it not away ;  
'Tis mercy's hour.

*S. F. Smith.*

**415**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O, COMFORT to the dreary !  
O, joy to the oppressed !  
“ Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.”  
O, come with all your weakness,  
Come with your load of woe ;  
And learn of him with meekness  
All righteousness to know.
- 2 Enslaved of Romish error,  
Worn out with fruitless pains,  
Reapers of doubt and terror,  
Come, cast away your chains !  
Renounce the superstition  
By all the world preferred ;  
And turn from vain tradition  
To His redeeming word.



## THE SINNER.

- 3 Ye who the world have courted,  
And suffered from its spite ;  
Ye who with sin have sported,  
And felt its serpent-bite ;  
Come, learn, your follies quitting,  
That this world's gain is loss ;  
To Christ's light yoke submitting,  
Come, and take up the cross.
- 4 O come, and make the trial ;  
Christ's service is release ;  
If hard the self-denial,  
Its fruit is joy and peace.  
His word your faith defending,  
Shall nerve you for the strife ;  
Peace all your steps attending ;  
The prize,—eternal life !

*Anon*

**416**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O JESUS ! thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :  
We bear the name of Christians,  
Thy name and sign we bear :  
O, shame, thrice shame upon us !  
To keep thee standing there.
- 2 O Jesus ! thou art knocking ;  
And lo ! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns thy brow encircle,  
And tears thy face have marred :  
O, love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait !  
O, sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate !
- 3 O Jesus ! thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,—  
“I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat me so ?”  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore !

*William How.*

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

417

11s.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye ; for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, " Come,"  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive :  
O. how can you question, when you may believe ?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come ?  
'Tis you he bids welcome ; he bids you come home.

*Anon.*

418

11s.

1 DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near !  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee :  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here ;  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God ?  
A Fountain is open ; how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning  
blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come ;  
For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;  
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace  
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad  
flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,  
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall  
fade.  
The dead, small and great, in the Judgment  
shall stand ;  
What power then, O sinner ! will lend thee  
its aid ?

*Thomas Hastings.*

## THE SINNER.

**419**

11s.

- 1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with  
God ;  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy  
road ;  
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy  
head ;  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God ;  
And he shall be with thee when fears are  
abroad,  
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy  
path,  
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

*Knox.*

**420**

11s & 10s.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure ;  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
" Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
above ;  
Come to the feast of love—come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

*Thomas Moore.*

**421**

P. M.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to-day :  
Heaven bids thee come  
While yet there's room.  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die ?  
Come while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high :  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 422 P. M.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee  
Through the long to-morrow,—  
Eternity ?  
Exiled from home,  
Sadly to roam,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Where wilt thou flee ?  
2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Lift up thine eye ;  
Heirship thou canst borrow  
In worlds on high :  
Bright mansions fair  
Are waiting there ;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Now homeward fly.

*Anon.*

### 423 P. M.

- 1 АН ! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,  
What will thy doom be when arrayed in terror  
God shall command thee, covered with pollution,  
“Up to the judgment, up to the judgment” ?  
2 Oft he has called thee, but thou would'st not  
hear him ;  
Mercies and judgments have alike been  
sighted ;  
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded  
Waits to embrace you.  
3 But if you trifle with his gracious message,  
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty  
pleasures,  
Mercy, grown weary, will in righteous judgment  
Leave you forever.

## THE SINNER.

- 4 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you ;  
Seek for his favor, yet will never find it :  
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence.  
Deep in their caverns.
- 5 O ! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning ;  
Fly to the Saviour and embrace his pardon :  
So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant.  
Coming to judgment.

*Anon.*

### 424

11s.

- 1 THE last call of mercy now lingers for thee ;  
O sinner, receive it ; to Jesus now flee !  
He often has called thee—but thou hast refused ;  
His offered salvation and love are abused.
- 2 O slight not the warning now offered at last,  
Till summer is ended and harvest is passed ;  
Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart's  
door,  
And pardon, sweet pardon, is offered no more.
- 3 While Jesus is calling, O turn not away ;  
For swiftly approacheth the dread judgment day :  
The Spirit invites you, O why will you roam ?  
Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.
- 4 The last call of mercy now lingers for thee ;  
O, break the strong fetters of sin, and be free !  
The Bride is now calling ; ye wanderers, come,  
Accept of salvation, in heaven there's room.

*Anon.*

### 425

12s & 11s. P.

- 1 WE'RE bound for the land of the pure and the  
holy,  
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love :  
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of  
folly,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

#### CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, will you go, will  
you go ?

O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

## WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish  
Can breath in the fields where the glorified rove :  
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
- 3 No fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,  
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove ;  
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression ;  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
- 4 No poverty there, no, the saints are all wealthy,  
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love ;  
No sickness can reach them, that country is healthy ;  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?
- 5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,  
We halt yet a moment as onward we move ;  
O, come to thy Lord ! in his arms he will take thee,  
And bear thee along to the Eden above ?

*Anon.*

**426**

P. M.

- 1 ALL you that are weary and sad, come ;  
And you that are cheerful and glad, come ;  
In robes of humility clad, come ;  
The Saviour invites you to-day.
- 2 Let youth in its freshness and bloom, come ;  
Let man in the pride of his noon come ;  
Let age on the verge of the tomb come ;  
Let none in his pride stay away.
- 3 Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind, come ;  
Let all who are freely inclined come ;  
With humble and peaceable mind, come  
Away from the waters of strife.



## THE SINNER.

- 4 The Spirit and Bride freely say, Come !  
Let him that now heareth it say, Come !  
Let all that are thirsty, to-day come,  
And drink of the Fountain of Life.

*Anon.*

**427**

12s & 11s.

- 1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth  
entreat thee,  
And warnings with accents of mercy doth  
blend ;  
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet  
thee,  
“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

REFRAIN.

The harvest is passing, the summer will end ;  
The harvest is passing the summer will end.

- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt hath he told  
thee !

How oft still the message of mercy doth send !  
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to en-  
fold thee ;

“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

- 3 Despised and rejected, at length he may leave  
thee :

What anguish and horror thy bosom will  
rend !

Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will re-  
ceive thee ;

“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

- 4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power ;  
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend,  
Haste, haste thee, O sinner ! prepare for that  
hour !

“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

- 5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before  
him,

O, bow to the scepter, and make him thy  
Friend !

Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to  
adore him ;

Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.

*Anon.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

428

L. M.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt—  
“Fightings within, and fears without,”  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve :  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am ; thy love I own  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be thine, and thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

*Charlotte Elliott.*

429

L. M.

- 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;  
Christ and his cross my only plea :  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes.  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies :  
But thou dost all my anguish see :  
O God, be merciful to me !

## THE SINNER.

- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone ;  
To Calvary alone I flee :  
O God, be merciful to me !
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
“ God has been merciful to me ! ”

*Cornelius Elven.*

### 430

L. M.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around ;  
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;  
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,  
A heavenly whisper, “ Come to me.”
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;  
It tells me where my soul may flee :  
O, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
How sweet the bidding, “ Come to me.
- 3 “ Come, for all else must fail and die !  
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;  
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,  
I am thy portion ; come to me.”
- 4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above !  
And gently whisper, “ Come to me.”

*Charlotte Elliott.*

### 431

L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—  
To lay my all at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power ;  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 432 L. M.

1 FORGIVE us, Lord ! to thee we cry ;  
Forgive us thro' thy matchless grace ;  
On thee alone our souls rely ;  
Be thou our strength and righteousness.

2 Forgive thou us, as we forgive  
The ills we suffer from our foes ;  
Restore us, Lord ! and bid us live ;  
O ! let us in thine arms repose.

3 Forgive us, for our guilt is great !  
Our wretched souls no merit claim ;  
For sovereign mercy still we wait,  
And ask but in the Saviour's name.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 433 L. M.

1 AWAKED from sin's delusive sleep,  
My heavy guilt I feel, and weep ;  
Beneath a weight of woe oppressed,  
I come to thee, my Lord, for rest.

2 Now, from thy throne of grace above,  
Look down upon my soul in love ;  
That smile shall sweeten all my pain,  
And make my soul rejoice again.

3 By thy divine, transforming power,  
My ruined nature now restore ;  
And let my life and temper shine,  
In blest resemblance, Lord, to thine.

*Thomas Moore.*

### 434 L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the guilty trust in thee ?

## THE SINNER.

- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !
- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

*Isaac Watts.*

**435**

L. M. P.

- 1 O, HAPPY day ! that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God ;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS .

- Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away !  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
  - 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.
  - 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in time's latest hour I bow,  
And bless at last a bond so dear.
  - 5 And when the bright celestial train,  
From highest heaven to earth shall come ;  
Then with my Lord I'll rise, and reign  
Forever in that happy home.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

436

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view :
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;  
Nothing but sin have I to give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 5 Then will I tell to all around,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God."

*John Cennick.*

437

L. M.

- 1 LORD, I was blind : I could not see  
In thy marred visage any grace ;  
But now the beauty of thy face,  
In radiant vision dawns on me.
- 2 Lord, I was deaf : I could not hear  
The thrilling music of thy voice ;  
But now I hear thee and rejoice,  
And all thy uttered words are dear.
- 3 Lord, I was dumb : I could not speak  
The grace and glory of thy name ;  
But now, as touched with living flame,  
My lips thine eager praises wake.
- 4 Lord, I was dead : I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to thee ;  
But now, since thou hast quickened me,  
I rise from sin's dark sepulcher.



## THE SINNER.

- 5 Lord, thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
The dead to live ; and lo, I break  
The chains of my captivity !

*W. T. Matson.*

### 438

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice ;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor, polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far that heavenly robe excels  
What earthly princes wear !  
These ornaments, how bright they shine !  
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love  
And hope, and every grace ;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 439

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION !—O, the joyful sound !  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation !—let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

*Isaac Watts.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

440

C. M.

- 1 O how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When but one sinner turns,  
And, with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns !
- 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is filled with joy.
- 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan ;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him as his own.

*John Needham.*

441

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found ;  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come ;  
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

*John Newton.*

442

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, to thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid :  
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,  
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid ;  
On thee alone my constant mind  
Be every moment stayed.

## THE SINNER.

- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,  
On thee will I depend,  
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,  
When faith in sight shall end.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 443

C. M.

- 1 JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,  
To bear our griefs and woes ?  
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,  
For thy rebellious foes ?
- 2 Well might the heavens with wonder view  
A love so strange as thine !  
No thought of angels ever knew  
Compassion so divine !
- 3 Is there a heart that will not bend  
To thy divine control ?  
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,  
And melt that stubborn soul !
- 4 O, may our willing hearts confess  
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway !  
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,  
Thy righteous rule obey.

*Anne Steele.*

### 444

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,  
And all thy glory see ;  
This is my stay, and this alone,  
That Jesus died for me !
- 2 How can a soul condemned to die,  
Escape the just decree ?  
Helpless and full of sin am I,  
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain.  
O, how can I get free ?  
No peace can all my efforts gain,  
But Jesus died for me.

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

- 4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,  
This must be all my plea ;  
Save me by thy almighty grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

*Anon.*

**445**

C. M.

- 1 LORD ! at thy feet we humbly lie,  
And knock at mercy's door ;  
With heavy heart and downcast eye,  
Thy favor we implore.
- 2 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore ;  
We would thy pity move :  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 3 O, for thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
Our numerous sins forgive !  
Thy grace our stony hearts can break :  
Heal us, and bid us live.

*Simon Browne.*

**446**

C. M.

- 1 ALL that I was—my sin, my guilt,  
My death, was all my own ;  
All that I am I owe to thee,  
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine ;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is thine, and only thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine ;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty, is thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin ;  
It taught me to believe ;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## THE SINNER.

447

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord first empties whom he fills,  
Casts down whom he would raise ;  
He quickens, when the letter kills,  
Exalting thus his praise.
- 2 When he applies his healing blood  
Unto a sin-sick soul,  
This balsam, powerful, precious, good,  
Ne'er fails to make it whole.
- 3 On us he spent his life and blood,  
Our losses to retrieve ;  
Mankind's redemption now holds good  
For sinners who believe.

*Erskine.*

448

C. M.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart  
That bows before the Lord ;  
That owns how just and good thou art,  
And trembles at thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears  
Which from repentance flow ;  
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears  
The long-suspended blow !
- 3 O, fill my soul with faith and love,  
And strength to do thy will ;  
Raise my desires and hopes above,—  
Thyself to me reveal.

*Charles Wesley.*

449

C. M.

- 1 BE merciful to me, O God !  
Be merciful to me ;  
For though I sink beneath thy rod,  
Yet do I trust in thee.
- 2 Thou art my refuge, and I know  
My burden thou dost bear ;  
And I would seek, where'er I go,  
To cast on thee my care.
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,  
Strong though my spirit be ;  
O, then assist, when foes assail,  
The soul that clings to thee !

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

- 4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
A thankful heart be mine,—  
A heart that answers to thy call,—  
One that is wholly thine.

*Anon.*

**450**

C. M. D.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light ;  
Look unto me : thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my star, my sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till all my journey's done.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**451**

C. M. D.

- 1 I HEARD a voice, the sweetest voice  
That mortal ever heard ;  
O, how it made my heart rejoice,  
And every feeling stirred !  
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild ;  
He called me to his side,  
And said, although with heart defiled,  
I might in him confide.



## THE SINNER.

- 2 I saw his face, the fairest face  
That mortal ever saw ;  
I longed the Saviour to embrace,  
From him new life to draw.  
“Come unto me,” he kindly said,  
“And I will give thee rest ;  
The ransom-price I fully paid ;  
Repent ! believe ! be blest !”
- 3 I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt ;  
O, how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt !  
My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven,  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, “Forgiven !”

*Peter Stryker.*

### 452

C. M. D.

- 1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry ;  
Thee only would I know :  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.  
Touch me, and make the leper clean ;  
Purge mine iniquity :  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part in thee.
- 2 But art thou not already mine ?  
Answer, if mine thou art ;  
Whisper within, thou Love divine,  
And cheer my drooping heart.  
Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,  
His wounds are open wide ;  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justified.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 453

S. M.

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint ?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint ?

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

- 2 My Saviour bids me come ;  
Ah ! why do I delay ?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part.—  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take all sin away.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 454 S. M.

- 1 IN mercy, not in wrath,  
Rebuke me, gracious God !  
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,  
I sink beneath thy rod.
- 2 Touched by thy quickening power,  
My load of guilt I feel ;  
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed  
O let that Spirit heal.
- 3 In trouble and in gloom  
Must I forever mourn ?  
And wilt thou not at length, O God,  
In pitying love return ?
- 4 O come ; ere life expire,  
Send down thy power to save ;  
For who shall sing thy name in death,  
Or praise thee in the grave ?

*Anon.*

### 455 S. M.

- 1 I SEEK the mercy-seat,  
Where Thou dost answer prayer ;  
There humbly fall before thy feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my plea ;  
With this I venture nigh ;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

## THE SINNER.

- 3 Bowed down beneath my sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed ;  
By wars without and fears within ;  
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace—  
In Jesus crucified.

*Anon.*

**456**

S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
The wondering angels see !  
Be thou astonished, O my soul !  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep ;  
Each sin demands a tear ;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**457**

7s.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy !—can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God his wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face,  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent ;  
Let me now my sins lament ;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands ;  
God is love ! I know, I feel ;  
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

*Charles Wesley.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

458

7s.

- 1 Does the gospel word proclaim  
Rest for those that weary be ?  
Then, my soul, put in thy claim ;  
'Tis that promise speaks to thee.
- 2 Marks of grace I cannot show,  
All polluted is my best ;  
But I weary am, I know,  
And the weary long for rest.
- 3 Burdened with a load of sin,  
Harassed with tormenting doubt ;  
Hourly conflicts from within,  
Hourly crosses from without.
- 4 All my little strength is gone,  
Sink I must without supply ;  
Sure upon the earth is none  
Can more weary be than I.
- 5 In the ark the weary dove  
Found a welcome resting place ;  
Thus my spirit longs to prove  
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.

*John Newton.*

459

7s.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,  
Thine and only thine I am :  
Take me, body, spirit, soul ;  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;  
Let me ever cleave to thee ;  
Let me choose the better part ;  
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men !  
Do not let me turn again,  
Nor the Fountain-head of bliss,  
Leave for creature happiness.

*Anon.*

460

7s.

- 1 LORD, forgive me, day by day,  
Debts I cannot hope to pay ;  
Duties I have left undone,  
Evils I have failed to shun ;

## THE SINNER.

- 2 Trespasses in word or thought ;  
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;  
Cold ingratitude ; distrust ;  
Thoughts unhallowed, or unjust.
- 3 Much forgiven, may I learn  
Love for hatred to return ;  
Then assured my heart shall be  
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

*Josiah Conder.*

### 461

7s & 6s.

- 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fullness dwells in him ;  
He healeth my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.
- 3 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrow shares.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child.

*Horatius Bonar*

### 462

7s & 6s.

- 1 I NEED thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.
- 2 I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

- 4 I need the Holy Spirit  
    To teach me what I am,  
    To show me more of Jesus,  
    To point me to the Lamb.
- 5 I need thee, precious Jesus,  
    I hope to see thee soon,  
    Encircled with the rainbow,  
    And seated on thy throne.
- 6 There, with thy blood-bought children,  
    My joy shall ever be  
    To sing thy praises, Jesus,  
    To gaze, my Lord, on thee !  
                                *Frederick Whitefield.*

### 463

7s & 6s.

- 1 WE stand in deep repentance,  
    Before thy throne of love ;  
    O God of grace, forgive us,  
    The stain of guilt remove.
- 2 Behold us while with weeping  
    We lift our eyes to thee ;  
    And all our sins subduing,  
    Our Father, set us free !
- 3 O, shouldst thou from the fallen  
    Withhold thy grace to guide,  
    Forever we should wander,  
    From thee, and peace, aside.
- 4 Our souls—on thee we cast them,  
    Our only refuge thou !  
    Thy cheering words revive us,  
    When pressed with grief we bow.
- 5 Thou bearest the trusting spirit  
    Upon thy loving breast,  
    And givest all thy ransomed  
    A sweet, unending rest.

*Ray Palmer.*



## THE SINNER.

464

7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour of our race,  
Trusting in thy blood and grace,  
I, a sinner, wounded, sore,  
Prostrate fall, and help implore ;  
In my heart a sense of wrong  
Shades with sadness e'en my song.  
On my back's a burden high,—  
Sins of years that multiply ;—
- 2 Long I've wandered round and round,  
Sought relief, but none have found ;  
Now at last I come to thee,  
Save me, Lord ; O, set me free !  
Yes, I hear the potent word ;  
Yes, my earnest prayer is heard ;  
Once in bondage, now I'm free ;  
Saved, dear Lord, and saved by thee !
- 3 From my back the burden rolled,—  
Burden high of sins untold ;—  
From my heart all sense of shame  
Passed away when Jesus came.  
O what love in Christ I found !  
Love so high, so broad, profound ;  
Love that I can never tell ;  
Love that saved my soul from hell.
- 4 How shall I the debt repay,—  
Debt that swells from day to day ?—  
How can I in words reveal  
That which in my heart I feel ?  
Ah ! my soul, it ne'er can be ;  
Love divine's too high for thee ;  
What I owe to Christ to-day  
Words or deeds can ne'er repay.
- 5 Bankrupt 'neath the cross I stand :  
Thus I sing,—O, sea ! O, land !—  
“In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I eling.”  
Such a song my Lord approves,  
Sung by one the Spirit moves ;  
Love is all he asks from me,  
That he has, most full, most free.

*W. H. Littlejohn.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

**465**

7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, merciful and mild,  
Lead me as a helpless child :  
On no other arm but thine  
Would my weary soul recline ;  
Thou art ready to forgive,  
Thou canst bid the sinner live,  
Guide the wanderer, day by day,  
In the strait and narrow way.
- 2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace  
For the heavenly dwelling-place ;  
All thy promises are sure,  
Ever shall thy love endure ;  
Then what more could I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire ?  
All I need, in thee I see ;  
Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,  
Hast thou made me truly thine ?  
Hast thou bought me by thy blood ?  
Reconciled my heart to God ?  
Hearken to my tender prayer,  
Let me thine own image bear ;  
Let me love thee more and more,  
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

*Thomas Hastings.*

**466**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
Let me know thy great salvation ;  
See, I languish, faint, and die ;  
Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,  
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, O send me quick relief !
- 2 Whither should my soul be flying  
But to him who comfort gives ?  
Whither from the dread of dying  
But to him who ever lives ?  
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless on the cursèd tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
Thou didst suffer thus for me.

## THE SINNER.

- 3 With thy righteousness and Spirit  
I am more than angels blessed ;  
Heir with thee, all things inherit,—  
Peace and joy, and endless rest :  
Saved ! the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above ;  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love.

*Daniel Turner.*

**467**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 YE who know your sins forgiven,  
And are happy in the Lord,  
Have you read that gracious promise  
Which is left us in his word ?  
“ I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin,  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will dwell and reign within.  
2 “ Though you have much peace and comfort  
Greater things you yet may find,—  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal mind.  
To procure your perfect freedom,  
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died ;  
On the cross the healing fountain  
Gushes from his wounded side.”

*Anon.*

**468**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it !  
Make and keep it all thine own ;  
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,  
This proud heart of sin and stone.  
Father, make it pure and lowly,  
Fond of peace and far from strife,  
Turning from the paths unholy,  
Of this vain and sinful life.  
2 Ever let thy grace surround it,  
Strengthen it with power divine ;  
Till thy cords of love have bound it,  
Make it to be wholly thine.  
May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
And its sins be all forgiven ;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,  
Guide it in the path to heaven.

*Anon.*

## REPENTANCE AND ACCEPTANCE.

469

P. M.

- 1 O, how happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That sweet comfort is mine,  
Since the favor divine  
I received through the blood of the Lamb ;  
Since my heart first believed,  
What a joy I've received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name !
- 3 'Tis a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know ;  
And the angels can do nothing more  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long  
Is my joy and my song ;  
O that all to this refuge might fly !  
He hath loved me, indeed,  
He did suffer and bleed,  
To redeem such a rebel as I.
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
I am carried above  
All my sin, and temptation, and pain ;  
O, that all would believe,  
And by sin never grieve,  
And thus cause him to suffer again.

*Charles Wesley.*

470

P. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death  
That casts itself on thee ?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done,  
And suffered once for me.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood :  
That righteousness my robe shall be,  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then save me from the second death,  
The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
His consolation send ;  
By him some word of life impart,  
And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
" Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;  
Come, take possession of thine own ;  
For thou hast set me free :  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers in waiting stand,  
To be employed by thee.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

**471**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground ;
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Dost dwell with those of humble mind ;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies now renew ;  
And to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.

*William Cowper.*

**472**

L. M.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone !  
Let my religious hours alone :  
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire :  
Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 2 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thine entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste, above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love.

*Isaac Watts.*

**473**

L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise,  
2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unvail my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place.  
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**474**

L. M.

- 1 Now we have met in Jesus' name,  
To glorify our Lord we aim ;  
We strive each duty to fulfill,  
With anxious thoughts to do his will.  
2 We've met in love and holy fear,  
To hear the happy saints declare  
The rich compassion of a God—  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.  
3 O Saviour, help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace,  
While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**475**

L. M.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God, on all assembled here ;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.  
2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !  
May we thy true disciples be ;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—  
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of truth ! and fill the place  
With wounding and with healing power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.

*James Montgomery.*

**476**

C. M.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face,  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine :  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

*Isaac Watts.*

**477**

C. M.

- 1 GRANT me within Thy courts a place,  
Among thy saints a seat,  
Forever to behold thy face,  
And worship at thy feet,—
- 2 In thy pavilion to abide  
When storms of trouble blow,  
And in thy tabernacle hide,  
Secure from every foe.
- 3 "Seek ye my face !" Without delay,  
When thus I hear thee speak,  
My heart would leap for joy, and say,  
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."
- 4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,  
And earthly comforts flee ;  
When father, mother, kindred fail,  
My God, remember me !

*James Montgomery.*

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

### 478 C. M.

- 1 WHEREVER two or three may meet  
To worship in Thy name,  
As they approach thy mercy-seat,  
Thy promise they may claim.
- 2 Jesus in love will condescend  
To bless the hallowed place ;  
The Saviour will himself attend,  
And show his smiling face.
- 3 O blest assurance ! gracious Lord,  
Thou Fount of peace and love,  
Fulfill to us thy precious word,  
Thy loving-kindness prove.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 479 S. M.

- 1 WE all are yet alive,  
And see each other's face :  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For his redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we passed.—  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last !
- 3 But out of all, the Lord  
Hath brought us by his love ;  
And still his help he doth afford,  
And hides our life above.
- 4 Let us take up the cross  
Till we the crown obtain ;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 480 7s.

- 1 SWEET the time, exceeding sweet !  
When the saints together meet,  
When the Saviour is the theme,  
When they join to sing of him.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move :  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world and gave his Son.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;  
How he left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love ;  
With our stubborn hearts he strove,  
Filled our minds with grief and fear,  
Brought the precious Saviour near.
- 5 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,  
When the saints in heaven shall meet ;  
Jesus still will be the theme,  
They shall always sing of him.

*George Burder.*

### 481

7s.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,  
Panteth for the water-brooks,  
So my soul, athirst for thee,  
Pants the living God to see ;
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?  
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;  
Why art thou disquieted ?  
God shall lift thy fallen head.
- 3 When, O when, with filial fear,  
Lord, to thee my soul draws near,  
Let thy countenance benign  
Be the saving health of mine.

*James Montgomery.*

### 482

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
And when Christ our Lord shall come,  
We shall all be gathered home.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You near Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seats are now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

*John Cennick.*

**483**

7s.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim :  
We are gathered in thy name :  
In the midst do thou appear ;  
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;  
Come and dwell within each heart,  
Light, and life, and joy impart.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete ;  
Make us all for glory meet ;  
Meet to stand before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

*Anon.*

**484**

C. M. D.

- 1 THOU coming One, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day ;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.  
Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O let our souls on thee be cast,  
In all prevailing prayer.
- 2 The power of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim ;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.  
Till then thy perfect love impart ;  
Till thou appear below  
Be this the cry of every heart,—  
“I will not let thee go.”
- 3 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me ;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.  
Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in joyful praise.

485

6s & 4s.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home ;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home ;  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand,  
Heaven is my Fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home ;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Time's cold and wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast ;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home,  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There'll be the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest ;  
Heaven is my home.

*Thomas R. Taylor.*

486

C. M. D.

- 1 I WANT a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear ;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near ;  
I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride or fond desire ;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make ;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 3 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
And let me weep my life away  
For having grieved thy love.  
O, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul !  
And drive me to the blood again  
Which makes the wounded whole.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 487 C. M. D.

- 1 O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,  
And to thy armor cling ;  
With girded loins the call obey  
That grace and mercy bring.  
There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.
- 2 The shield of faith repels the dart  
That Satan's hand may throw ;  
His arrow cannot reach thy heart  
If Christ control the bow.  
The glowing lamp of prayer will light  
Thee on thy anxious road ;  
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,  
And guide thee to thy God.

*Anon.*

### 488 C. M. D.

- 1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace  
For those with cares oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest.  
'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
And doubts which here annoy ;  
Then they that oft have sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.
- 2 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more ;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore.  
There purity and love appear,  
And bliss without alloy ;  
There they that oft had sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.

237 *William B. Tappan.*



489

7s. 6l.

- 1 CHIEF of sinners though I be,  
Jesus shed his blood for me ;  
Died that I might live on high,—  
Died that I might never die ;  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am his, and he is mine.
- 2 O the hight of Jesus' love !  
Higher than the heaven above,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lasting as eternity ;  
Love that found me,—wondrous tho't !—  
Found me when I sought him not !
- 3 Chief of sinners though I be,  
Christ is all in all to me ;  
All my wants to him are known,  
All my sorrows are his own ;  
Safe with him from earthly strife,  
He sustains the hidden life.

*McComb.*

490

7s. 6l.

- 1 FATHER, hear thy humble child,  
By thy mercy reconciled ;  
Hear, and all thy graces shower,  
All the joy, and peace, and power ;  
All my Saviour asks above,  
All the life and heaven of love.
- 2 Lord, I will not let thee go  
Till the blessing thou bestow :  
Hear my Advocate divine ;  
Lo ! to his my suit I join ;  
Joined to his, it cannot fail ;  
Bless me ; for I will prevail.
- 3 Heavenly Father, Life divine,  
Change my nature into thine ;  
Move, and spread throughout my soul ;  
Actuate and fill the whole :  
Be it I no longer now  
Living in the flesh, but thou.

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 4 Holy Ghost, no more delay ;  
Come, and in thy temple stay ;  
Now thine inward witness bear,  
Strong, and permanent, and clear :  
Spring of life, thyself impart ;  
Rise eternal in my heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 491 7s. 6l.

- 1 LAMB of God ! to thee I cry :  
By thy bitter agony,  
By thy pangs to us unknown,  
By thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.
- 2 Prince of life ! to thee I cry :  
By thy glorious majesty,  
By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, thy presence let me see,  
Manifest thyself to me.
- 3 Lord of glory, now on high.  
Hear thy needy servant's cry ;  
With thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform thy will ;  
Then thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

*Richard Mant.*

### 492 7s & 6s. D.

- 1 SPEAK often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind ;  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined ;  
Though trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies ;  
Take courage, brother pilgrim,  
And soon you'll win the prize.
- 2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumb'rous clay ;  
He'll polish and refine you  
From worthless dross and tin,  
And to his heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 We'll range the wide dominion  
Of our Redeemer round,  
And in dissolving raptures  
Be lost in love profound;  
While all the flaming harpers  
Begin the lasting song,  
With hallelujahs rolling  
From the unnumbered throng.

*Anon.*

**493**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 FAREWELL, all earthly treasures,  
I bid you all adieu;  
Farewell, all earthly honor,  
I want no more of you.  
I want my union grounded  
On God's eternal Son,  
Beyond the power of Satan,  
Where sin can never come.
- 2 I want my name engraven  
Among the righteous ones,  
Who see my Father's glory,  
And wear a starry crown.  
For these, the better riches,  
I'm willing to pass through  
All earthly tribulation,  
And count it my just due.
- 3 I'm willing to be cleansèd,  
And bear the daily cross;  
I'm willing to be purgèd  
From every kind of dross.  
I see the fiery furnace,  
And feel its cleansing flame;  
The fruit of it is holy,  
The gold will still remain.
- 4 All earthly tribulation  
Is but a moment here;  
And O, if we are faithful,  
A crown of life we'll wear!  
We shall be pure and holy,  
And feed on angels' food,  
Rejoicing in bright glory  
Around the throne of God.

*Anon.*

# HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

494

8s & 7s. P.

1 I WILL follow thee, my Saviour,  
Where soe'er my lot may be;  
Where thou goest I will follow thee,  
Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.

CHORUS.

I will follow thee, my Saviour,  
Thou didst shed thy blood for me;  
And though all men should forsake thee,  
By thy grace I'll follow thee.

2 Though the road be rough and thorny,  
Trackless as the foaming sea,  
Thou hast trod this way before me,  
And I'll gladly follow thee.

3 Though I meet with tribulations,  
Sorely tempted though I be;  
I remember thou wast tempted,  
And rejoice to follow thee.

4 Though thou lead'st me through affliction,  
Poor, forsaken, though I be;  
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,  
And I only follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,  
Cold and deep, thou ledest me,  
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,  
And I still will follow thee.

*James L. Elginburg.*

495

8s & 7s. P.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing  
Let some drops now fall on me.

REFRAIN.

Even me, even me;  
Let some drops now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let thy mercy rest on me.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?  
Long been slighting, grieving thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me!
- 4 Pass me not, O Holy Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Testify of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of peace to me.

*Elizabeth Codner.*

### 496

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly—  
Those hours of toil and danger;

#### CHORUS.

- For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
And soon we'll all pass over;  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
"Let every lamp be burning."
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever,  
Our King says, Come, and there's our home.  
Forever, O, forever!

*David Nelson.*

### 497

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name before his wondrous birth  
To Christ, the Saviour, given.

#### CHORUS.

- We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him, blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 2 He's now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pain, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

*E. Roberts.*

**498**

8s. D.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art ;  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.
- 2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest ;  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart,  
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

**499**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee :  
All things else I have forsaken ;  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
While I prove the Lord my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me—  
They have left my Saviour, too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
Thou art faithful, thou art true.  
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me ;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
If that love be hid from me.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee ;  
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

### 500

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes :  
 'Tis the grace of pardon streaming  
 From the portals of the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?  
 Every pure and humble mind,  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the stains of guilt refined.  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none ;  
 Grace and truth are ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

*Anon.*

### 501

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 BLESSED Jesus, meek and lowly,  
 With us here take thine abode ;  
 We would fain like thee be holy,  
 Humbly walking with our God.  
 We would thy sweet Spirit cherish,  
 Welcome in our hearts thy stay ;  
 Lest without thine aid we perish,  
 O, abide with us, we pray !

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 2 Guide us in the path to heaven,  
Rugged though that path may be ;  
Let each bitter cup that's given,  
Serve to draw us nearer thee.  
In thy footsteps traced before us,  
There we see earth's scorn and frown ;  
There is suffering ere the glory,  
There's a cross before the crown.
- 3 In thy vineyard let us labor,  
Of thy goodness let us tell ;  
All is ill without thy favor,  
With thy presence all is well.  
While the evening shadows gather,  
Through this dreary night of tears,  
Tarry with us, O our Saviour,  
Till the morning light appears.
- 4 Then with thee may we forever  
Reign with all the good and blest,  
Where no sin from thee can sever,  
Where the weary are at rest ;  
There to praise the matchless Giver,  
There with angels to adore  
Him who did through grace deliver  
Us from death forevermore.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**502**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures,  
Mixed with dross the purest gold ;  
Seek we then for heavenly treasures—  
Treasures never waxing old.  
Let our best affections center  
On the things around the throne :  
There no thief can ever enter ;  
Moth and rust are there unknown.
- 2 Earthly joys no longer please us ;  
Here we would renounce them all ;  
Seek our only rest in Jesus—  
Him our Lord and Master call.  
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,  
Points to brighter words above ;  
Bids us look for his appearing,  
Bids us triumph in his love.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 May our light be always burning,  
And our loins be girded round,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning—  
Longing for the welcome sound.  
Thus the Christian life adorning,  
Never need we be afraid,  
Should he come at night or morning,  
Early dawn or evening shade.

*David E. Ford.*

### 503

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me ever to adore thee,  
May I still thy goodness prove ;  
While the hope of endless glory  
Fills my heart with joy and love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I've come,  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He to rescue me from danger  
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let thy goodness like a fetter  
Bind me closer still to thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—  
Prone to leave the God I love,—  
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it for thy courts above,

*Robert Robinson.*

### 504

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LET me go where saints are going,  
To the mansions of the blest ;  
Let me go where my Redeemer  
Has prepared his people's rest :  
I would gain the realms of brightness,  
Where they dwell forevermore ;  
I would share the joys that wait me  
Over on the other shore.

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

### CHORUS.

Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,  
Let me gain the realms of day ;  
Bear me over, angel pinions,  
Longs my soul to be away.

- 2 Let me go where none are weary,  
Where is raised no note of woe ;  
Let me go and bathe my spirit  
In the rapture angels know :  
Let me go, for bliss eternal  
Lures my soul away, away,  
And the victor's song triumphant  
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.
- 3 Let me go, why should I tarry ?  
What has earth to bind me here ?  
What but cares and toils and sorrows ?  
What but death and pain and fear ?  
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,  
Blasted round me often lie :  
Here I've gathered brightest flowers  
But to see them fade and die.

*Anon.*

### 505

8s. D.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed,—  
But what must it be to be there !  
We speak of its pathway of gold,—  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold,—  
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within,—  
But what must it be to be there !  
We speak of its service of love,  
Of the robes which the glorified wear,  
Of the church of the first-born above,—  
But what must it be to be there !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :  
The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air ;  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.
- 4 Do Thou, midst temptation and woe,  
For heaven my spirit prepare ;  
And shortly I also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.  
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam,  
In glory celestial and fair,  
With saints and with angels at home,  
And Jesus himself will be there.

*Elizabeth Mills.*

### 506

8s. D.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see !  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;  
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my Sun and my Song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

*John Newton.*

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

**507**

10s & 7s. P.

- 1 OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
     Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
     Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,  
     Seeking our Father's celestial abode,  
     Promise of which on us each is bestowed,  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
     Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
     Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel ;  
     Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale ;  
     O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail !  
     We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
     We're home at last, home at last ;  
     Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
     We're home at last, home at last.  
     Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,  
     We stand secure on the glorified shore ;  
     Glory to God ! we shall shout evermore ;  
     We're home at last, home at last.

*Anon.*

**508**

10s & 7s. P.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, thy warfare will shortly be o'er,  
     O do not fear, do not fear ;  
     Soon thou shalt rest where thy foes come no more ;  
     Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
     What though the night be so dreary and long,  
     What though thy foes be unwearied and strong,  
     Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song ;  
     Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 2 What though the billows of life darkly roll,  
     O do not fear, do not fear ;  
     Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul ;  
     Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
     Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still ;  
     Only be faithful, and do Jesus' will,  
     Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill ;  
     Be of good cheer, of good cheer.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Christian, the angels will soon come for thee,  
O do not fear, do not fear;  
He whom thou lovest in glory thou 'lt see;  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
O, if thou would'st to the end firm endure,  
Keep thy robe holy, and spotless, and pure,  
Victorious faith will make Canaan sure;  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.
- 4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away.  
O do not fear, do not fear;  
Then thou wilt enter an eternal day;  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.  
In the bright kingdom forever to dwell,  
Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell.  
Bid to thy sorrow a long, long farewell;  
Be of good cheer, of good cheer.

*Anon.*

### 509

11s & 8s.

- 1 O BROTHER, be faithful! soon Jesus will come.  
For whom we have waited so long;  
O, soon we shall enter our glorious home,  
And join in the conqueror's song.  
O brother, be faithful! for why should we prove  
Unfaithful to Him who hath shown  
Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love—  
Who died to redeem us his own.
- 2 O brother, be faithful! the city of gold  
Prepared for the good and the blest,  
Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,  
And welcome thee into thy rest.  
Then, brother, prove faithful! not long shall we  
stay  
In weariness here, and forlorn,  
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,  
We haste to the glorious morn.
- 3 O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend,  
Creation's omnipotent King,  
While legions of angels his chariot attend,  
And palm-wreaths of victory bring.  
O brother, be faithful! and soon shalt thou hear  
The Saviour pronounce the glad word,  
"Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear,  
To enter the joy of the Lord."

## HYMNS FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

- 4 O brother, be faithful! eternity's years  
Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,  
When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy  
tears.  
And a coronet gleam on thy brow.  
O brother, be faithful! the promise is sure,  
That waits for the faithful and tried;  
To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,  
And ever with Jesus abide.

*U. Smith.*

### 510

P. M.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear;  
2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,  
And our talents improve  
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.  
3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.  
5 O, that each in the day of His coming may say,  
"I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."  
6 O, that each from his Lord may receive the glad  
word.  
"Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

*Charles Wesley.*

### 511

11s.

- 1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;  
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God:  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;  
But how much I love thee my actions will show.  
2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!  
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,  
With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest,—  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest:  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song;  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright  
King;  
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing:  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud  
and clear,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

*Anon.*

### 512

11s.

- 1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?  
Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
Or building my hopes in a region like this;  
I look for a city that hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them forever on Jesus' breast.
- 4 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;  
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;  
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
- 5 Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at its close:  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all.
- 6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long;  
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

**513**

11s.

- 1 'MID scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed,  
How oft have I sighed for the season of rest  
When no more in this wilderness world I shall  
    roam,  
But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.  
    Home, sweet home.  
But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
- 2 No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss,  
No home for a stranger and pilgrim is this ;  
But far in yon azure, the star-spangled dome,  
We'll find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
- 3 This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and  
    drear,  
And points to the haven of rest that is near ;  
O there, in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,  
And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.

*Anon.*

**514**

L. M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place than all besides more sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on angel's wings we soar,  
And earthly cares molest no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 Ah ! whither should we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?  
Or how the hosts of sin defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

*Hugh Stowell.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**515**

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again ;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears  
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done-for me !"

*William Cowper.*

**516**

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give ;  
Long as they live should Christians pray ;  
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress, •  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt dejects, if sins distress,—  
In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'T is prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language lame ;  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith, in Jesus' name.



## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

- 4 Depend on him ; thou canst not fail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known :  
Fear not ; his merits must prevail !  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.  
*Joseph Hart.*

### 517 L. M.

- 1 WHEN softly falls the twilight hour,  
O'er moor and mountain, field and flower,  
How sweet to leave a world of care,  
And lift to heaven the voice of prayer !
- 2 In solemn midnight's silence deep,  
When Nature's voice is hushed in sleep,  
Then heavy hearts with grief oppressed  
May find in prayer the sweetest rest.
- 3 And when with reddening blush of morn  
The new-born day begins to dawn,  
Then upward to the mercy-seat  
Let prayer ascend like incense sweet.
- 4 When mid-day's burning heat we feel,  
When daily cares our hearts would steal,  
O, then to heaven we look away,  
And find in prayer our surest stay.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 518 L. M. D.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes known !  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
May I thy consolation share  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty hight  
I view my home and take my flight.  
In my immortal flesh I'll rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout while passing through the air,  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !"

*William W. Walford.*

### 519

C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear ;  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes to come ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here away from home.

*Phæbe Hinsdale Brown*

### 520

C. M.

- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is filled with angel songs ;  
That love is throned on high.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

- 4 But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne ;  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down.

*John A. Wallace.*

### 521 C. M.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,  
All hallowed be thy name ;  
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done  
In heaven and earth the same.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread ;  
And as we those forgive  
Who sin against us, so may we  
Forgiving grace receive.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not ;  
From evil set us free ;  
And thine the kingdom, thine the power  
And glory, ever be.

*Adoniram Judson.*

### 522 C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan ;  
Long as I live when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : he bowed his ear,  
And chased my grief away ;  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed ;  
He bade my pains remove :  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest ;  
For thou hast known his love.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 523 C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
Does she commune with God !
- 4 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour ! thou art mine !
- 5 The thanks I owe thee, and the love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
When time shall be no more.

*William Cowper.*

**524**

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came ;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast ;  
Yields comfort to the mourners here,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 The humble suppliant cannot fail  
To have his wants supplied,  
Since He for sinners intercedes  
Who once for sinners died.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**525**

C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

*James Montgomery.*

**526**

C. M.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove ;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care ;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Thou callest me to seek thy face,—  
'T is all I wish to seek ;  
To hear the whispers of thy grace,  
And heed when thou dost speak.
- 4 Let this my every hour employ  
Till I thy glory see,  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee.

*Charles Wesley.*

**527**

S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near ;  
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs ;  
He pardons every day ;  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless thy faithful care ;  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our Fore-runner there.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !  
Here wait, my warmest love !  
Till the communion be complete,  
In nobler scenes above.

*Philip Doddridge.*

**528**

**S. M.**

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits my prayer to hear.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ! ask what thou wilt ;  
Thou canst not be too bold :  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold ?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith ;  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

*John Newton.*

**529**

**S. M.**

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell ;  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,—  
We never plead in vain ;  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry ;  
Yes, though he may a while forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,  
Will make our cause his care.  
*John Newton.*

### 530 S. M.

- 1 SWEETLY the holy hymn  
Breaks on the morning air;  
Before the world with smoke is dim,  
We kneel and offer prayer.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews,  
Dew of our souls descend;  
Ere yet the sun the day renews,  
O Lord, thy Spirit send.
- 3 Upon the battle-field,  
Before the fight begins,  
We seek, O Lord, thy sheltering shield,  
To guard us from our sins.
- 4 On the lone mountain side,  
Before the morning's light,  
The Man of sorrows wept and cried,  
And rose refreshed with might.
- 5 O, hear us, then, for we  
Are very weak and frail;  
We make the Saviour's name our plea,  
And surely must prevail.

*C. H. Spurgeon.*

### 531 7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 With my burden I begin:—  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy sovereign right maintain,  
And, without a rival, reign.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

*John Newton.*

### 532

7s.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard and set him free ;—  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 5 No, I must maintain my hold ;  
'T is thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

*John Newton.*

### 533

7s.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

## MEDITATION AND PRAYER.

- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
'T is the time for earnest prayer :  
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come, and wait ;  
He will answer every prayer :  
God is present everywhere.
- 5 Doubt him not, his promise plead  
In the hour of sorest need ;  
Never yet was saint o'erthrown  
Trusting in God's strength alone.

*Anon.*

### 534

8s & 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross we spend :  
Life and health and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before his cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Here we feel our sins forgiven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze ;  
And our thoughts are all of heaven,  
And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 4 While in grateful contemplation,  
Lord, our eyes are fixed on thee,  
May we taste thy full salvation,  
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

*James Allen.*

### 535

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear !  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer !  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?  
Is there trouble anywhere ?  
We should never be discouraged ;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share ?  
Jesus knows our every weakness ;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care ?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge !  
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.
- Horatius Bonar.*

### 536

8s & 4.

- 1 MY God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to thy feet,—  
The hour of prayer ?
- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed ;  
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;  
Then dost thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find ;  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief ;  
What peace of mind.
- 5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to thee.

*Charlotte Elliott.*

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

**537**

C. H. M.

1 COME, let us pray ! 't is sweet to feel  
That God himself is near ;  
That, while we at his footstool kneel,  
His mercy deigns to hear.  
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,  
This is our solace—let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray ! the burning brow,  
The heart oppressed with care,  
And all the woes that throng us now,  
Will be relieved by prayer ;  
Our God will chase our griefs away ;  
O glorious thought ! come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray ! the mercy-seat  
Invites the fervent prayer ;  
Our heavenly Father waits to greet  
The contrite spirit there.  
Q loiter not, nor longer stay  
From him who loves us ; let us pray.

*Anon.*

**538**

L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus if the night of death should come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

*Isaac Watts.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

539

L. M.

- 1 God of the morning, at thy voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise.  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfill  
The appointed duties of the day ;  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure.  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

*Isaac Watts.*

540

L. M.

- 1 My opening eyes with rapture see  
The light of thy returning day ;  
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee  
While thus my early vows I pay.
- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,  
Nor would receive another guest :  
Eternal King, erect thy throne,  
And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O, bid this trifling world retire,  
And drive each carnal thought away ;  
Nor let me feel one vain desire,  
One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,  
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,  
The wonders of thy love declare,  
And join the strains which angels sing.

*Elizabeth Scott.*

541

L. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts be borne ;  
And may we ever clearly see  
Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee !

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

- 2 All hallowed be our walk this day ;  
May meekness form our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noontide light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 3 May grace each idle thought control,  
And sanctify each wayward soul ;  
May guile depart, and malice cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

*Anon.*

### 542

L. M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, O Saviour dear !  
It is not night if thou be near :  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast !
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near and bless me when I wake,  
Ere through the world my way I take ;  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
I lose myself in heaven above.

*John Keble.*

### 543

L. M.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O mighty King of kings,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;  
Thy watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.
- 5 Teach me this fleeting life to live,  
So that the grave no dread shall give ;  
Teach me to die, so that I may  
With joy behold the Judgment day.

*Thomas Ken.*

### 544

L. M.

- 1 How sweet the light of Sabbath eve !  
How soft the sunbeams lingering there !  
For these blest hours the world I leave.  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.
- 2 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul  
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love ;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
- 3 Nor will our days of toil be long ;  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

*James Edmeston.*

### 545

L. M.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command ;  
To thee I consecrate my days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 546

C. M.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye,—

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.
- 4 The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 547 C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest powers,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,  
And undisturbed repose.
- 3 O let the same parental care  
My waking hours attend ;  
From every danger, every snare,  
My trembling steps defend :
- 4 Smile on my moments as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

*Anne Steele.*

### 548 C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eye ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules on high.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats ;  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 'T is he supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall speak his praise :  
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,  
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 549

C. M.

- 1 How can we see the children, Lord,  
Whom thou in love hast given,  
Remain regardless of thy word,  
Without a hope of heaven ?
- 2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,  
And save our children dear ;  
Now send thy Spirit from on high,  
And fill them with thy fear.
- 3 O make them love thy holy law,  
And joyful walk therein ;  
Their hearts to new obedience draw ;  
Save them from every sin.

*Anon.*

### 550

C. M.

- 1 GIVER and Guardian of our sleep,  
To praise thy name we wake ;  
Still, Lord, thy helpless servants keep,  
For thine own mercy's sake.
- 2 The blessing of another day  
We thankfully receive ;  
O may we only thee obey,  
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Uphold us with thy mighty hand ;  
Our words and thoughts restrain ;  
And bow our souls to thy command,  
Nor let our faith be vain.
- 4 Prisoners of hope, we wait the hour  
Which shall salvation bring ;  
When all we are shall own thy power,  
And call our Jesus King.

*Charles Wesley.*

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

**551**

C. M.

- 1 THE sun rolls down the distant west,  
Soft twilight steals abroad  
To welcome in the day of rest,  
The Sabbath of our Lord.
- 2 This holy day let us begin  
With songs of praise to God,  
Who pardons all our guilt and sin,  
Through Jesus' precious blood.
- 3 Now in this tranquil hour we lay  
All worldly cares aside,  
And hallow God's most holy day,  
Though friends or foes may chide.
- 4 'Tis not to seek the world's applause  
That we from labor rest ;  
We strive to keep God's holy laws,  
And he these moments blessed.

*Anon.*

**552**

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the home when God is there,  
And love fills every breast ;  
When one their wish, and one their prayer,  
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where Jesus' name  
Is sweet to every ear ;  
Where children early lisp his fame,  
And parents hold him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
And praise is wont to rise ;  
Where parents love the sacred word,  
And live but for the skies.
- 4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,  
This blessed peace to gain ;  
Unite our hearts in love to thee,  
And love to all will reign.

*Anon.*

**553**

C. M.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound  
Of each revolving year ;  
How swift the weeks complete their round !  
How short the months appear !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day  
When all that mortal life hath done  
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Awake, O God, my careless heart  
Its great concerns to see,  
That I may act the Christian's part,  
And give the years to thee.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 554 S. M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
O, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears ;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And if we early rise,  
And view the unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest—  
The bosom of thy love.

*John Leland.*

### 555 S. M.

- 1 SEE how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way,  
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise  
With every brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
Its heavenly Parent sing,  
And to its great original  
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care ;  
I slept, and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

- 4 My life I would anew  
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
And in thy kingdom I would spend  
A bright eternity.

*Elizabeth Scott.*

### 556 S. M.

- 1 THE swift declining day,  
How fast its moments fly  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light ;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once death's silent night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere ;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new luster break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light  
In your celestial home.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 557 S. M.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,  
O Day-star from on high !  
The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy rising beams  
The night of sin disperse,—  
The mists of error and of vice  
Which shade the universe.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !  
How dark and sad before !  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
And nature's God adore.

*John Wesley.*

### 558 S. M.

- 1 OUR days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
The words of promise sure.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 559 S. M.

- 1 ANOTHER day is gone,  
Great God, we bow to thee ;  
Again, as shades of night steal on,  
Unto thy side we flee.
- 2 O, when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,—  
That country and that happy home,  
Where none shall break our rest ;
- 3 Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
And golden harps, that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend ?

*William F. Brew.*

### 560 S. M.

- 1 THE day, O Lord, is spent ;  
Abide with us, and rest ;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making thee our Guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er ;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou  
Shine on us evermore !

*John Neal.*

### 561 S. M.

- 1 THE light of Sabbath eve  
Is fading fast away ;  
What record will it for us leave,  
To crown the closing day ?
- 2 Is it a Sabbath spent  
Of fruitless time destroyed ?  
Or have these moments to us lent  
Been sacredly employed ?

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

- 3 To waste these Sabbath hours,  
O may we never dare ;  
Nor desecrate with words of ours  
These sacred days of prayer.
- 4 But may our Sabbaths here  
Inspire our hearts with love ;  
And prove a blessed foretaste clear,  
Of that sweet rest above.

*Anon.*

### 562 S. M.

- 1 THE Saviour kindly calls  
Our children to his breast ;  
He folds them in his gracious arms ;  
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim ;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these ;  
For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee ;  
Imploring that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

*Henry U. Onderdonk.*

### 563 7s.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon our sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, we would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon from us the light of day  
Shall forever pass away ;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free  
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

*George W. Doane.*

### 564 7s.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath-day,  
Gently as life's setting sun  
When the Christian's course is run.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades,  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad ;  
'T is the holy peace of God,  
Symbol of the peace within  
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshiper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of joy and peace in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

*Samuel F. Smith.*

### 565

7s.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone,  
Now is past the early dawn ;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day ;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Make our souls as noonday clear,  
Banish every doubt and fear ;  
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,  
We would labor, we would pray.
- 3 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us all at last ;  
Labor then will all be o'er,  
Sin's dark night will be no more.

*Anon.*

### 566

8s & 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
Sin and want we come confessing ;  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us ;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.

## FAMILY DEVOTION.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And command us to the tomb,  
May the morn of glory wake us,  
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

*James Edmeston.*

**567**

7s. D.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Nevermore to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can know.

- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view ;  
Bless thy word to young and old,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love,  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with him above.

*John Newton.*

**568**

10s.

- 1 ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide !  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O thou, who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me !
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

### 569

L. M.

- 1 WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,  
And wandered from thy heavenly way :  
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,  
Far from the paths of thee, our God.
- 2 In penitential grief we sigh,  
And lift to thee our humble cry,  
Won by thy love, we turn to Him  
Who died to save us from our sin.
- 3 Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep !  
Our wanderings heal, our footsteps keep :  
We seek thy sheltering fold again,  
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.
- 4 O God ! we praise thee for thy grace :  
How sweet the smiling of thy face !  
O let thy grace our hearts control,  
And fill with love each longing soul.
- 5 Teach us to know and love thy way ;  
And grant, to life's remotest day,  
By thine unerring guidance led,  
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

*Josiah Pratt.*

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

### 570 L. M.

- 1 Oh, turn, great Ruler of the skies !  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes ;  
Nor let the offenses of my hand  
Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdued,  
A conscience pure, a soul renewed ;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 O, let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quickening aid impart ;  
My mind from every fear release,  
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.  
*James Merrick.*

### 571 L. M.

- 1 How long, O Lord, shall I complain.  
Like one that seeks his God in vain ?  
How long my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return ?
- 2 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts opprest ?  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Thy mercy now shall end my grief ;  
For I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.  
*Isaac Watts.*

### 572 L. M.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 573

L. M.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God ! whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,  
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,  
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;  
And still its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love  
My inmost soul be made to share,  
Till every grace combine to prove  
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 574

L. M.

- 1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a sinner seek thy throne ;  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

*Isaac Watts.*

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

575

L. M.

- 1 JESUS demands this heart of mine,  
Demands my love, my joy, my care ;  
But ah ! how dead to things divine,  
How cold my best affections are !
- 2 'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful power,  
Divides my Saviour from my sight ;  
O for one happy, cloudless hour  
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight !
- 3 Come, gracious Lord ! thy love can raise  
My captive powers from sin and death.  
And fill my heart and life with praise,  
And tune my last expiring breath.
- 4 Take, then, O Lord, this heart of mine,  
My grateful love, my joy, my care ;  
No longer dead to things divine,  
With thee my best affections are.

*Anne Steele.*

576

L. M.

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee ?  
The fullness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,—  
A helpless soul that comes to thee  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am blind ; be thou my sight :  
Lord, I am weak ; be thou my might :  
A helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

*Charles Wesley.*

577

C. M

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
O, may we feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every heart.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
Nor let a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

*Joseph D. Carlyle.*

**578**

C. M.

1 JESUS, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad :  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Nor leave the heavenly road.

2 O, that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow ;  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.

3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume :  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call ;  
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;  
Illuminate my soul ;  
Scatter thy life through every part  
And sanctify the whole.

*Charles Wesley.*

**579**

C. M.

1 MY head is low, my heart is sad,  
My feet with travel torn,  
Yet, O my Saviour, thou art glad  
To see thy child return.

2 It was thy love that homeward led,  
Thine arm that upward stayed ;  
It is thy hand which on my head  
Is now in mercy laid,

3 O Saviour, in this broken heart  
Confirm the trembling will,  
Which longs to reach thee where thou art,  
Rest in thee, and be still.

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

- 4 Within that bosom which hath shed  
Both tears and blood for me,  
O let me hide this aching head,  
Once pressed and blessed by thee.  
*John S. Monsell.*

580

C. M.

- 1 How oft this wretched, sinful heart  
Has wandered from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet mercy calls me now, "Return ;"  
Saviour to thee I come ;  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O take the wanderer home !
- 3 Thy love, so full, so free, so sweet,  
Blest Saviour, I adore ;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

*Anne Steele.*

581

C. M.

- 1 O, FOR a closer walk with God !  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O holy Dove ! return,—  
Sweet Messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

*Wm. Cooper.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

582

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return ;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave ;  
His arm, though it be strong to smite,  
Is also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know him and rejoice ;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round ;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light ;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

*John Morrison.*

583

C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue ;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns ;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail ;  
O make my soul thy care !  
I know thy mercy cannot fail ;  
Let me thy mercy share.

*John Newton.*

### 584 S. M.

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul !  
Say to me now, " Awake, awake !  
And Christ shall make thee whole ! "
- 2 Touch with thy mighty hand ;  
Alarm me in this hour ;  
And make me fully understand  
My danger and thy power.
- 3 Give me on thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be ;  
Forever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn  
My soul of evil near ;  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear :
- 6 " Come back ! this is the way ;  
Come back and walk therein ; "  
O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 585 S. M.

- 1 O THOU whose mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From Sorrow's weeping eye ;—
- 2 See, at thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn :  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
Hast thou not said, " Return " ?



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Shall guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet?  
O let not this last refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!
- 5 On this benighted heart  
With beams of mercy shine,  
And let thy voice again impart  
A taste of joy divine.

*Anne Steele.*

**586**

S. M.

- 1 O JESUS, full of grace,  
To thee I make my moan:  
Let me again behold thy face,  
Call home thy banished one.
- 2 Again my pardon seal,  
Again my soul restore,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?  
Speak, and my soul shall live;  
“Forgive,” my stricken spirit cries,  
“Abundantly forgive.”
- 4 Thine utmost mercy show;  
Say to my drooping soul,  
“In peace and full assurance go;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

*Charles Wesley.*

**587**

7s.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

- 3 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shalt be :  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love's so weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee, and adore ;  
O for grace to love thee more !

*William Cowper.*

**588**

7s.

- 1 God of mercy, God of grace,  
Hear our sad, repentant song ;  
Sorrow dwells on every face,  
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent ;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain ;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame we own ;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

*Jane Taylor.*

**589**

7s.

- 1 'T is a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
Am I his, or am I not ?

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 4 Could I joy with saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorred,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 5 Lord, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's Sun ;  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

*John Newton.*

**590**

P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart ;  
Give, what I have long implored,  
A portion of thy grief unknown ;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 For thine own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show ;  
Cast my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow :  
If thy pity now is stirred,  
If now I do myself bemoan,  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die !  
Life, and happiness, and love,  
Drop from thy gracious eye :  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down ;  
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

## UNFAITHFULNESS LAMENTED.

- 4 Clothe me with thy holiness,  
Thy meek humility ;  
Put on me thy glorious dress—  
Endue my soul with thee :  
Let thine image be restored,  
Thy name and nature let me prove ;  
Fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
And perfect me in love.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 591 P. M.

- 1 JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear  
Yet once again, I pray ;  
From my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have naught to pay :  
Speak, O speak the kind release,  
A poor backsliding soul restore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 For my selfishness and pride  
Thou hast withdrawn thy grace ;  
Left me long to wander wide,  
An outcast from thy face ;  
But I now my sins confess,  
And mercy, mercy, I implore ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
A hardness o'er my heart ;  
But if thou thy Spirit shed,  
The stony shall depart :  
Shed thy love, thy tenderness,  
And let me feel thy softening power ;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 592 L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand  
In all the armor of his God ;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,  
His feet are with the Gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head ;  
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,  
And Faith's broad shield before him spread,

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Undaunted to the field he goes ;  
Yet vain were skill and valor there,  
Unless, to foil his legion foes,  
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
- 4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down ;  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

*James Montgomery.*

### 593

L. M.

- 1 STAND up, my soul ! shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on ;  
Awake and run the heavenly race ;  
Let every trembling thought be gone.
- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who is the strength of every saint,—
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 594

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all, guard every part—  
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,  
The powers of earth, the powers of hell ;  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;  
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 5 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on the armor, from above,  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

*Anna L. Barbauld.*

**595**

L. M.

- 1 O ARMY of the living God,  
Why sink your souls desponding down ?  
Why tremble at the oppressor's rod ?  
Why cower beneath the spoiler's frown ?
- 2 O soldiers in the war-worn host,  
Go forth in courage and in faith :  
In Christ, your Captain, ye may boast ;  
He rules the world and conquers death.
- 3 Go forth, and mingle in the strife  
Which God commands, which Christ approves ;  
Go struggle for eternal life,  
And all the joys the Christian loves.

*Anon.*

**596**

C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor, despised company  
Of travelers are these,  
Who walk in yonder narrow way,  
Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah ! these are of a royal line,  
All children of a King,  
Heirs of immortal crowns divine ;  
And lo ! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,  
And why so much despised ?  
Because of their rich robes unseen  
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But why keep they that narrow road—  
That rugged, thorny maze ?—  
Why, that's the way their Leader trod,  
They love and keep his ways.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path  
That worldlings love so well ?  
Because that is the road to death,  
The open road to hell.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 6 What ! is there then no other road  
To Salem's happy ground ?  
Christ is the only way to God,  
No other can be found.

*Arden*

**597**

L. M. P.

- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair ;  
Nor pain, nor death can enter there ;  
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine ;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

- I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more ;  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky ;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;  
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor.  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

*William Hunter.*

**598**

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'T is God's all-animating voice,  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'T is he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun ;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
We'll lay our trophies down.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

599

C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause ?  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
Whilst others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend of grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

*Isaac Watts.*

600

C. M.

- 1 O, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad ;
- 3 Or he deserts us in the hour  
The fight is all but lost,  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 It is not so, but so it looks ;  
And we lose courage then ;  
And doubts will come though God hath kept  
His promises to men.
- 5 But right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin !

*Frederick W. Faber.*

### 601 S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard !  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray !  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down ;  
Thy arduous task will not be done  
Till thou obtain the crown,

*George Heath.*

### 602 S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on ;  
Fight, for the battle will be ours ;  
We fight to win a crown.
- 2 We fight not against flesh,  
We wrestle not with blood ;  
But principalities and powers,  
And for the truth of God ;
- 3 With wicked spirits, too,  
That in high places stand,  
Perverting oft the word of God,  
And say 't is by command.
- 4 Put all the armor on,  
Like valiant soldiers stand ;  
Let all your loins be girt with truth,  
Waiting our Lord's command.

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 5 While Jesus is our friend,  
And his rich grace supplies,  
We'll march like valiant soldiers on ;  
We're sure to win the prize.
- 6 The battle's almost o'er ;  
The race is nearly run ;  
Then with our glorious, conquering King,  
We'll sit down on his throne.

*Charles Wesley.*

**603**

S. M.

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought ;  
My whole of sin remove ;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee !  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce thy call ;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove !  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

*Charles Wesley.*

**604**

S. M.

- 1 MY soul, weigh not thy life  
Against thy heavenly crown ;  
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife  
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,  
Hold on the fearful fight,  
And let the breaking day prolong  
The wrestling of the night.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 The battle soon will yield,  
If thou thy part fulfill;  
For strong as is the hostile shield,  
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,  
Thy feet with victory shod,  
And on thy head shall quickly shine  
The diadem of God.

*Anon.*

### 605

7s.

- 1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross;  
Foes are lurking all around;  
Look not here to find repose;  
This is but thy battle ground.
- 2 Up, and take thy shield and sword;  
Up, it is the call of Heaven;  
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,  
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill,  
Tread the might of passion down,  
Struggle onward, onward still,  
To the conquering Saviour's crown.
- 4 Through the midst of toil and pain,  
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast,—  
Every triumph thou dost gain  
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

*Anon.*

### 606

7s.

- 1 SOLDIERS in the holy strife,  
Battling for eternal life,  
Where's the cause so just as yours  
That so great reward insures?
- 2 God, the everlasting God,  
Cleared the path his soldiers trod  
Through the gloomy ages past,—  
Shall his strength fail us at last?
- 3 No! ye souls who faltering stand,  
Grasp the sword with firmer hand;  
Once again the word of God  
Clears the path the martyrs trod!

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 4 Truth ! O trusty weapon strong !  
Theme for an immortal song !  
Satan's trembling hosts declare  
This is mighty, joined with prayer.  
*F. E. Belden.*

### 607

7s.

- 1 FAINT not, Christian ! though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be, and dangerous too ;  
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian ! though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage ;  
Gird on Faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world  
Has it hostile flag unfurled ;  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;  
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian ! Jesus near,  
Soon in glory will appear ;  
And his love will then bestow  
Power to conquer every foe.

*Anon.*

### 608

7s.

- 1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward ! brethren, onward go !  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- 2 Let your hearts no more be sad ;  
March in heavenly armor clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede ;  
Great your strength if great your need.

*Anon.*



## THE CHRISTIAN.

609

7s. D.

- 1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
Foes we have, but we've a Friend ;  
One who loves us to the end ;  
Forward, then, with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls ; come home."

### CHORUS.

- Come home, come home,  
Thy Father calls ; come home.  
Come home, come home,  
Thy Father calls ; come home.
- 2 In the world a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares ;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart ;  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints will soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls ; come home."
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes we have within ;  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these ;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
"Child, your Father calls ; come home."

*Joseph Swain.*

610

7s. D.

- 1 WHEN, along life's thorny road,  
Faints the soul beneath the load ;  
When, by cares and sins oppressed,  
Earth affords no peace or rest ;  
When the wily tempter's near,  
Filling us with doubt and fear,—  
Jesus, to thy cross we flee ;  
Jesus, we will look to thee.

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
Listenest to thy people's moan ;  
Thou, the living Head, dost share  
Every pang thy members bear.  
Full of tenderness thou art ;  
Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;  
Full of power, thine arm shall quell  
All the rage and might of hell.
- 3 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave ;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven.  
Soon in glory thou shalt come,  
Taking thy poor pilgrims home ;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever, ever, Lord, with thee.

*Anon.*

**611**

7s & 6s. D

- 1 STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss :  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry,  
His army shall he lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The trumpet-call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day :  
Ye that are men now serve him,  
Against unnumbered foes ;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Stand in his strength alone ;  
The arm of flesh will fail you ;  
Ye dare not trust your own :  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song :  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

*George Duffield.*

### 612

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation ;  
What foe have I to fear ?  
In darkness and temptation,  
My Light, my Help is near :  
Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm in the fight I stand ;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand ?  
2 Place on the Lord reliance ;  
My soul, with courage wait ;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate :  
His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase ;  
Mercy thy day shall lengthen ;  
The Lord will give thee peace !

*James Montgomery.*

### 613

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Beneath his banner true :  
The Lord himself, thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue.  
His love foretells thy trials,  
He knows thy hourly need ;  
He can, with bread of heaven,  
Thy fainting spirit feed.  
2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
And heaven at last possessed ;  
Till Christ himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armor by,  
And wear in endless glory,  
The crown of victory.

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

**614**

7s & 5. D.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise !  
Lo ! your Leader from the skies  
Waves before you glory's prize,—  
Prize of victory.  
Seize your armor, gird it on ;  
Soon the battle will be won ;  
See ! the strife is almost done ;  
Struggle manfully.
- 2 Now the fight of faith begin,  
Be no more the slaves of sin.  
Strive the victor's palm to win,  
Trusting in the Lord :  
Gird ye on the armor bright,  
Warriors of the King of light,  
Never yield, nor lose by flight  
Your divine reward.
- 3 Jesus conquered when he fell,  
Met and vanquished sin and hell ;  
Now he bids his followers tell  
Triumphs of his cross.  
Though the evil hosts appear,  
Who can doubt, or who can fear ?  
God, our strength and shield, is near ;  
Can we suffer loss ?
- 4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God !  
Jesus points the victor's rod ;  
Follow where your Leader trod ;  
Soon you'll see his face.  
Soon, your enemies all slain,  
Crowns of glory you shall gain,  
Soon you'll join that glorious train,  
Shouting Jesus' praise.

*Jared B. Waterbury.*

**615**

7s & 5.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;  
Thou art in the midst of foes ;  
Therefore watch and pray.
- 2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever, night and day ;  
Near thee lurks the evil one ;  
Therefore watch and pray.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Listen to thy sorrowing Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey ;  
It is he who speaks the word ;  
Therefore watch and pray.
- 4 'T was by watching and by prayer  
Holy men of olden day  
Won the palms and crowns they 'll wear ;  
Therefore watch and pray.
- 5 Watch, for thou thy guard must keep ;  
Pray, for God must speed thy way ;  
Narrow is the road and steep ;  
Therefore watch and pray.

*William H. How.*

### 616

7s & 4s. D.

- 1 I'M a lonely traveler here,  
Weary, oppressed ;  
But my journey's end is near,  
Soon I shall rest.  
Dark and dreary is the way,  
Toiling I've come ;  
Ask me not with you to stay  
Yonder's my home.
- 2 I'm a traveler to a land  
Where all is fair ;  
Where is seen no broken band—  
All, all are there ;  
Where no tear shall ever fall,  
Nor heart be sad ;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.
- 3 I'm a traveler—call me not—  
Upward's my way ;  
Yonder is my rest and lot,  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam ;  
Hail me not—in vain you call—  
Yonder's my home.

*I. I. Leslie.*

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

617

10s & 11s.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest ;  
Onward and upward still be thine endeavor ;  
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;  
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee ;  
He who hath promised will falter, no, never ;  
O trust in the love that endureth forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;  
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth :  
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour can sever ;  
And soon shalt thou see him and praise him forever.

*Joseph Stammers.*

618

10s & 7s. P.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam ;

Here is no rest, is no rest ;

Here as a pilgrim I wander alone ;

Yet I am blest, I am blest.

For I look forward to that glorious day

When sin and sorrow will vanish away.

My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,

There, there is rest, there is rest.

Here fierce temptations beset me around ;

Here is no rest, is no rest ;

Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ;

Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,

Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame ;

I will go forward, for this is my theme,

There, there is rest, there is rest.

Here are afflictions and trials severe ;

Here is no rest, is no rest ;

Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;

Yet I am blest, I am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his word,—

Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;

They will be called to receive their reward ;

Then there is rest, there is rest.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,  
Here is no rest, is no rest ;  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate.  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast ;  
Then there is rest, there is rest.

*Anon.*

### 619

10s. P.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,  
Bound for the land of bright glory above ;  
Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."  
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,  
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go ;  
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished, now sleep in the ground.  
But they'll awake when the last trump shall  
sound,  
Loosed from death's fetters, and upward we'll  
soar,  
Joyfully meeting to part nevermore.  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear ;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
- 3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low  
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow ;  
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb ;  
Joyfully, joyfully, will they come home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone ;  
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom.  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

*William Hunter.*

## WARFARE AND PILGRIMAGE.

**620**

10s. P.

- 1 LONELY and weary, by sorrow oppressed,  
Onward we hasten with longings for rest,  
Bidding adieu to the world with its pride,  
Longing to stand by Immanuel's side.  
Though we are pilgrims, before us now rise  
Visions of glory rejoicing our eyes.  
Bright are the crowns that we hope soon to wear,  
Blessed the rest, O we long to be there.
- 2 There is the city in splendor sublime ;  
O, how its turrets and battlements shine !  
Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright,  
Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.  
Pathways of gold that blest city adorn,  
Glittering with glory far brighter than morn ;  
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share  
Glory unfading ; we long to be there.
- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,  
Songs of the ransomed are borne on the breeze ;  
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,  
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green ;  
There shall the glory of God ever be,  
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea ;  
There shall the ransomed, immortal and fair,  
Evermore dwell ; O, we long to be there.

*Anon.*

**621**

10s. P.

- 1 THROUGH this dark valley of conflict and sin,  
Trials without and temptations within,  
Onward to glory, still urge thy lone way,  
Joyful in hope of the long-promised day.  
In every danger thou hast a sure Guide,  
To every cloud there is yet a bright side ;  
Falter then not at the sternest behest,  
Ever remember—'t is all for the best.
- 2 Just as the eagle, in teaching to fly,  
Forceth her young from their covert so high ;  
Then if strength faileth, beneath them she flies.  
On her wings beareth them safe to the skies ;  
So will the arm of Jehovah uphold :  
In each affliction his mercies unfold ;  
Murmur then not that he stirreth thy nest,  
Ever remember—'tis all for the best.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Never of Providence dare to complain ;  
Sunshine and storm both must ripen the grain ;  
Tried is the gold that the purest will shine,  
Crushed is the vintage that yieldeth the wine.  
He who the end from beginning can tell,  
Works for thy good, for he doeth all well :  
This, that prepares for the mansions of rest,  
Ever remember—is all for the best.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**622**

8s & 6s. D.

- 1 CHEER up, ye soldiers of the cross ;  
The moment soon will come  
When you shall lay your armor off,  
And reach your blissful home.  
The pearly gates will wide unfold  
Before our conquering King,  
And entering hosts, with harps of gold,  
Triumphantly shall sing.
- 2 What though the warfare be severe,  
And enemies be strong ;  
And painful watchings, dark and drear,  
The tedious night prolong ;  
Our Captain passed this way before,  
And felt each cruel sting :  
Courage ! the strife will soon be o'er,  
And then with joy we'll sing.
- 3 Many a soldier in this strife,  
Has nobly bled and died,  
Counting it joy to give his life  
For Him once crucified.  
And when our Captain comes again,  
Those from the dead he'll bring ;  
And they with us, and we with them,  
Triumphantly will sing.
- 4 O, 't will be joy, but to behold  
That glad immortal throng  
Enter and walk the streets of gold,  
And sing the victor's song !  
To see that host and hear that song,  
Must joy ecstatic bring ;  
But those who will may join that throng,  
With them you too may sing.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

## GODLY LIFE.

623

8s & 6s. D.

- 1 As through this changing world we roam,  
From infancy to age,  
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,  
His rest at every stage ;  
Thither his raptured thoughts ascend,  
Eternal joys to share ;  
There his adoring spirit bends,  
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 2 From earth his freed affections rise  
To fix on things above,  
Where all his hope of glory lies,  
And love is perfect love ;  
Ah ! there may we our treasure place,  
There let our hearts be found,  
That still where sin abounded, grace  
May more and more abound.

*James Montgomery.*

624

L. M.

- 1 ONE precious boon, O Lord, I seek,  
While tossed upon life's billowy sea ;  
To hear a voice within me speak,  
" Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
- 2 Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear,  
Nor mourn though under foot I'm trod,  
If day by day I may but share  
Thine approbation, O my God !
- 3 The friends I love may turn from me,  
Their words unkind may pierce me through ;  
But this my daily prayer shall be,  
" Forgive ; they know not what they do."
- 4 Let me but know, where'er I roam,  
That I am doing Jesus' will ;  
And though I've neither friends nor home,  
My heart shall glow with gladness still.
- 5 To that bright, blest, immortal morn,  
By holy prophets long foretold,  
My eager, longing eyes I turn,  
And soon its glories shall behold.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 6 Then all the scoffs and scorn I've borne  
For His dear sake who died for me,  
To everlasting joys will turn,  
In glorious immortality;

*Charles Fitch.*

### 625

L. M.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness of my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,  
Softener thy truth, or smoothe my tongue  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! an heir of death! a slave  
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yes, let men rage; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

*Johann F. Winkler.*

### 626

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be  
That all my thoughts are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

## GODLY LIFE.

- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,  
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

*Jean F. Oberlin.*

**627**

L. M.

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,—  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
'T is my delight thy face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'T is to my Saviour I would live,—  
To him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could all worldly honor give  
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless  
When youthful vigor is no more ;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His saving love, his glorious power.

*Philip Doddridge.*

**628**

L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our gracious Lord,  
When his salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearing of the Lord;  
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

*Isaac Watts.*

**629**

L. M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove—  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to  
strife;  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love;  
Then if we bear the Saviour's name,  
By his example let us move.
- 4 O, how benevolent and kind!  
How mild—how ready to forgive  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.

*Anon.*

**630**

L. M.

- 1 WHAT! never speak one evil word,  
Or rash, or idle, or unkind?  
O, how shall I, most gracious Lord,  
This mark of true perfection find?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;  
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;  
And all my spotless life shall tell  
That thou hast purified my heart.

*Charles Wesley.*

**631**

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be  
More perfectly conformed to thee;  
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,  
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,  
Share in his grief, supply his need;  
The haughty frown may I not fear,  
But with a lowly meekness bear.

## GODLY LIFE.

- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,  
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,  
Excite no feelings in my breast,  
But such as Jesus oft expressed.
  - 4 To others let me always give  
What I from others would receive ;  
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn,  
Nor evil word or act return.
  - 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair  
The precepts of the gospel are,  
And God himself, the God of love,  
His own resemblance will approve.
- Benjamin Beddome.*

**632**

L. M.

- 1 WEANED from this earth I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee ;  
Reserved for Christ who bled and died,  
Surrendered to the Crucified.
- 2 Securely hid from sin and strife,  
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life ;  
Prepared for heaven ; my noblest care  
To have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know ;  
My friend, and my companion, thou ;  
Constrain my soul thy sway to own ;  
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

*Anon.*

**633**

L. M.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
" Strength shall be equal to thy day,"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I can do all things, or can bear  
All suffering, if my Lord be there ;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While he my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong :  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

*Isaac Watts.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**634**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works, from day to day,  
But miracles of power and grace  
That spread salvation through our race ?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue ;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank.  
Creation's blot, creation's blank !
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

*Thomas Gibbons.*

**635**

C. M.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away ;  
Because that light on thee hath shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear ;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 4 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright ;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

*Bernard Barton.*

**636**

C. M.

- 1 HEED not the tempter's siren voice,  
A deep with dangers rife ;  
Mortal, thou hast a nobler choice—  
Life, life, eternal life.

## GODLY LIFE.

- 2 O, shun the world's bewitching snare,  
Its fever, and its strife ;  
Mortal, thou hast a nobler share—  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 3 Like Abram hast thou faith to bear  
The sacrificial knife ?  
Then with the faithful thou shalt share  
Life, life, eternal life.
- 4 For love of God canst thou lay down  
Thy life 'mid hottest strife ?  
Then thou hast won a starry crown—  
Life, life, eternal life.

*Anon.*

### 637 C. M.

- 1 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Nor to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I 've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Reserve for me a place.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 638 C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;  
It has no charms for me :  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its joys can now no longer please,  
Nor e'en content afford :  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
For I have seen the Lord.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.

*John Newton.*

### 639 C. M.

- 1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may nevermore depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

*Benjamin Cleveland.*

### 640 C. M.

- 1 ARE vain desires within my heart ?  
Search, gracious God, and see ;  
Or do I act a haughty part ?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward ;  
Let saints in sorrow be resigned,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 641 C. M.

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord !  
The simple are the best ;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter ! eternal Love !  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
My heart the home shall be.

*Anon.*

## GODLY LIFE.

642

C. M.

- 1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till thou art formed within ;  
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,  
And crushed the power of sin !
- 2 O, may we gaze upon thy cross,  
Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
And earthly sorrows light !
- 3 Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees, when earthly glory dies,  
True joy in heavenly things.
- 4 There as we gaze may we become  
United, Lord, to thee ;  
And in a fairer, happier home  
Thy perfect beauty see.

*Anon.*

643

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

*Anne Steele.*

644

C. M.

- 1 O BLEST are they who oft have said,  
“ I thirst for righteousness ;  
I hunger for the heavenly bread  
With anguish and distress.”
- 2 They of My fullness shall be fed,  
For which they hungered sore ;  
And there by living waters led,  
Their souls shall thirst no more.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Because I am the Truth, the Life,  
All fullness dwells in me;  
They know no want, no sin, no strife,  
Through all eternity.
- 4 How blessed, then, to share a part  
With those that hunger here;  
To have the panting, thirsty heart,  
And shed the bitter tear!
- 5 O give me, Lord, the grace to know  
And feel my need of thee;  
To long for righteousness below  
Till I thy fullness see.

*F. E. Beiden.*

### 645

C. M.

- 1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God!  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine!  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above,  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 646

C. M.

- 1 LORD! when I all things would possess,  
I crave but to be thine;  
O, lowly is the loftiness  
Of these desires divine!

## GODLY LIFE.

- 2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn  
How boundless is thy store ;  
I go from strength to strength, and yearn  
For thee, my Helper, more.
- 3 How can my soul divinely soar,  
How keep the shining way,  
And not more tremblingly adore,  
And not more humbly pray ?
- 4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,  
The more I wait on thee,  
The grace that mightily uplifts  
Most sweetly humbleth me.
- 5 The heaven where I would stand complete  
My lowly love shall see,  
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,  
My blessed Lord, for thee.

*Thomas H. Gill.*

### 647 C. M.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How fair the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God,
- 3 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still thine own.

*Reginald Heber.*

### 648 C. M.

- 1 DELIGHTFUL work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Redeemer love.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And show the mind which went astray  
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,  
To aid this blest design ;  
The honors of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

*Joseph Straphan.*

**649**

C. M.

1 AND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee ?  
It is but right since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go ; one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain,  
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear  
Compared with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair !

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
The loss of all things I could bear,  
And glory in my gain.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**650**

C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,—  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God !

## GODLY LIFE.

- 4 My Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 651 S. M.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;
- 3 A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;
- 5 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 652 S. M.

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart.
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppressed;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thine own this moment seize;  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace:

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Suffer no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

*Charles Wesley.*

**653**

S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart ;  
For they our God shall see,  
And from his presence ne'er depart  
Through all eternity.
- 2 I will be their delight  
Who here delight in me,  
And they shall walk with me in white  
Who seek for purity.
- 3 No more in thought they err,  
They 're free from every stain ;  
They 've washed their robes of character,  
And spotless they remain.
- 4 O bliss for which we 've sought—  
From sin to be secure !  
In every word, and act, and thought,  
Forever to be pure.

*F. E. Belden.*

**654**

S. M.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With heart made glad and free,  
Myself and my remaining days,  
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy willing servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own ;  
And from this moment, live or die,  
Will serve my God alone.

*Charles Wesley.*

**655**

6s & 4s.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me !  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

## GODLY LIFE.

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps up to heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

*Sarah F. Adams.*

**656**

6s & 4s.

- 1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Break, every tender tie ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Dark is the wilderness ;  
Earth has no resting-place ;  
Jesus alone can bless ;  
Jesus is mine.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Here would I ever stay ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away ;  
Jesus is mine.
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Lost in this dawning bright,  
Jesus is mine.  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void ;  
Jesus has satisfied ;  
Jesus is mine.
- 4 Farewell, mortality ;  
Jesus is mine ;  
Hail ! immortality ;  
Jesus is mine.  
Welcome, O loved and blest !  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest ;  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast ;  
Jesus is mine !

*Mrs. Horatius Bonar.*

**657**

L. M. 6l.

- 1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,  
A mansion to prepare for me ?  
Shall I behold thee on thy throne ?  
Shall I forever dwell with thee ?  
Then let the world approve or blame,  
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,  
Or to escape its sharpest frown,  
Refuse to countenance thy cause,  
And make thy people's lot my own,  
What shame would fill me in that day  
When thou thy glory shalt display !

## GODLY LIFE.

- 3 And what is man, or what his smile ?  
The terror of his anger what ?  
Like grass he flourishes awhile,  
But soon his place shall know him not :  
Through fear of such an one, shall I  
The Lord of heaven and earth deny ?
- 4 No ; let the world cast out my name,  
And vile account me, if it will ;  
If to confess the Lord be shame,  
I purpose to be viler still :  
For thee, my God, I all resign,  
Content, if I can call thee mine.

*Anon.*

**658**

C. P. M.

- 1 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Cause me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To hear thy welcome home ?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss t' insure —  
Thy utmost counsel to fulfill,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

*Charles Wesley.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**659**

6s & 4s.

- 1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise,  
Shake off thy care ;  
Press to thy native skies,  
Mighty in prayer.  
Christ, he has gone before,  
Count all thy sufferings o'er ;  
He all thy burdens bore ;  
Jesus is there !
- 2 Souls, for the marriage feast  
Robe and prepare ;  
Holy must be such guests ;  
Jesus is there !  
Saints, wear your victor palms,  
Chant your celestial psalms :  
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,  
O let me wear !
- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure ;  
Jesus is there !  
Heaven's bliss is ever sure ;  
Thou art its heir.  
What makes its joys complete ?  
What makes its hymns so sweet ?—  
There we our friends shall greet :  
Jesus is there.

*Anon.*

**660**

8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild, restless sea ;  
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow me !"
- 2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store ;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love me more !"
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love me more than these !"
- 4 Jesus calls us ! by thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear thy call ;  
Give our hearts to thy obedience,  
Serve and love thee best of all !

*Anon.*

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

**661**

8s & 7s.

- 1 Cross, reproach, and tribulation !  
Ye to me are welcome guests,  
When I have this consolation,  
That my soul in Jesus rests.
- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious !  
Those who here his burden bear,  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal gladness share.
- 3 Bonds and stripes, and evil story  
Are our honorable crowns ;  
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

*Moravian.*

**662**

L. M.

- 1 'T is by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home.  
Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way,  
With joy we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray.

*Isaac Watts.*

**663**

L. M.

- 1 AH ! why should doubts and fears arise,  
And sorrow fill my weeping eyes ?  
Too slow, alas ! the mind receives  
The comforts that the gospel gives.
- 2 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To rest on what the Almighty saith !  
To heed the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven my own.
- 3 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
My steadfast soul would fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

*Anon.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**664**

L. M.

- 1 THOU God of hope, to thee we bow !  
Thou art our refuge in distress ;  
The Husband of the widow thou,  
The Father of the fatherless.
- 2 May we thy law of love fulfill,  
To bear each other's burdens here,  
Endure and do thy righteous will,  
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

*Anon.*

**665**

L. M.

- 1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God.  
With heaven, my journey's end, in view ;  
Supported by his staff and rod,  
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
And earth and hell my course withstand,  
I triumph over all by faith,  
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 3 With him sweet converse I maintain ;  
Great as he is, I dare be free ;  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

*John Newton.*

**666**

L. M. 6l.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

### REFRAIN.

- On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil his face,  
I rest on his unchanging grace ;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His promise, covenant, and blood.  
Support me in the whelming flood ;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

*Edward Mote.*

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

**667**

L. M. D.

- 1 I SAW one weary, sad, and torn,  
With eager steps press on the way,  
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,  
Still looking for the promised day;  
While many a line of grief and care,  
Upon his brow was furrowed there :  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
“O this !” said he—“the blessed hope.”
- 2 And one I saw, with sword and shield,  
Who boldly braved the world’s cold frown.  
And fought, unyielding, on the field,  
To win an everlasting crown.  
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,  
No murmur from his heart arose :  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
“O this !” said he—“the blessed hope.”
- 3 And there was one who left behind  
The cherished friends of early years,  
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,  
To tread the path bedewed with tears.  
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,  
Yet still a smile of joy he wore :  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
“O this !” said he—“the blessed hope.”
- 4 While pilgrims here we journey on  
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,  
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,  
Or through the portals of the tomb,  
Till our returning King shall come  
To take his exile captives home,  
O ! what can buoy the spirits up ?  
’T is this alone—the blessed hope.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**668**

L. M. D.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !  
Fear shall in me no more have place :  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face ;  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield ?  
No, in the strength of Jesus, no ;  
I never will give up my shield.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
Although the olive yield no oil,  
The withering fig-trees droop and die,  
The fields elude the tiller's toil,  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race ;  
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,  
And not one bud of grace appear,  
No fruit of all my toil and pain,  
But sin and only sin is here ;  
Although my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he died for me.

*Charles Wesley.*

**669**

C. M.

1 O COULD our thoughts and wishes fly,  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Where sorrow ne'er invades !  
2 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Exposed to no decay.  
3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,  
To guide our upward aim ;  
With one reviving look of thine,  
Our languid hearts inflame.  
4 O then, on faith's sublimest wing,  
Our ardent souls shall rise,  
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring  
Immortal in the skies.

*Anne Steele.*

**670**

C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,  
All-powerful from above,  
To form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
That generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joy,  
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When poor and helpless sons of grief  
In deep distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,  
When, throned above the skies,  
And in the Father's bosom blest,  
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,  
To bless a ruined race ;  
We would, O Lord, thy steps pursue,  
Thy bright example trace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

**671**

C. M.

- 1 'Tis faith that purifies the heart :  
'Tis faith that works by love,  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 2 Faith shows the promise fully sealed  
With our Redeemer's blood ;  
It helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 3 This faith shall every fear control  
By its celestial power,  
With holy triumph fill the soul  
In strong temptation's hour.

*Anon.*

**672**

C. M.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one,  
And let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet.
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God ;  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be :  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God has dealt with thee.

*Mrs. Fletcher.*

**673**

C. M.

- 1 O WHO, in such a world as this,  
Could bear his lot of pain,  
Did not one radiant hope of bliss  
Unclouded yet remain ?
- 2 That hope the sovereign Lord has given  
Who reigns above the skies ;  
Hope that unites the soul to heaven  
By faith's endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
Is sent in pitying love,  
To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
And speed its flight above.
- 4 And every pang that wrings the breast,  
And every joy that dies,  
Bids us to seek a purer rest,  
And trust to holier ties.

*James Montgomery.*

**674**

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast :  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge—alas ! 't is all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our smiling God.

*Isaac Watts.*

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

675

C. M.

- 1 LORD, I believe ; thy power I own ;  
Thy word I would obey ;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak :  
My weakness strengthen, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Lord, I believe ; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief ;  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow ;  
“ Help thou mine unbelief.”

*John Wreford.*

676

C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares ;  
Its aid, in every duty brings,  
And softens all our cares.
- 2 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids us seek our portion there,  
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 3 It shows the precious promise sealed  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.

*Daniel Turner.*

677

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe ;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;  
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,  
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

*William H. Bathurst.*

**678**

C. M.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Shall ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defense ;  
What, then, have we to fear ?
- 5 As surely as he overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

*Anon.*

**679**

C. M.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven !  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven ;

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, O, by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
While here on earth we stay  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day.
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with his glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled,
- 5 On him with rapture I shall gaze,  
Who bought the bliss for me,  
And shout and wonder at his grace  
Through all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.*

**680**

**C. M.**

- 1 How cheering is the Christian's hope,  
While toiling here below !  
It buoys us up while passing through  
This wilderness of woe.
- 2 It points us to a land of rest,  
Where saints with Christ will reign ;  
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,  
And never part again,—
- 3 A land where sin can never come,  
Temptations ne'er annoy,  
Where happiness will ever dwell,  
And that without alloy.
- 4 O, how unlike the present world  
Will be the one to come !  
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,  
Attend where'er we roam ;
- 5 In that bright world no tears will flow,  
Death ne'er can enter there ;  
For all who gain that heavenly land  
Will be as angels are.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O, fly,  
Dear Saviour, quickly come !  
We long to see thee as thou art,  
And reach that blissful home.

*Anon.*

### 681

C. M.

- 1 O GIFT of gifts ! O grace of faith !  
My God, how can it be  
That thou, who hast discerning love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me ?
- 2 How many hearts thou mightst have had  
More innocent than mine !  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of thine !
- 3 Ah, grace ! into unlikeliest hearts  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.
- 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
Seem trifles less than light ;  
Earth looks so little and so low  
When faith shines full and bright.
- 5 O, happy, happy that I am !  
If thou canst be, O Faith,  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death !

*Frederick Faber.*

### 682

L. M. 6l.

- 1 TOIL on a little longer here,  
For thy reward awaits above,  
Nor droop in sadness or in fear,  
Beneath the rod that's sent in love ;  
The deeper wound our spirits feel,  
The sweeter heaven's balm to heal,
- 2 Faith lifts the vail before our eyes,  
And bids us view a happier clime,  
Where verdant fields in beauty rise,  
Beyond the withering blasts of time ;  
And brings the blissful moment near,  
When we in glory shall appear.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- 3 What glory then shall fill the soul,  
When parted friends again shall meet,  
Beyond the reach of death's control,  
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet ;  
His matchless love and grace adore,  
And never taste of sorrow more !
- 4 Then let us hope ; 't is not in vain ;  
Though moistened by our grief the soil,  
The harvest brings us joy for pain,  
The rest repays the weary toil ;  
For they shall reap, who sow in tears,  
Rich gladness through eternal years.

*Annie R. Smith.*

### 683 L. M. 6l.

- 1 COME, O thou Traveler unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee ;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am ;  
My sin and misery declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there :  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free ;  
I never will unloose my hold ;  
Art thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 684 6s & 4s.

- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O, let me from this day  
Be wholly thine !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—  
A living fire !
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

*Ray Palmer.*

**685**

7s. 6l.

- 1 THOUGH I speak with angel tongues  
Bravest words of strength and fire,  
They are but as idle songs  
If no love my heart inspire,  
All the eloquence shall pass  
As the noise of sounding brass.
- 2 Though I lavish all I have,  
On the poor in charity,  
Though I shrink not from the grave,  
Or unmoved the stake can see,—  
Till by love the work be crowned,  
All shall profitless be found.
- 3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,  
Who didst forth from God proceed,  
Never from my heart remove ;  
Let me all thy impulse heed,  
Let my heart henceforward be  
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

*Ernest Lange.*

**686**

C. M. D.

- 1 THOUGH we could speak with angel tongues,  
Or with prophetic skill  
Survey the future at a glance  
And read events at will ;  
Had we a faith in God so strong  
As mountains to remove,  
Yet all were fruitless, all in vain,  
If not inspired by love.

## FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

- 2 And though our goods to feed the poor  
Our liberal hands bestow,  
Or yield our bodies to the flames  
Our ardent zeal to show ;  
Our deeds, though like the noon-day sun,  
Of no avail would prove,  
No sacrifice a merit claims  
That is not crowned by love.
- 3 Love suffers long and envies not,  
Endures, forbears, believes,  
All things it hopes, all things forgives,  
It trusts but ne'er deceives ;  
And now abide to every soul  
These graces from above,—  
Faith, hope, and love,—immortal three,—  
But chief of all is love.

*Anon.*

687

C. M.

- 1 SPEAK gently ; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear :  
Speak gently ; let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young ; for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;  
They must have toiled in vain ;  
Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
O, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently ; 't is a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.
- 6 'T is ours to sow the kindly seed,  
'T is His to bid it grow ;  
Our every word and every deed  
The harvest time will show.

*Bates.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

688

S. M.

- 1 THERE is a blessed hope,  
More precious and more bright  
Than all the joyless mockery  
The world esteems delight.
- 2 There is a lovely star  
That lights the darkest gloom,  
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
The prospects of the tomb.
- 3 There is a cheering voice  
That lifts the soul above,  
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,  
And whispers, "God is love."
- 4 That voice from Calvary's hight  
Proclaims the soul forgiven ;  
That star is revelation's light,  
That hope, the hope of heaven.

*Anon.*

689

S. M.

- 1 FAITH is the polar star  
That guides the Christian's way,  
Directs his wanderings from afar  
To realms of endless day :
- 2 Faith is the rain-bow's form  
Hung on the brow of heaven,  
The glory of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given :
- 3 The faith that works by love,  
And purifies the heart,  
A foretaste of the joys above  
To mortals can impart :
- 4 It guides us far from strife,  
Where'er our footsteps roam,  
And promises eternal life  
When we have reached our home.

*Anon.*

690

S. M.

- 1 THOU ever-present Aid  
In suffering and distress,  
The mind which still on thee is stayed,  
Is kept in perfect peace.

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 2 The soul by faith reclined  
Upon thy sheltering breast,  
'Mid raging storms exults to find  
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er thy face appears ;  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross ;  
It sweetly comforts me,  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in thee.
- 5 O God, to whom I fly,  
Do thou my wishes fill ;  
What though created streams are dry ?  
Thou art my Fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,  
I find them all in one ;  
And peace and joy which never end,  
And heaven, in thee alone.
- 7 Here, then, I doubt no more,  
But in His pleasure rest  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,  
Engage to make me blest.

*Charles Wesley.*

**691**

L. M.

- 1 O, DEEM not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night,  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny ;  
Though with a sad and broken heart,  
He sees his hopes most cherished die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

### 692

L. M.

- 1 WEEPING endures but for a night,  
Joy cometh with the morning light ;  
Joy cometh of celestial birth,  
Unsullied by the blight of earth.
- 2 Joy comes each faithful heart to thrill,  
That fears of change no more will chill ;  
Transporting joy, that fills the soul  
While everlasting ages roll.
- 3 Then, mourning pilgrim, upward gaze ;  
Beyond this dark and thorny maze  
A joy for every tear is found,  
A healing balm for every wound.
- 4 No sorrow there shall dim the eye,  
No wintry winds or storms are nigh,  
No sighs borne on the fragrant air ;  
But all shall in the glory share.
- 5 Awake, for lo, not distant far,  
The rising of the Morning Star ;  
O watch to catch the new-born ray  
That ushers in a cloudless day.
- 6 Hail ! glorious morn, whose radiant light  
Shall bid the darkness take its flight ;  
Shall chase the shades of gloom away,  
And night be turned to endless day.

*Annie R. Smith.*

### 693

L. M.

- 1 Not all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
So high a dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian name.

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 2 To them the privilege is given  
To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 He teaches their young feet the way,  
And early leads them to obey ;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply,  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye ;  
Leads them from earth to heaven above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**694**

L. M.

- 1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
“Lo, it is I ; be not afraid.”
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And lonely watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove,  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 And when the last, dread hour shall come,  
While trembling nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall wake the righteous dead —  
“Lo, it is I ; be not afraid.”

*Sir J. E. Smith.*

**695**

L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
“How shall I stand the trying day ?”  
He has engaged by firm decree,  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see  
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

*Anon.*

### 696

L. M.

- 1 WHEN in the hours of lonely woe  
I give my sorrow leave to flow,  
And anxious fear and dark distrust  
Weigh down my spirits to the dust;  
2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid  
Can heal the wounds the world has made,  
O this shall check each rising sigh,  
That Jesus is forever nigh.  
3 His counsels and upholding care  
My safety and my comfort are,  
And he shall guide me all my days,  
Till glory crown the work of grace.  
4 Jesus, in whom but thee above  
Can I repose my trust, my love?  
And shall an earthly object be  
Loved in comparison with thee?

*Josiah Conder.*

### 697

L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call,  
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.  
2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?  
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek thy face in vain?  
4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe and must succeed  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

*William Cowper.*

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

**698**

C. M.

- 1 **KIND** are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint :  
My grace sufficient is for you,  
Though nature's powers may faint.
- 2 My grace its glories shall display,  
And make your griefs remove ;  
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
Of boundless power and love.
- 3 O thou, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name ;  
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,  
Will ever be the same.
- 4 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace  
I all things can perform,  
And, smiling, triumph in thy name  
Amid the raging storm.

*Anon.*

**699**

C. M.

- 1 Is not the way to heavenly gain  
Through earthly grief and loss ?  
Rest must be won by toil and pain,—  
The crown repays the cross.
- 2 In tears and trials thou must sow  
To reap in joy and love ;  
We cannot find our home below,  
And hope for one above.
- 3 As woods, when shaken by the breeze,  
Take deeper, firmer root ;  
As winter's frost but makes the trees  
Abound in summer fruit ;
- 4 So every heaven-sent pang and throe  
That Christian firmness tries,  
But nerves us for our work below,  
And forms us for the skies.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

**700**

C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed ;  
I hear a voice I know full well,—  
" 'Tis I ; be not afraid."

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquilize each fear,—  
“’T is I; be not afraid.”
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;  
Saviour, be near to aid!  
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—  
“’T is I; be not afraid.”
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade;  
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—  
“’T is I; be not afraid.”

*Charlotte Elliott.*

### 701

C. M.

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
’T is sweet to look beyond my pain,  
And long to fly away;—
- 2 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend;—
- 3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

### 702

C. M.

- 1 THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets thine ear divine,  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

*Mrs. J. Creudson.*

### 703

C. M.

- 1 If God is mine, then present things  
And things to come are mine ;  
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then from his love  
He every trouble sends ;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,  
Let wealth and honor flee ;  
Sure he who giveth me himself  
Is more than these to me.
- 4 O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine ;  
What can I wish beside ?  
My soul shall at the fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 704

C. M.

- 1 From lips divine, like healing balm  
To hearts oppressed and torn,  
The heavenly consolation fell,  
"Blessed are they that mourn."
- 2 Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed  
A noble faith succeeds ;  
And life, by trials furrowed, bears  
The fruit of loving deeds.
- 3 How rich, how sweet, how full of strength  
Our human spirits are,  
Baptized into the sanctities  
Of suffering and of prayer !
- 4 Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,  
Breathed through the lips which said,  
"O blessed are the hearts that mourn ;  
They shall be comforted."

*William H. Burleigh.*



## THE CHRISTIAN.

705

C. M.

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear !  
How dark this world would be  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 3 Each sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

*Thomas Moore.*

706

L. M. 6l.

- 1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,  
The thought, how comforting and sweet,  
Christ trod this very path before !  
Our wants and weaknesses he knows  
From life's first dawning till its close.
- 2 Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,  
Or sorrow in our path appear ?  
The recollection will remain,—  
More deeply did he suffer here :  
His life, how truly sad and brief,  
Filled up with suffering and with grief !
- 3 If Satan tempts our hearts to stray,  
And whispers evil things within,  
So did he, in the desert way,  
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,  
When worn, and in a feeble hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.
- 4 Just such as I, this earth he trod,  
With every human ill but sin ;  
And, though indeed the Son of God,  
As I am now, so he has been :  
My God, my Saviour ! look on me  
With pity, love, and sympathy.

*James Edmeston.*

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

707

L. M. 6l.

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain :  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow  
Who felt on earth severer woe,—  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,—  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed ;  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

*Robert Grant.*

708

L. M. 6l.

- 1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word ;  
Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
- 2 When first before his mercy-seat  
Thou didst to him thy all commit,  
He gave thee warrant from that hour  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power :  
Did ever trouble yet befall  
And he refuse to hear thy call ?

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 He who has helped thee hitherto,  
Will help thee all thy journey through ;  
Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home, apace, to God ;  
Then count thy present trials small.  
For heaven will make amends for all.

*John Newton.*

### 709

S. M.

- 1 REJOICE in God alway ;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress ;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear ;  
Rejoice in life and death ;  
Rejoice when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Our Father will our footsteps keep,  
And his dear love be ours.

*Moultrie.*

### 710

P. M.

- 1 WHEN darkness gathers round thy way,  
As fall the shades of even ;  
No star, with its mild, cheering ray,  
To chase the gloom, our fears allay,—  
How sweet the light of heaven !
- 2 When toiling in the narrow way,  
By persecution driven,  
Beset with treacherous snares that lay  
To lead our wayward feet astray,  
How sweet the smiles of Heaven !
- 3 When by earth's care and grief and woe  
The anguished heart is riven,  
And bitter tears of sorrow flow,  
No soothing balm found here below,—  
How sweet the joy of heaven !

## COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

- 4 And when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
The blessed promise given ;  
When, borne on angel's wings we soar  
To meet the Saviour we adore,—  
How sweet the home in heaven !  
*Annie R. Smith.*

### 711 6s & 5s.

- 1 WHY that look of sadness ?  
Why that downcast eye ?  
Can no thought of gladness  
Lift thy soul on high ?
- 2 O thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesus' love,  
While to thee is given  
All his grace to prove.
- 3 Is thy burdened spirit  
Agonized for sin ?  
Think of Jesus' merit ;  
He can make thee clean ;
- 4 Think of Calvary's mountain,  
Where his blood was spilt ;  
In that precious fountain  
Wash away thy guilt.
- 5 Set the prize before thee ;  
Gird thy armor on :  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown.

*Anon.*

### 712 8s & 7s. D.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, wherefore yield to sadness ?  
Fix thy heart and hopes above ;  
Look to Jesus, and with gladness  
Trust his gracious, pardoning love.  
Trials here will sorely press thee,  
Let thy trust on him be stayed :  
He will cheer, and guide, and bless thee,  
With his ever-present aid.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Think how kind, how condescending !  
Jesus calls himself thy Friend ;  
From his throne in glory bending,  
He will every prayer attend.  
He will never, never leave thee,  
Through thy pilgrim days below ;  
Then, at last, he will receive thee,  
And a crown of life bestow.

*Anon.*

**713**

7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.  
2 Trials must and will befall ;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,—  
This is happiness to me.  
3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No chastisement by the way,  
Might I not with reason fear  
I should prove a castaway ?  
4 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

*William Cowper.*

**714**

11s & 10s.

- 1 COME unto me when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distressed ;  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.  
2 Large are the mansions in our Father's dwelling,  
Glad are those homes that sorrows never dim ;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.  
3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers by earth so rudely  
pressed ;  
Come unto him all ye who droop in sadness,  
" Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

*Anon.*

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

**715**

9s & 7s.

- 1 THERE is sweet rest for feet now weary,  
In the rugged, upward way ;  
There is a morn when midnight dreary  
Shall be lost in perfect day.
- 2 For that blest morn our hearts are longing,  
When shall end earth's night of woe ;  
When, thro' those pearly portals thronging,  
Mortal cares we'll leave below.
- 3 Soon to that city, bright, eternal,  
Weary pilgrims all shall go ;  
Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,  
Where life's waters ceaseless flow.
- 4 Father above, in mercy guide us  
To those mansions of the blest ;  
Safe in the Rock of Ages hide us  
Till we gain our final rest.

*F. E. Belden.*

**716**

L. M.

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done !"
- 2 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh ;  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done !"
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield thee what was thine :  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done !"
- 4 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to thee I leave the rest :  
"Thy will be done, thy will be done !"

*Charlotte Elliott.*

**717**

L. M.

- 1 O God, to thee we raise our eyes ;  
Calm resignation we implore ;  
O let no murmuring thought arise,  
But humbly let us still adore,



## THE CHRISTIAN.

2 With meek submission may we bear  
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;  
Nor think our trials too severe,  
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now thy ways  
To erring mortals may appear,  
Hereafter we thy name shall praise  
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,  
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;  
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,  
And find our sweetest comfort there.

*Charlotte Richardson.*

**718**

L. M.

1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !  
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;  
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread ;  
Our hearts still whispering, "Thou art  
near !"

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near !"

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O love divine, forever dear ;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, thou art near !

*Oliver W. Holmes.*

**719**

L. M.

1 THY will be done ! I will not fear  
The fate provided by thy love ;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.

2 Father, forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;  
And bid my soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

- 3 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love ;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.

*J. Roscoe.*

**720**

7s.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to thee ?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in thy wisdom wise ;
- 2 Only thee content to know,  
Ignorant of all below ;  
Only guided by thy light,  
Only mighty in thy might ?
- 3 Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness ;  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love.

*Charles Wesley.*

**721**

7s.

- 1 PRINCE of peace, control my will,  
Bid this struggling heart be still,  
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,  
Hush my Spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,  
Open wide the gate to God ;  
Peace I ask, but peace must be,  
Lord ! in being one with thee.
- 3 May thy will, not mine, be done,  
May thy will and mine be one ;  
Chase these doubtings from my heart,  
Now thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall,  
Thou, my life, my God, my all !  
Let thy happy servant be  
One forevermore with thee.

*Anon.*

**722**

7s.

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord ;  
Lean thou only on his word :  
Ever will he be thy stay,  
Though the heavens shall pass away.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Ever in the raging storm  
Thou shalt see his cheering form,  
Hear his pledge of coming aid :  
“ It is I ; be not afraid.”
- 3 Cast thy burden at his feet ;  
Linger near his mercy-seat :  
He will lead thee by the hand  
Gently to the better land.
- 4 He will gird thee by his power,  
In thy weary, fainting hour ;  
Lean, then, loving, on his word ;  
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

*Anon.*

### 723

7s.

- 1 THINE forever ! God of love !  
Hear us from thy throne above ;  
Thine forever may we be  
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever ! Lord of life !  
Shield us through the earthly strife ;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine forever ! O how blest  
They who find in thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend !  
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever ! Saviour, keep  
These thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath thy care,  
Let us all thy goodness share.

*Mrs. M. F. Maude.*

### 724

C. M.

- 1 I ASK not, Lord, for less to bear  
Here in the narrow way,  
But that I may thy blessing share  
In all I do or say.
- 2 Through whatsoe'er my path shall lie,  
With patience may I run ;  
With filial trust my heart reply,  
“ Thy will, O God, be done.”

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

- 3 With thee to lead, I will not fear  
In scenes with dangers rife,  
While still thy cheering voice I hear,  
"I am the Way, the Life."
- 4 Thou art the refuge of my soul,  
My hope when comforts flee,  
My strength while life's rough billows roll,  
My joy eternally.
- 5 Then help me to improve with care,  
These precious moments given ;  
For they a faithful record bear,  
Of good or ill, to Heaven.
- 6 And in thine arms of love enfold  
Me from the tempter's snare ;  
And in the book of life enrolled,  
Be my name written there.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**725**

C. M.

- 1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,  
I all to thee resign,  
And bow before thy chastening rod;  
I mourn, but not repine ?
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
When wisdom, truth, and love  
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
And point to joys above?
- 3 How short are all my sufferings here,  
How needful every cross !  
Away my unbelieving fears,  
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,  
I'll bless thy sacred name ;  
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,  
Forever is the same.

*Anon.*

**726**

C. M.

- 1 OUT of the depths to thee I cry  
Whose fainting footsteps trod  
The paths of our humanity,  
Incarnate Son of God !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart  
Didst all our sorrows bear,—  
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,  
The agony, and prayer !
- 3 Is this the consecrated dower  
Thy chosen ones obtain,  
To know thy resurrection power  
Through fellowship of pain ?
- 4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait ;  
Faint not, O faltering feet ;  
Press onward to that blest estate,  
In righteousness complete.
- 5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,  
The transient pain and strife,  
Upraised by an immortal power,—  
The power of endless life.

*Mrs. E. E. Marcy.*

**727**

C. M.

- 1 WE bless thee for thy peace, O God !  
Deep as the soundless sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in thee.
- 2 We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast,—
- 3 That peace that suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial way too long,  
But leaves the end with thee.

*Anon.*

**728**

C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God  
In trial's fearful hour,  
I'll bow, resigned, beneath his rod,  
And bless his saving power.
- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,  
Though sorrows fix me there,  
Is still a privilege most sweet,  
For he will hear my prayer.

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

- 3 Then blessed be the hand that gave,  
Still blessed when it takes ;  
Blessed be He who smites to save,  
Who heals the heart he breaks.

*Elizabeth Codner.*

**729**

C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand ;  
My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine ;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**730**

C. M.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
O who so wise to choose our lot,  
Or to appoint our ways ?
- 2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies ;  
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,  
So constant and so kind ?  
To his unerring, gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.

*James Hervey.*

**731**

C. M.

- 1 O THOU whose mercy guides my way,  
Though now it seems severe,  
Forbid my unbelief to say,  
"There is no mercy here !"
- 2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,  
Succeeded by a frown.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Then, though thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see ;  
The gracious hand that strikes the blow  
Was wounded once for me.

*James Edmeston.*

### 732

S. M.

- 1 MY spirit on thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,  
On thee I calmly rest ;  
I know thee good, I know thee just,  
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform ;  
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,  
Secure of having thee in all,  
Of having all in thee.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

### 733

S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
He shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ;  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,  
How wise, how strong, his hand !
- 4 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear  
When fully he the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

*Paul Gerhardt.*

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

### 734 S. M.

- 1 THOU Refuge of my soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise,  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,  
For thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee ?  
Thou art my only trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

*Anne Steele.*

### 735 S. M.

- 1 IN every trying hour  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
I trust in his almighty power  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear me up ;  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing  
To our Redeemer's name ;  
In joy or sorrow, life or death,  
His love is still the same.

*Anon.*

### 736 S. M.

- 1 IF, through unruffled seas,  
Calmly toward heaven we sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,  
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control ;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us in every state,  
To make thy will our own,  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

**737**

S. M.

- 1 "My times are in thy hand :"  
My God, I wish them there ;  
My life, my friends, my all I leave  
Entirely to thy care.
- 2 "My times are in thy hand,"  
Whatever they may be ;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 "My times are in thy hand ;"  
Why should I doubt or fear ?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in thy hand ;"  
I'll always trust in thee,  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And all thy glory see.

*William F. Lloyd.*

**738**

S. M.

- 1 BE tranquil, O my soul,  
Be quiet every fear !  
Thy Father hath supreme control,  
And he is ever near.
- 2 Ne'er of thy lot complain,  
Whatever may befall ;  
Sickness or sorrow, care or pain,  
'Tis well appointed all.
- 3 A Father's chastening hand  
Is leading thee along ;  
Nor distant is the promised land,  
Where swells the immortal song.

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

- 4 O, then, my soul, be still !  
Await Heaven's high decree ;  
Seek but to do thy Father's will,  
It shall be well with thee.

*Thomas Hastings.*

**739**

S. M.

- 1 IT is thy hand, my God ;  
My sorrow comes from thee :  
I bow beneath thy chastening rod ;  
'Tis love that bruises me.  
2 I would not murmur, Lord ;  
Before thee I am dumb :  
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,  
To thee for help I come.  
3 My God, thy name is love ;  
A Father's hand is thine ;  
With tearful eyes I look above,  
And cry, "Thy will be mine !"

*James G. Deck.*

**740**

6s. D.

- 1 MY Saviour, as thou wilt !  
O may thy will be mine !  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign ;  
Through sorrow, or through joy.  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
"My Lord, thy will be done !"  
2 My Saviour, as thou wilt !  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear :  
Since thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with thee,  
My Lord, thy will be done !  
3 My Saviour, as thou wilt !  
All shall be well for me ;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with thee :  
Straight to my home above  
I calmly travel on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
"My Lord, thy will be done !"

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**741**

6s. D.

- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be !  
    Lead me by thine own hand,  
    And choose the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot ;  
    I would not if I might ;  
Choose thou for me, my God,  
    So shall I walk aright.
- 2 The kingdom that I seek  
    Is thine ; so let the way  
    That leads to it be thine,  
    Else I must surely stray.  
Take thou my cup, and it  
    With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to thee may seem ;  
    Choose thou my good and ill.
- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,  
    My sickness, or my health ;  
Choose thou my cares for me,  
    My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine, the choice,  
    In either great or small ;  
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,  
    My Wisdom, and my All.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**742**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
    The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord who rises  
    With healing in his wings :  
When comforts are declining,  
    He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
    To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation  
    We sweetly then pursue  
    The theme of God's salvation,  
    And find it ever new :  
Set free from present sorrow,  
    We cheerfully can say,  
"Let the unknown to-morrow  
    Bring with it what it may."

## TRUST AND RESIGNATION.

- 3 Children of God lack nothing,  
His promise bears them through ;  
Who gives the lillies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too :  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

*Cowper & Cennick.*

**743**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 IN heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear ;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed ?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back ;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way he taketh,  
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen ;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And he will walk with me.

*Anna L. Waring.*



## THE CHRISTIAN.

744

8s & 6s. 6l.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me ;  
The changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see ;  
I ask thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts,  
To keep and cultivate ;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at thy side ;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask  
Thou givest, Lord, to me,  
Then shall my spirit rise the more  
With grateful love to thee ;  
Still careful, not to serve thee less,  
But more, and perfectly.

*Anna L. Waring.*

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

**745**

8s & 6s. 6l.

- 1 Go not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey ;  
Take from me anything thou wilt,  
But go not thou away ;  
And let the storm that does thy work  
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,  
How blest soe'er it be ;  
Yet may the chastened child be glad  
His Father's face to see ;  
And O, it is not hard to bear  
What must be borne in thee !
- 3 Safe in thy sanctifying grace,  
Almighty to restore ;  
Borne onward, sin and death behind,  
And love and life before,  
O let my soul abound in hope,  
And praise thee more and more !
- 4 Deep unto deep may call, but I  
With peaceful heart will say,  
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge  
No waves can take away ;"  
And let the storm that speeds me home,  
Deal with me as it may.

*Anna L. Waring.*

**746**

L. M.

- 1 THE tempter to my soul hath said,  
"There is no help in God for thee ;"  
Lord ! lift thou up thy servant's head ;  
My glory, shield, and solace be.
- 2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;  
He heard me from his holy hill ;  
At his command the waves rolled by ;  
He beckoned, and the winds were still.
- 3 I laid me down and slept,—I woke ;—  
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain ;  
Bright, from the east, the morning broke ;  
Thy comforts rose on me again.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 I will not fear, though armed throngs  
Compass my steps in all their wrath ;  
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
His presence guards his people's path.  
*James Montgomery.*

### 747 L. M.

- 1 DEIGN, Jesus, Lord, my soul to hide  
Within thy pierced and bleeding side !  
O give me in thy wounded heart  
My rest to find, nor thence depart.
- 2 When Satan's wiles would work me harm,  
And earth with her delights would charm,  
Within thy heart I safely rest,  
Within thy side secure and blest.
- 3 When sense with every art beguiles,  
And tempts me with her treacherous smiles,  
I will not fear, since still for me  
Thy side a refuge safe shall be.

*From the Latin by Ray Palmer.*

### 748 L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD divine, thou leadest me  
Where the still waters gently flow ;  
In pastures fair thou feedest me ;  
I trust thy love ; no want I know.
- 2 In danger's hour thou hidest me,  
Safe from the foe of thy dear flock ;  
At sultry noon thou guidest me  
To rest beside the cooling rock.
- 3 When chilling dews of evening fall,  
Then to the fold thou bidst me come ;  
Gladly I hasten at thy call ;  
Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 749 L. M. D.

- 1 HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought !  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught !  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

#### REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,  
By his own hand he leadeth me :  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me !
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine ;  
Content whatever lot I see,  
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the victory 's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
- J. H. Gilmore.*

**750**

L. M. D.

- 1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,  
Thou Fount of unexhausted love,  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath, and heaven above ;  
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me my easy yoke to bear,  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepared and mingled by thy skill ;  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.  
Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the midday sun.
- 3 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will.  
O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?  
Who shall contend with God ? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?
- Charles Wesley.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**751**

L. M. 6l.

- 1 O, LET me walk with thee, my God,  
As Enoch walked in days of old ;  
Place thou my trembling hand in thine,  
And sweet communion with me hold ;  
E'en though the path I may not see,  
Yet, Jesus, let me walk with thee.
- 2 I cannot, dare not, walk alone ;  
The tempest rages in the sky,  
A thousand snares beset my feet,  
A thousand foes are lurking nigh :  
Still thou the raging of the sea,  
O Master ! let me walk with thee.
- 3 If I may rest my hand in thine,  
I'll count the joys of earth but loss,  
And firmly, bravely journey on ;  
I'll bear the banner of the cross  
Till Zion's glorious gates I see :  
Yet, Saviour, let me walk with thee.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

**752**

L. M. 6l.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the path of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

*Joseph Addison.*

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

### 753 L. M. 6l.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am if thou art mine !  
And, lo ! from sin and grief and shame  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The healing of my broken heart ;  
In strife my peace, in loss my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory and my crown.

3 In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour ;  
No trouble can my soul appall :  
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 754 L. M. 6l.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;  
Burdened with doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

*Reginald Heber.*

### 755 C. M.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hills,  
And fixed as mountains stand,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest  
That trusts the Almighty hand.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Fair Salem's happy ground  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 3 Do good, O Lord, do good to those  
Who cleave to thee in heart,  
Who on thy truth alone repose,  
Nor from thy law depart.

*Isaac Watts.*

**756**

C. M.

- 1 Now to the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man, I fly;  
Be thou my refuge and my rest,  
For oh! the storm is high.
- 2 Protect me from the furious blast;  
My shield and shelter be;  
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water-spring  
Is to a barren place,  
Jesus, descend on me, and bring  
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.
- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land  
A rock extends its shade,  
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
And screen my naked head.
- 5 How swift to save me didst thou move  
In every trying hour!  
O still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power.

*Charles Wesley.*

**757**

C. M.

- 1 THE heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay;  
But Christ will to the utmost save,  
And keep us to that day.
- 2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill.
- 3 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 4 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through ;  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 758 C. M.

- 1 AUTHOR of Good ! to thee I turn :  
Thy ever wakeful eye  
Alone can all my wants discern,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O, let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide !  
Thy love shall meaner loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 Not to my wish, but to my want,  
Do thou thy gifts apply ;  
Unasked, what good thou knowest, grant :  
What ill, though asked, deny.

*James Merrick.*

### 759 C. M.

- 1 THERE is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;  
O, be that refuge mine !
- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed ;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine ;  
O child of God, O glory's heir !  
How rich a lot is thine !
- 4 A Hand almighty to defend,  
An Ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all.

*Henry F. Lyte.*

### 760 C. M.

- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly ;  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For O, the wolf is nigh !

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every straying soul  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thine arm ;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power  
While by our Shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree ;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die ;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

*Charles Wesley,*

**761**

C. M.

- 1 IN grief and fear, to thee, O Lord,  
We now for succor fly ;  
Thine awful judgments are abroad,  
O shield us, lest we die.
- 2 The fell disease on every side  
Walks forth with tainted breath ;  
And pestilence, with rapid stride,  
Bestrews the land with death.
- 3 O look with pity on the scene  
Of sadness and of dread ;  
And let thine angel stand between  
The living and the dead.
- 4 With contrite hearts, to thee, our King,  
We turn who oft have strayed ;  
Accept the sacrifice we bring,  
And let the plague be stayed.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 5 We offer thee the incense sweet  
That from the heart doth rise :  
Good works, with true repentance meet,  
Shall be our sacrifice.

*William Bullock.*

### 762 S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd still is near.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 763 S. M.

- 1 To praise our Shepherd's care,  
His wisdom, love, and might,  
Your loudest, loftiest songs prepare.  
And bid the world unite.
- 2 Supremely good and great,  
He tends his blood-bought fold ;  
He stoops, though throned in highest state,  
The feeble to uphold.
- 3 He hears the least complaint ;  
He sees them when they roam ;  
And if his weakest lamb should faint  
His bosom bears it home.
- 4 Kind Shepherd of the sheep,  
A weakly flock are we,  
And snares and foes are nigh ; but keep  
The lambs who look to thee.

*William H. Havergal.*

## THE CHRISTIAN.

**764**

S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies ;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O, lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head ;  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
Forever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defense,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

*Isaac Watts.*

**765**

S. M.

- 1 MAKE duty plain, O Lord,  
Thy will we seek to know ;  
O grant thy Spirit with thy word,  
To guide our steps below.
- 2 May feeling hearts be ours,  
And tender conscience, too ;  
Awaken all our slumbering powers  
Thy righteous will to do.
- 3 Help us thy truth to love,  
And while we love, obey ;  
Be thou our Counsel from above,  
Show us thy will and way.

*F. E. Belden.*

**766**

6s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! I follow on,  
Guided by thee,  
Seeing not yet the hand  
That leadeth me ;  
Hushed be my heart, and still,  
Fear I no further ill ;  
Only to meet thy will  
My will shall be.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 2 Riven the rock for me  
Thirst to relieve,  
Manna from heaven falls  
Fresh every eve;  
Never a want severe  
Caused my eye a tear,  
But thou dost whisper near,  
"Only believe!"
- 3 Often to Marah's brink  
Have I been brought;  
Shrinking the cup to drink,  
Help I have sought;  
And with the prayer's ascent,  
Jesus the branch hath rent—  
Quickly relief hath sent,  
Sweetening the draught.
- 4 Saviour! I long to walk  
Closer with thee;  
Led by thy guiding hand,  
Ever to be;  
Constantly near thy side,  
Quickened and purified,  
Living for Him who died  
Freely for me.

*Charles S. Robinson.*

**767**

7s.

- 1 God of love that hearest prayer,  
Kindly for thy people care,  
Who on thee alone depend;  
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,  
From the flattering tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain  
On the help of feeble man;  
Every arm of flesh remove;  
Stay us only on thy love!
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these thy people join;  
Save us from the great and wise,  
Till they sink in their own eyes.



## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 5 Never let the world break in ;  
Fix a mighty gulf between :  
Keep us little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 768

7s. 6l.

- 1 LORD, thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press,  
On the pathway rough and steep,  
Through this weary wilderness :  
Holy Jesus, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die ;—  
Grant us grace to persevere ;  
Holy Jesus, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 3 There are soft and flowery glades  
Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes and scented shades ;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease :  
Holy Jesus, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 4 Upward still to purer lights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest :  
Holy Jesus, day by day  
Lead us in the narrow way.

*Anon.*

### 769

7s. 6l.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea ;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal ;  
Chart and compass came from thee ;  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

2 When the apostles' fragile bark  
Struggled with the billows dark  
On the stormy Galilee,  
Thou didst walk upon the sea ;  
And when they beheld thy form,  
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Tween me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

*Anon.*

### 770, 771      7s. D.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide !  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone !  
Still support and comfort me ;  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.*

**772**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 I WILL never, never leave thee,  
I will never thee forsake ;  
I will guide, and save, and keep thee.  
For my name and mercy's sake :  
Fear no evil,  
Only all my counsel take.
- 2 When the storm is raging round thee,  
Call on me in humble prayer ;  
I will fold my arms around thee,  
Guard thee with the tenderest care :  
In the trial,  
I will make thy pathway clear.
- 3 When the sky above is glowing,  
And around thee all is bright,  
Pleasure like a river flowing,  
All things tending to delight ;  
I'll be with thee,  
I will guide thy steps aright.
- 4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,  
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,  
Through the mists by which 'tis shrouded,  
I will make the light appear,  
And the banner  
Of my love I will uprear.

*Anon.*

**773**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land :  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

*William Williams.*

**774** 8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 God has said, "Forever blessed  
Those who seek me in their youth ;  
They shall find the path of wisdom,  
And the narrow way of truth :"  
Guide us, Saviour,  
In the narrow way of truth.
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness ;  
Be our wisdom and our guide ;  
May we walk in love and meekness,  
Nearer to our Saviour's side :  
Naught can harm us  
While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,  
We may turn our tearless eye  
To the dwelling of our Father,  
To our home beyond the sky,  
Looking forward  
To the happy land on high.

*Anon.*

**775** 8s & 7s. D.

- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us :  
Much we need thy tender care ;  
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use thy fold prepare.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way ;  
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray.  
Blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
Blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to thee.

*Dorothy A. Thrupp.*

**776**

10 & 4s.

1 DEAR Saviour, lead my erring steps aright,  
I'll follow thee ;  
I dare not trust to feeble, mortal sight ;  
I'll follow thee.  
The night is dark,—lest I should lose my way,  
I'll follow thee ;  
O lead me till the glorious dawn of day !  
I'll follow thee.

2 When night is darkest, and I cannot see,  
I'll follow thee ;  
I know the cheering voice that speaks to me ;  
I'll follow thee.  
'Tis mine to trust the One who knoweth best ;  
I'll follow thee ;  
And, trusting thus, I leave to him the rest ;  
I'll follow thee.

3 O'er all my daily thoughts and steps preside ;  
I'll follow thee ;  
Be thou alone my constant Guard and Guide ;  
I'll follow thee.  
Unworthy of thy watch-care though I be,  
I'll follow thee ;  
Then with the blest through all eternity  
I'll follow thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

777

P. M.

1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
Lead thou me on !  
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile :  
*John H. Newman.*

778

7s. D.

1 HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,  
Ever near the Christian's side ;  
Gently lead us by the hand,  
Pilgrims in a desert land ;  
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,  
When they hear that sweetest voice  
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
Ever near thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear ;  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home !"



- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names are there ;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,  
 Whisper softly, " Wanderer, come !  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home ! "

*M. M. Wells*

**779**

11s & 10s. P.

- 1 O, TELL me, thou Life and Delight of my soul,  
 Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding :  
 I seek thy protection, I need thy control ;  
 I would go where my Shepherd is leading.
- 2 O, tell me the place where the flock are at rest,  
 Where the noontide will find them reposing ;  
 The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,  
 And the pathway of peace I am losing.
- 3 And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,  
 In the desert where now they are roving ;  
 Where hunger and thirst, where contentions and  
 woes,  
 Where fierce conflicts their ruin are proving ?
- 4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,  
 And the follies that fill me with weeping ?  
 O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace  
 Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping :
- 5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return  
 By the way where the foot-prints are lying ;  
 No longer to wander, no longer to mourn ;  
 And homeward my spirit is flying.

*Thomas Hastings.*

**780**

11s & 10s. P.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose  
 Where the pastures in beauty are growing ;  
 He leads me afar from the world and its woes,  
 Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path  
 Where the arms of his love shall enfold me ;  
 And when I walk through the dark valley of  
 death,  
 His rod and his staff will uphold me !

*Knox.*

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

**781**

11s.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?
- 2 “ Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not dismayed ;  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 “ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 “ When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie.  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 “ The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.”

*George Keith.*

**782**

11s.

- 1 THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way ;  
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay ;  
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trials be near.  
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear ?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint ;  
The weak and oppressed, he will hear their com-  
plaint ;  
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
But how can we falter ?—our help is in God !
- 3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads,  
His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds !  
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the  
snares.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our  
light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our  
might;  
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come:  
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our  
home!

*Anon.*

**783**

11s.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I  
know;  
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when  
oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though  
I stray,  
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth  
o'er;  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:  
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,  
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;  
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,  
Through the land of their sojourn—thy king-  
dom of love.

*James Montgomery.*

**784**

11s.

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and  
Guide;  
Whatever we want he will kindly provide:  
To the sheep of his pasture his mercies abound;  
His care and protection his flock will surround.
- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we  
fear?  
What evil can trouble us while he is near?  
Not if we are summoned to walk through the vale  
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.

## GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 3 The Lord is become our salvation and song ;  
His blessings have followed us all our life long !  
His name will we praise while we have any breath,  
Be cheerful in life, or be happy in death.

*Anon.*

785

H. M.

- 1 JESUS, at thy command  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep ;  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot, wise,  
My compass is thy word ;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord ;  
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guard me with his eye ;  
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,  
And every boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest ;  
Through grace I hope to stand  
And sing among the blest.  
O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
When wind and storm subside,  
Then to my succor fly,  
And keep me near thy side ;  
For more the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace ;  
Waft me from all below,  
To heaven, my destined place ;  
There, in full sail, my port I'll find.  
And leave the world and sin behind.

*Anon.*

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**786**

7s & 6s. D.

1 O LAMB of God ! still keep me  
Near to thy wounded side ;  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide !  
What foes and snares surround me,  
What doubts and fears within !  
The grace that sought and found me,  
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding  
I know my life secure—  
Only in thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure :  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe ;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,  
With rapture, face to face ;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all thy power and grace :  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all the saints above.

*James G. Deck.*

**787**

L. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door !  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still,  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 He counsels thee to buy of him  
Gold tried by fire, and raiment clean ;  
Anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see,  
And put away thy stains from thee.

3 O, hear the faithful Witness' voice,  
He offers now a final choice ;  
Thou art offensive, O lukewarm !  
Therefore be zealous and reform.



## CLOSING WORK.

- 4 His mission now is almost o'er,  
Before the throne he'll plead no more ;  
The filthy must his filth retain,  
He that is holy, so remain.
- 5 His locks with dew's of night are wet,  
But at thy heart he lingereth yet.  
O wake, and open wide the door ;  
Bid thy Beloved wait no more.
- 6 Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest ;  
So shalt thou in his presence rest,  
And in communion sweet and free,  
Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

*Anon.*

**788**

L. M.

- 1 A LITTLE while, our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more ;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where he for us has gone before.
- 2 A little while, he'll come again ;  
Let us the precious hours redeem,  
Our only grief to give him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow him.
- 3 A little while, 'twill soon be past ;  
Why should we shun the shame and cross ?  
O let us in his footsteps haste,  
Counting for him all else but loss.
- 4 A little while,—come, Saviour, come !  
For thee thy church has tarried long ;  
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,  
To sing the new, eternal song.

*Anon.*

**789**

L. M.

- 1 As drowsy earth is dreaming still  
Of coming good and golden days,  
An angel voice the heavens thrill :  
“ Fear God, ye people, give him praise ;
- 2 The long-appointed Judgment hour  
Is come at last ; worship ye Him  
Who by his own almighty power  
Made heaven, earth, sea, and gushing  
stream.”



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Another cry the earth doth greet,  
The second angel's voice divine :  
"Great Babel's fall is now complete ;  
Nations are drunken with her wine."
- 4 Now the third angel's voice resounds,  
A final, fearful, warning voice  
Against false worship ; and propounds  
God's word and worship for men's choice.
- 5 Here saints in patience waiting stand,  
Through faith obedient to God's will,  
Fulfilling each divine command  
Till called to stand on Zion's hill.

*Anon.*

**790**

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near.  
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !  
Behold the wilderness assume  
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !
- 2 Events with prophecies conspire  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire ;  
The ripening fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to the sight.

*Mrs. Voke.*

**791**

L. M.

- 1 How long we've been the heirs of grace !  
How long desired a crown to win !  
But still we have not reached the place  
Where we can say we're free from sin.
- 2 We patient pray, and gladly sing,  
"Thy perfect will. O Lord, be done !"  
Our Captain will the victory bring  
Which he for us has fairly won.
- 3 Our works as filthy rags appear,  
Except as humbly wrought in thee ;  
Jesus, thy righteousness, 't is clear,  
Our righteousness at last must be.

*S. O. James.*

**792**

L. M.

- 1 LONE pilgrim, cease that mournful sigh :  
Look up ! redemption draweth nigh.  
Have loved ones gone ? does earth look drear ?  
Look up ! shed not that bitter tear,

## CLOSING WORK.

- 2 What though the heart is saddened now,  
And shadows gather on thy brow,  
And grief the bosom heaveth still ?  
Look up ! submit to Heaven's own will.
- 3 Do trials unexpected rise ?  
Look up ! and view the glorious prize ;  
Let not life's sorrows press you down ;  
Look up ! prepare to take the crown.
- 4 Lift up your head, rejoice and sing ;  
Look up ! by faith behold your King.  
He soon is coming, heed his call ;  
Look up ! and make your God your all.
- 5 He'll come, all troubles here to end ;  
He'll come, a never-failing Friend ;  
He'll come to take his children home ;  
Look up ! and pray, "Lord, quickly come."

*Mrs. Rebekah Smith.*

**793**

L. M. P.

- 1 O HAPPY day ! that bursts the tomb,  
And sets the joyful prisoners free ;  
That lifts the saints from death and gloom  
To life and immortality.

CHORUS.

- Happy day ! happy day !  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray ;  
We bid thy hours no more delay ;  
O chase the shades of night away.  
Happy day ! happy day !  
For thee we'll wait and watch and pray.
- 2 O happy day ! when earth so bright,  
In Eden robes shall bloom again ;  
Her beauty no decay shall blight,  
Nor death e'er tread her wide domain.
  - 3 O happy day ! when far around,  
Through all this universal frame,  
One glorious anthem shall resound  
Of blessing to Jehovah's name.
  - 4 O happy day ! that knows no night ;  
No sorrow with thy joy shall blend ;  
No clouds shall e'er obscure thy light ;  
Thy scenes of glory ne'er shall end.

*U. Smith.*

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**794**

C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,—  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that sovereign love  
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day,  
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !  
Ye mortal powers, decay !  
Haste ! till the last glad morning rise  
That brings eternal day.

*Philip Doddridge.*

**795**

C. M.

- 1 MY soul is happy when I hear  
The Saviour is so nigh,  
And longs to see his sign appear  
Upon the opening sky.
- 2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,  
And trust his living word,  
And feel the coming of that day  
No longer is deferred.
- 3 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,—  
He will not tarry long,—  
And fill with joy the hours that bring  
The glory of our song.
- 4 Yes, he will come ; no longer fear,  
Though earth and hell assail ;  
His word attests the moment near,  
And that can never fail.

*Anon.*

**796**

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, glorious day ! ere long to dawn,  
And set death's captives free ;  
Triumphant then will they come forth  
With shouts of victory.

## CLOSING WORK.

2 And when my Saviour shall appear,  
If in the grave I lie,  
The last loud trumpet I shall hear,  
And live, no more to die.

3 It is enough, although I close  
In death my weary eyes,  
In that bright morn, my Lord to see,  
And meet him in the skies.

4 And in that resurrection morn  
I shall his face behold ;  
'Tis then my Lord to me will give  
The starry crown of gold.

*Mrs. M. S. Avery.*

**797**

C. M.

1 BEHOLD I come ! the Saviour cries,  
On wings of love I fly ;  
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,  
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come, plead thy truth's much-injured cause,  
And make thy glory shine ;  
Come, vindicate thy righteous laws  
With majesty divine.

3 With wingèd speed, Redeemer, dear,  
Bring on the illustrious day ;  
Let not our hopes give way to fear  
Beneath thy long delay.

*Anon.*

**798**

C. M.

1 THE glories of that heavenly land  
I've oftentimes felt before ;  
But what I feel is just a taste,  
And makes me long for more.

2 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly and be at rest ;  
Then would I go to Christ, my love,  
And dwell among the blest.

3 O ! could I reach my heavenly home,  
And ne'er return again ;  
I would not think the seasons long  
That I should suffer pain.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 4 But Patience bids us wait awhile !  
The crown's for them that fight ;  
The prize for those that win the race  
By faith, and not by sight.
- 5 Through faith we look to yonder prize,  
Laid up in heaven above ;  
Says Hope, " It shortly shall be mine,"  
" I'll wear it soon," says Love.

*Anon.*

### 799

C. M.

- 1 ARISE, ye mourning saints, arise !  
The Lord our Leader is ;  
The foe before his banner flies,  
And victory is his.
- 2 We follow thee, our Guard and Guide,  
Our Saviour, and our King ;  
We follow thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the promised day  
When all our toils shall cease ;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This blessed hope supports us here ;  
It makes our burdens light ;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to cheer,  
Till faith shall end in sight :
- 5 Till, of the glorious prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more ;  
And ever with our Leader rest,  
On yonder peaceful shore.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 800

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Hope, our Life, our Heaven.  
The lingering times have flown ;  
To thee the kingdom now is given ;  
Return and claim thine own.
- 2 And, as we wait, along the skies  
Unearthly glory steals ;  
And our glad spirits seem to rise,  
To haste thy chariot wheels.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 Although they seem to linger, still  
Thy retinue on high  
Is marshalled, and awaits the will  
That bids their myriads fly.
- 4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long  
The closing hours of grace ;  
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,  
Till we shall see thy face.
- 5 Safe with the ransomed we shall stand,  
And raise the victor's song ;  
A golden harp in every hand,  
And praise on every tongue.

*Anon.*

### 801 C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray  
Through time's brief, fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray  
To those who seek its power.
- 2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife ;  
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day ;  
Obedience is our life.
- 3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;  
For quickly he will come,  
To call us from our toils away  
To our eternal home.
- 4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;  
For lo ! the Judge is near ;  
O may we joyfully obey,  
And watch till he appear !

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 802 C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, here we fainting lie.  
And long to see thy face ;  
Descend, O Jesus, from on high,  
In mercy to our race.
- 2 How long shall that bright hour delay ?  
When will our Lord appear ?  
We long to see the glorious day  
When Jesus will draw near.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 We wait to see our Lord descend,  
    Arrayed in robes of light;  
    To Satan's kingdom put an end,  
    And claim his proper right.
- 4 We long to hear the trumpet sound,  
    And see the just arise;  
    We long to see our Saviour crowned,  
    And meet him in the skies.

*Anon.*

### 803

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Saviour, we would know thy love,  
    Which yet no measure knows;  
    For us it led thee once to die;  
    From thence salvation flows.
- 2 Fain would we strike the golden harp,  
    And wear the promised crown,  
    And at thy feet, while bending low,  
    Would sing what grace hath done.
- 3 Then leave us not in this dark world,  
    As strangers long to roam;  
    Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,  
    Come, Jesus, quickly come!

*Anon.*

### 804

C. M.

- 1 O how I long with Christ to be,  
    And in his presence rest!  
    He draws my soul most wondrously;  
    I to his bosom haste.
- 2 Me for thy coming, Lord, prepare;  
    Grant I may ready be  
    Whene'er thou comest, without fear  
    To meet and welcome thee.
- 3 Meanwhile may I in spirit view  
    Thy sufferings, cross, and death;  
    These to my heart be daily new,  
    While thou shalt give me breath.
- 4 Thus will my wants be well supplied,  
    Thus will my soul with grace  
    Abundantly be satisfied,  
    And kept in heavenly peace.

*Anon.*

## CLOSING WORK.

**805**

C. M. P.

- 1 LET others seek a home below,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,  
We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS.

- We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
And we'll be gathered home.
- 2 Be mine the happier lot to own,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
A heavenly mansion near the throne,  
We'll be gathered home.
- 3 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
We'll be gathered home.
- 4 Though desolation here may be,  
We'll be gathered home ;  
That heavenly mansion stands for me,  
We'll be gathered home.

*Anon.*

**806**

C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love  
I see before me lie ;  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd to those rivers fly.
- 2 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
With joy outstrip the wind ;  
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,  
And leave the world behind.
- 3 A few more days, or years at most,  
My troubles will be o'er ;  
I hope to join the heavenly host  
On Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast  
In love's unbounded sea :  
The glorious hope of endless rest  
Is ravishing to me.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me to the sky !  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;  
Make haste and bring it nigh.
- 6 I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine ;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be forever thine.

*Anon.*

### 807

C. M.

- 1 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh ;  
When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell with Christ at home ?
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful, sheltering dome ;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 When by affliction sharply tried,  
Faith tells of scenes to come,—  
Those endless joys prepared above,—  
And then I sigh for home.
- 5 Weary of wandering round and round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

*Elizabeth Mills.*

### 808

C. M. D.

- 1 ON time's tempestuous ocean wide,  
A gallant ship set sail,  
And out into the raging deep  
She stood before the gale,  
Well fitted to abide the storm,  
And angry water's foam,  
And bring the captives that she bore  
Unto her haven home.

## CLOSING WORK.

2 Long was to be her voyage—the time,  
Six thousand years almost,  
Ere she would make the highland hights,  
Along the heavenly coast ;  
Yet with her sails expanded wide,  
On, on, she swiftly flew,  
Bearing with ardent hope and love  
Her passengers and crew.

3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,  
And stormy winds rose high ;  
And dark have been the mountain waves  
That bore her to the sky ;  
But o'er them all, with steady helm,  
She onward pressed her way ;  
Her compass, true unto the pole,  
Guides her to endless day.

4 Long, long, she has been out, and now  
She nears her haven home ;  
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,  
And bids her thither come ;  
And voices joyful oft are heard,  
And music swelling high :  
“ The land ! the land ! the land ahead ! ”  
With rapture now they cry.

5 Now soon will she be safely moored  
And anchored in the bay ;  
And all her passengers on shore  
Will keep a festal day ;  
And long their songs of joy will rise  
Beneath high heaven's dome ;—  
They've passed the stormy sea of time,  
They've reached their haven home.

*I. I. Leslie.*

**809**

C. M. D.

1 WHAT though the angry waves roll high,  
And darkness reigns around ?  
Let hope be bright in every eye ;  
Our ship is homeward bound.  
What though no moon nor stars appear  
Amid the gloom profound ?  
We will not yield a place to fear ;  
Our ship is homeward bound,

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 2 What though the lightnings glare above,  
     And deafening thunders roar ?  
 Yet with the eye of faith and love  
     We view the distant shore.  
 We know that friends will meet us there,  
     We loved in life before ;  
 And angel forms, all bright and fair,  
     Line the immortal shore.
- 3 Then let the fearful thunders roar,  
     And let the lightnings glare ;  
 We're nearing the eternal shore,  
     And we are almost there.  
 Then heave, ye waves, on every side,  
     And onward, homeward bear  
 Our fragile bark, 'gainst wind and tide ;  
     For we are almost there.
- 4 The coward peers, with trembling form,  
     Into the gloom profound ;  
 But we can smile to view the storm ;  
     Our ship is homeward bound :  
 And though for us, on time's dark wave  
     No place of rest be found,  
 O let our hearts be true and brave ;  
     Our ship is homeward bound. *Anon.*

**810**

S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
     Each in his office wait ;  
 Observant of his heavenly word,  
     And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
     And trim the golden flame ;  
 Gird up your loins as in his sight ;  
     His coming thus proclaim.
- 3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command,  
     And while we speak, he's near ;  
 Mark the first signal of his hand,  
     And ready all appear.
- 4 O, happy servant he,  
     In such a posture found !  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
     And be with honor crowned.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## CLOSING WORK.

**811**

S. M.

- 1 FAR down the ages now,  
Much of her journey done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,  
Until her crown be won.
- 2 No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
Nor less the need of armor tried,  
Of shield and spear and bow.
- 3 Thus onward still we press  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain and poverty and want,  
Through peril and through blood.
- 4 Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,  
We follow where he leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**812**

S. M.

- 1 O THOU whom we adore !  
To bless our earth again,  
Assume thine own almighty power,  
And o'er the nations reign.
- 2 The world's desire and hope,  
All power to thee is given ;  
Now set the last great empire up,  
Eternal Lord of heaven !
- 3 A gracious Saviour, thou  
Wilt all thy children bless ;  
And every knee to thee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess.
- 4 According to thy word  
Now be thy grace revealed,  
And with the knowledge of the Lord  
Let all the earth be filled.

*Charles Wesley.*

**813**

S. M.

- 1 LET us keep steadfast guard  
With lighted hearts all night,  
That when Christ comes, we stand prepared,  
And meet him with delight.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 2 At midnight's season chill  
Lay Paul and Silas bound,—  
Bound and in prison, sang they still,  
And singing, freedom found.
- 3 Our prison is this earth,  
And yet we sing to thee :  
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,  
Set us, believing, free !

*Breviary.*

**814**

S. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and tarry not ;  
Bring the long-looked-for day ;  
O why these years of waiting here ?  
O why this long delay ?
- 2 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of thy stay ;  
Worn out by these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.
- 3 Come, for the corn is ripe !  
Put in thy sickle now ;  
Reap the great harvest of the earth ;  
Sower and reaper thou.
- 4 Come, spoil the strong man's house,  
Bind him and cast him hence ;  
Show thyself stronger than the strong,  
Thyself Omnipotence.
- 5 Come, and begin thy reign  
Of everlasting peace ;  
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**815**

S. M.

- 1 THE Church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see ;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.
- 2 How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering Church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood ?

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 Saint after saint on earth,  
Has lived and loved and died ;  
And as they left us, one by one,  
We laid them side by side.
- 4 We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn ;  
We left them but to slumber there,  
Till the last glorious morn.
- 5 We long to hear thy voice,  
To see thee face to face,  
To share thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share thy grace.
- 6 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**816**

S. M.

- 1 In expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes ! the Conqueror comes !  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, Awake !  
The saints the call obey ;  
Their joyful upward flight they take  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace ;  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

*Anon.*

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

817

S. M. D.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall meet the loved who now  
Are sleeping in the tomb :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day ;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 3 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings sore,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more ;  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !
- 4 'T is but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we may with him reign :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day ;  
O, wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away !

*Horatius Bonar.*

818

S. M. D.

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear,—  
Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray :

## CLOSING WORK.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
The immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we all be found  
Obedient to thy word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord :  
O may we thus insure  
A lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest.

*Charles Wesley.*

**819**

6s & 4s.

1 BREAK, break, eternal day,  
Bid darkness flee away ;  
Pour on our sight  
Light from the world of joy,  
Bliss pure without alloy ;  
Then ne'er shall gloom annoy ;  
All shall be bright.

2 Rise, rise, thou glorious sun,  
Hasten thy race to run ;  
At God's command,  
Extend thy healing wings ;  
Open joy's long-sealed springs ;  
Reign, O thou King of kings,  
In this dark land !

3 Come, come, thou conquering One,  
Reign thou upon thy throne,  
In glory bright ;  
Then shall the ransomed raise,  
Unceasing songs of praise  
Throughout eternal days,  
In realms of light.

*Anon.*

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**820**

8s & 4s.

- 1 JESUS died on Calvary's mountain  
Long time ago,  
And salvation's rolling fountain  
Now freely flows.
- 2 Once his voice, in tones of pity,  
Melted in woe,  
As he wept o'er Judah's city,  
Long time ago.
- 3 Jesus died,—yet lives forever,  
No more to die,—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high.
- 4 Now in heaven he's interceding  
For dying men ;  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.
- 5 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land ;  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand.
- 6 Children, let your lamps be burning,  
In hope of heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning  
At dawn or even.
- 7 When he comes, a voice from heaven  
Shall pierce the tomb :  
“Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come home.”

*Anon.*

**821**

7s.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,  
Signs and wonders have appeared ;  
Earth has groaned with bloody wars,  
And the hearts of men have feared.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;  
Darker storms the mountains sweep,  
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,  
Pale amazement, restless fear ;  
And amid the thunder cloud  
Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from his awful face,  
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

*Reginald Heber.*

### 822

7s.

- 1 CLOUDS of glory lingering,  
Haste! our blessed Jesus bring ;  
Gleam no longer from afar,  
Like a dim, uncertain star.
- 2 Speed thy coming, Blessed One !  
We are fainting, sad, and lone ;  
Why doth yet the star of day  
Its bright rising thus delay ?
- 3 Meek and humble trusting ones,  
Zion's suffering, trodden sons,  
Day and night prevail in prayer,  
Till the kingdom ye shall share.

*Anon.*

### 823

7s.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, will come again,  
None shall wait for him in vain ;  
I shall then his glory see ;  
Bhrist will come and call for me.
- 2 Then, when the Archangel's voice  
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,  
Rising millions shall proclaim  
Blessings on the Saviour's name.
- 3 Hail ! redeeming Son of God !  
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud ;  
Praise, eternal praise be given  
To the Lord of earth and heaven !

*Anon.*

### 824

7s.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall his righteous will obey.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own ;  
Heathen tribes his name adore ;  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease ;  
Then be banished grief and pain ;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

*Harriet Auber.*

### 825

7s.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the promised hour ;  
Come in glory, come in power ;  
Still thy foes are unsubdued ;  
Nature sighs to be renewed.

2 Time has nearly reached its sum ;  
All things wait for thee to come ;  
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign forevermore.

*Josiah Conder.*

### 826

7s.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come !  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !  
With thy holy train descend ;  
Then our earthly trials end.

2 Mindful of thy chosen race,  
Shorten these vindictive days ;  
We for full redemption groan ;  
Hear us now, and save thine own.

3 Now destroy the man of sin ;  
Now thine ancient flock bring in !  
Filled with righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

4 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;  
Glorious in thy saints appear ;  
Speak the sacred number sealed ;  
Speak the mystery revealed.

5 Take to thee thy royal power ;  
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;  
Reign, when death no more shall be ;  
Reign to all eternity.

*Anon.*

## CLOSING WORK.

827

7s. 6l.

- 1 "TILL He come,"—O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords ;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love  
To the silent land remove,  
Though the earth seems poor and waste,  
All our life-joy overcast,—  
Hush ! be every murmur dumb ;  
It is only—"Till he come."
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;  
Would we have one sorrow less ?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Only whisper—"Till he come."

*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

828

7s. D.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are,  
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's hight  
See that glory-beaming star !  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
Traveler, yes ; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends !  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Traveler, ages are its own,  
See, it shines o'er all the earth !

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight ;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wondering cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home !  
Traveler, lo ! the Prince of peace !  
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

*John Bowring.*

### 829

7s. D.

- 1 SON of God, thy people's shield,  
Must we still thine absence mourn ?  
Let thy promise be fulfilled ;  
Thou has said, "I will return."  
Gracious Master, soon appear ;  
Quickly bring thy morning's light ;  
Then will cease the constant tear,  
Hope be turned to joyful sight.
- 2 As a woman counts the days  
Till her absent lord she sees,  
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,  
So the church must long for thee.  
Come, that we may see thee nigh ;  
Then the sheep shall feed in peace ;  
Hushed forever trouble's sigh,  
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.

*Anon.*

### 830

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 BROTHER pilgrim, be not weary ;  
Tune your harp for heaven and home,  
Where the heart is never dreary,  
And where tears shall never come :  
Don your armor, be not sleeping ;  
One short hour, and 't will be past ;  
One brief hour of toil and weeping,  
Then come heaven and home at last.
- 2 Let your eyes to heaven be turning,—  
Darkened sun and falling stars,—  
See the crimson heavens burning,  
Earth prepared for final wars ;  
Hear the scoffer ask with jeering,  
"Where's the sign that He is nigh ?"—  
Turn your eyes with joy and fearing  
To the omens in the sky.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 Signs in nature oft have told us  
Of the saints' glad jubilee ;  
Soon shall azure skies enfold us,  
And upon the jasper sea  
We shall stand in robes of whiteness,  
Praising him upon the throne,  
And in heaven's eternal brightness  
We shall know as we are known.  
*L. D. Santee.*

### 831 7s 6s & 4.

- 1 HARK ! hark ! hear the blest tidings ;  
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed, in honor and glory,  
To gather his ransomed ones home.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
To gather his ransomed ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,  
Sing, sing, Glory to God !  
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming,  
Publish the tidings abroad.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Publish the tidings abroad.
- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,  
Shouts, shouts, filling the air ;  
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,  
Shine, shine, visions to come ;  
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Cloudless and bright in our home.
- 5 Long, long, we have been waiting,  
Who, who, love his blest name ;  
Now, now, we are delighting,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Jesus is near to proclaim.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise,  
Cling, cling, fast to his word ;  
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.  
Yes, yes, O yes,  
Patiently wait for the Lord.

*Anon.*

### 832

7s 6s & 4.

- 1 HOME, home, beameth before us !  
When, when, shall we be there ?  
Long, long, here we have wandered,  
Burdened with sorrow and care :  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Sorrow breathes not in its air.
- 2 Home, home, there in thy bowers,  
Sweet, sweet, music shall swell ;  
Sin, sin, never can enter ;  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell :  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Peace in each bosom shall dwell.
- 3 Home, home, rest to the weary,  
Peace, peace, to the torn breast ;  
Hope, hope, hope of the erring ;  
There in thy bosom we'll rest !  
Home, home, home, home,—  
There will the wanderers rest.
- 4 Home, home, bliss to the parted ;  
Friends, friends, meet on its shore ;  
Here, here, lonely they've left us ;  
Soon we'll be parted no more :  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Friends will be parted no more.
- 5 Home, home, let us now hasten,  
See, see, angels above !  
Hark ! hark ! now do they call us,  
Home to their dwelling of love :  
Home, home, home, home,—  
Home of our Father's kind love.

*Anon.*

## CLOSING WORK.

**833**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 How long, O Lord our Saviour,  
     Wilt thou remain away ?  
     Our hearts are growing weary  
     Of thy so long delay.  
     O when shall come the moment,  
     When, brighter far than morn,  
     The sunshine of thy glory  
     Shall on thy people dawn ?
- 2 How long, O gracious Master,  
     Wilt thou thy household leave ?  
     So long hast thou now tarried,  
     Few thy return believe.  
     Immersed in sloth and folly,  
     Thy servants, Lord, we see ;  
     And few of us stand ready  
     With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 O, wake thy slumbering people ;  
     Send forth the solemn cry ;  
     Let all the saints repeat it,—  
     “ The Saviour draweth nigh ! ”  
     May all our lamps be burning,  
     Our loins well girded be,  
     Each longing heart preparing  
     With joy thy face to see.

*Anon.*

**834**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THE world is very evil,  
     The times are waxing late ;  
     Be sober and keep vigil ;  
     The Judge is at the gate,—  
     The Judge who comes in mercy,  
     The Judge who comes with might,—  
     Who comes to end the evil,  
     Who comes to crown the right.
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
     Let right to wrong succeed ;  
     Let penitential sorrow  
     To heavenly gladness lead,—  
     To light that has no evening,  
     That knows no moon nor sun,—  
     The light so new and golden,  
     The light that is but one.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Behold the morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as does the day ;  
And God, our King and Portion,  
In fullness of his grace,  
Shall we behold forever,  
And worship face to face.

*John M. Neale.*

**835**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O FOR the robes of whiteness !  
O for the tearless eyes !  
O for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies !  
O for the no more weeping,  
Within that land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above !  
2 O for the bliss of flying,  
My risen Lord to meet !  
O for the rest of lying  
Forever at his feet !  
O for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face !  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place !  
3 Jesus, thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with thee ;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of thy great love to me :  
Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before thy throne,  
That all my love may center  
In thee, and thee alone.

*C. L. Smith.*

**836**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And in his kingdom dwell ?  
Partake its rest eternal,  
Its songs triumphant swell ?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures in ?

## CLOSING WORK.

### REFRAIN.

There is sweet rest in heaven,  
There is sweet rest in heaven,  
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,  
There is sweet rest in heaven.

- 2 And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And the entombèd millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransomed dust revivèd,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansions  
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 3 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
The Saviour's face behold ;  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold ;  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The host celestial sing ;  
Our tongues shall chant the glory  
Of our immortal King.

*Anon.*

### 837 P. M.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things  
Toward heaven, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source :  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face ;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn !  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon thy Saviour will return  
To take thee to the skies :  
There is everlasting peace,  
Rest, enduring rest in heaven ;  
There will sorrow ever cease,  
And crowns of joy be given.

*Robert Seagrave.*

**838**

7s & 5. D.

- 1 YE who rose to meet the Lord,  
Ventured on his faithful word,  
Faint not now, for your reward  
Will be quickly given.  
Faint not, always watch and pray ;  
Jesus will no more delay ;  
Even now 'tis dawn of day ;  
Day-star beams from heaven.
- 2 Would ye to the end endure ?  
Keep the wedding garment pure,  
Claim ye still the promise sure,  
Faithful is the Lord !  
Let your lamps be burning bright ;  
In God's word is beaming light ;  
Live by faith, and not by sight—  
Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,  
Onward, fearless, onward go,  
The good soldier's courage show,  
On to victory !  
Let thine eyes be turned to Me,  
Jesus says, " I'll rescue thee ;  
Overcome, and faithful be,  
Thou shalt glory see !"
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky,  
Angel voices sounding high,  
Echo still the mighty cry,  
" Jesus, quickly come !"  
Quickly he'll return again,  
With his saints he'll come to reign,  
While all heaven will shout, " Amen !  
Welcome to thy throne !"

## CLOSING WORK.

- 5 Marriage supper now prepared,  
By the guests will then be shared,  
In fair, righteous robes arrayed,  
Like the Bridegroom King.  
Glory to Jehovah's name !  
Sound aloud the glad acclaim ;  
To the Lamb that once was slain  
Alleluias bring !

*Anon.*

### 839

6s & 4s.

- 1 WHEN shall I see the day  
That ends my woes ?  
When shall I victory gain  
O'er all my foes ?
- 2 When will the trumpet sound,  
That calls me home ?  
The grand, sabbatic year,—  
When will it come ?
- 3 In yonder realms of light,  
By faith I see  
A crown of glory bright,  
Prepared for me.
- 4 O may I soon behold  
That happy day,  
When sorrow, sin, and pain  
Shall flee away !
- 5 O may I ever keep  
The prize in view,  
And through the storms of life  
My way pursue !
- 6 Jesus, be thou my guide,  
My steps attend ;  
O keep me near thy side ;  
Be thou my friend.
- 7 Be thou my shield and sun,  
Be thou my guard ;  
And, when my work is done,  
My great reward.

*Anon.*

# WAITING FOR CHRIST.

840

8s. D.

- 1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed  
With glory and light from above ;  
The King in his beauty displayed,  
His beauty of holiest love :  
I languish, and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode ;  
O, when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God ?
- 2 With him, I on Zion shall stand,  
For Jesus has spoken the word ;  
The breadth of Immanuel's land,  
Survey, by the side of my Lord.  
But when, on thy bosom reclined,  
Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
My fullness of rapture I find,  
My heaven of heavens, in thee.
- 3 How happy the people whose home  
Is found in the city of God !  
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,  
Nor travel a dangerous road.  
Physician divine, unto me  
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,  
And keep me while waiting for thee,  
And then to that city receive.

*Charles Wesley.*

841

8s. D.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall recover our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come.  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our promised abode,—  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here ;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear.  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever has stood ;  
And soon, at the end of our race,  
We'll rest in that city of God.

*Charles Wesley.*

## CLOSING WORK.

842

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning  
Of fair Zion's glory dawn ?  
Have the signs that mark its coming  
Yet upon thy pathway shone ?  
Pilgrim, yes ! arise, look round thee ;  
Light is breaking in the skies ;  
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,  
Morning dawns, arise ! arise !
- 2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way ;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day  
When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea  
All the saints of God, now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.
- 3 Watchman, hail the light ascending  
Of the grand, sabbatic year ;  
All with voices loud proclaiming  
That the kingdom now is near :  
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,  
Canaan's glorious heights arise ;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath its sunlit skies.
- 4 Watchman, in the golden city,  
Seated on his jasper throne,  
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone :  
There on sunlit hills and mountains,  
Golden beams serenely glow ;  
Purling streams and crystal fountains,  
On whose banks sweet flowerets blow.
- 5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers ;  
On, just yonder,—O how cheering !  
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.  
Hark ! the choral strains are ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air,  
See the millions, hear them singing,  
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

*Sidney S. Brewer.*



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**843**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, guard thy children  
From the foe's destructive power ;  
Save, O save them, Lord, from falling  
In this dark and trying hour.  
Thou wilt surely prove thy people,  
All our graces must be tried ;  
But thy word illumines our pathway,  
And in God we still confide.
- 2 We are in the time of waiting ;  
Soon we shall behold our Lord,  
Wafted far away from sorrow,  
To receive our rich reward.  
Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,  
Pure, unspotted from the world ;  
Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us  
Till thy banner is unfurled.
- 3 With what joyful exultation  
Shall the saints thy banner see,  
When the Lord for whom we've waited  
Shall proclaim the Jubilee !  
Freedom from this world's pollutions ;  
Freedom from all sin and pain ;  
Freedom from the wiles of Satan,  
And from death's destructive reign.

*Anon.*

**844**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LONG upon the mountains, weary,  
Have the scattered flock been torn ;  
Dark the desert paths, and dreary ;  
Grievous trials have they borne.  
Now the gathering call is sounding,  
Solemn in its warning voice ;  
Union, faith, and love, abounding,  
Bid the little flock rejoice.
- 2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,  
In its onward track pursue ;  
All the ten commandments keeping,  
They are holy, just, and true.  
On the words of life they're feeding,  
Precious to their taste, so sweet ;  
All their Master's precepts heeding,  
Bowing humbly at his feet.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 In that world of light and beauty,  
 In that golden city fair,  
 Soon its pearly gates they 'll enter,  
 And of all its glories share.  
 There, divine the soul's expansions ;  
 Free from sin, and death, and pain ;  
 Tears will never dim those mansions  
 Where the saints immortal reign.
- 4 Soon He comes ! with clouds descending ;  
 All his saints, entombed, arise ;  
 The redeemed, in anthems blending,  
 Shout their victory through the skies.  
 O, we long for thine appearing ;  
 Come, O Saviour, quickly come !  
 Blessed hope ! our spirits cheering,  
 Take thy ransomed children home.
- Annie R. Smith.*

**845**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,  
 Born to set thy people free ;  
 From our fears and sins release us,  
 Let us find our rest in thee ;  
 Israel's strength and consolation,  
 Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
 Dear Desire of every nation,  
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born, thy people to deliver ;  
 Born a child and yet a king ;  
 Born to reign o'er us forever ;  
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :  
 By thine own eternal Spirit  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

*Charles Wesley.*

**846**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting ;  
 Mine's a city yet to come ;  
 Onward to it I am hastening—  
 On to my eternal home.  
 In it all is light and glory ;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse, has passed away.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 2 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along ;  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.  
Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
Nevermore are sad and weary,  
Never, never sin again.

*Horatius Bonar.*

847

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time ;  
In an age on ages telling—  
To be living is sublime.  
Hark ! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray ;  
Hark ! what soundeth ? is creation  
Groaning for her latter day ?
- 2 Christian, rouse and arm for conflict,  
Nerve thee for the battle-field ;  
Bear the helmet of salvation,  
And the mighty gospel shield ;  
Let the breastplate, peace, be on thee,  
Take the Spirit's sword in hand ;  
Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then,  
In Jehovah's strength to stand.
- 3 Wicked spirits gather round thee,  
Legions of those foes to God—  
Principalities most mighty—  
Walk unseen the earth abroad ;  
They are gathering to the battle,  
Strengthened for the last deep strife ;  
Christian, arm ! be watchful, ready,  
Struggle manfully for life.
- 4 And the prince of evil spirits,  
Great deceiver of the world !  
He who at the blessed Jesus  
Once his deadly weapons hurled,  
Cometh with unwonted power,  
Knowing that his reign will cease  
When the kingdom shall be given  
To the mighty Prince of peace.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 5 Christian, rouse ! fight in this warfare,  
Cease not till the victory's won ;  
Till your Captain loud proclaimeth,  
" Servant of the Lord, well done !"  
He, alone, who thus is faithful,  
Who abideth to the end,  
Hath the promise, in the kingdom  
An eternity to spend.

*Anon.*

848

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 PILGRIMS, on ! the day is dawning ;  
Strike your tents, and homeward haste :  
Sleep not while the blush of morning  
Calls you on the desert waste.  
Though the way be dark and dreary,  
Life's sharp anguish must be borne ;  
Courage, then, ye faint and weary,  
Linger not to weep and mourn.
- 2 Pilgrims, on ! the storm is beating,—  
Beating wildly on your way :  
Tarry not, the time is fleeting ;  
Shall the storm your footsteps stay ?  
Hasten on, through joy and sorrow,  
Or whatever may betide,  
Wait not for the calm to-morrow,  
Faithful at your work abide.
- 3 Pilgrims, on ! what though in dangers,  
Life's eventful course pursue ;  
Labor on, ye friendless strangers,  
Grace will guide you safely through.  
What if trials must befall you !  
What if fierce temptations rise !  
Shall earth's bitter strife appall you  
While contending for the prize ?
- 4 Pilgrims, on ! there's rest in heaven,  
Rest from every anxious care,  
Rest in Jesus' smiles, forgiven,  
Peaceful and eternal there.  
O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness,  
O, 't were well the cross to bear,  
If at last, in joy and gladness,  
We may rest forever there !

*Anon.*

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**849**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 TIME, thou speedest on but slowly ;  
     Hours, how tardy is your pace !  
     Ere with Him, the high and holy,  
     I hold converse face to face.  
     Here is naught but care and mourning ;  
     Comes a joy, it will not stay ;  
     Fairly shines the sun at dawning,  
     Night will soon o'ercloud the day.
- 2 Onward, then ! not long I wander  
     Ere my Saviour comes for me,  
     And with him abiding yonder,  
     All his glory I shall see.  
     O, the music and the singing  
     Of the hosts redeemed by love !  
     O, the hallelujahs ringing  
     Through the halls of light above !

*Catharine Wikworth.*

**850**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
     Borders on the shades of death,  
     Come, and by thyself revealing,  
     Dissipate the clouds beneath.  
     Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator.  
     In our deepest darkness rise ;  
     Scattering all the night of nature,  
     Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thy appearing ;  
     Life and joy thy beams impart,  
     Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
     Every poor benighted heart.  
     Come, extend thy wonted favor  
     To our ruined, guilty race ;  
     Come, thou blest, exalted Saviour !  
     Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 3 By thine all-atoning merit  
     Every burdened soul release ;  
     By the teachings of thy Spirit  
     Guide us into perfect peace ;  
     So shall we, at thine appearing,  
     Wait thy smiling face to see ;  
     So, the joyful summons hearing,  
     Enter into rest with thee.

*Charles Wesley.*

## CLOSING WORK.

**851**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LIFT your heads with faith, the morrow  
Dawneth brighter than to-day,  
Angel hands will lift the shadows,  
Chase the gathering gloom away.

CHORUS.

Lift your heads, the day is breaking,  
Soon the morning will appear ;  
Signs proclaim the Lord is coming ;  
Lift your heads ; the day draws near.

- 2 Art thou lonely, sad, and weary,  
Watching through the silent night ?  
Dry thy tears, the orient glistens  
Like a thread of silver light.
- 3 What though wars and earth's commotions  
Cause men's hearts to fail with fear ?  
God, your Father, rules the nations,  
Christ will for his saints appear.

*Anon.*

**852**

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 LET every lamp be burning bright,  
The darkest hour is nearing ;  
The darkest hour of earth's long night,  
Before the Lord's appearing.

CHORUS.

Then trim your lamps, my brethren dear,  
Then trim your lamps with godly fear ;  
The Master's coming draweth near,  
Let every lamp be burning.

- 2 Though thousands calmly slumber on,  
The last great message spurning,  
We'll rest our living faith upon  
His promise of returning.
- 3 His word our lamp, his truth our guide,  
We cannot be mistaken ;  
Though dangers rise on every side,  
We shall not be forsaken.
- 4 Then let good works with faith appear,  
To shame the world around us ;  
Obedience brings the blessing near  
When faith has firmly bound us.

*F. E. Belden.*



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

**853**

6s & 5s. F.

- 1 THE last lovely morning,  
All blooming and fair,  
Is fast onward fleeting,  
And soon will appear ;

### CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump  
Sounds, "Come, come away !"

O, let us be ready  
To hail that glad day !

2 And when that bright morning  
In splendor shall dawn, -  
Our tears will be ended,  
Our sorrows all gone.

3 The Bridegroom from glory  
To earth shall descend,  
Ten thousand bright angels  
Around him attend.

4 The graves will be opened,  
The saints will arise,  
And with the Redeemer  
Mount up to the skies.

5 The saints, then immortal,  
In glory shall reign ;  
The Bride with the Bridegroom  
Forever remain.

*Anon.*

**854**

8s 7s & 4.

- 1 WATCHMEN on the walls of Zion,  
What, O tell us of the night ?  
Is the day-star now arising ?  
Will the morn soon greet our sight ?  
O'er your vision  
Shine there now some rays of light ?
- 2 Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks  
On our voyage all passed by ?  
Are we nearing now the haven ?  
Can we e'en the land descry ?  
Do we truly  
See the heavenly kingdom nigh ?

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 Light is beaming, day is coming !  
Let us sound aloud the cry ;  
We behold the day-star rising  
Pure and bright in yonder sky !  
Saints, be joyful ;  
Your redemption draweth nigh.
- 4 We have found the chart and compass,  
And are sure the land is near ;  
Onward, onward we are hasting,  
Soon the haven will appear ;  
Let your voices  
Sound aloud your holy cheer.

*Anon.*

### 855

8s 7s & 4.

- 1 LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners in his patience here ;  
Christ, to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords shall soon appear.  
Mark the tokens  
Of his heavenly kingdom near.
- 2 Yes, the prize shall soon be given ;  
We his open face shall see ;  
Love, the earnest of our heaven,  
Love our full reward shall be ;  
Love shall crown us  
Kings through all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 856

8s 7s & 4.

- 1 O'ER the distant mountain breaking,  
Comes the reddening dawn of day ;  
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,  
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray ;  
'T is the Saviour  
On his bright returning way.
- 2 O thou long-expected, weary  
Waits my anxious soul for thee ;  
Life is dark, and earth is dreary  
Where thy light I do not see :  
O my Saviour,  
When wilt thou return to me ?

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,  
Far away from thee I pine ;  
When, O when, shall I the gladness  
Of thy Spirit feel in mine ?  
O my Saviour,  
When shall I be wholly thine ?
- 4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand ;  
Keep me in my lowly station,  
Watching for thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In thy bright and promised land.
- 5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,  
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,  
Watching for thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home ;  
Come, my Saviour,  
O my Saviour, quickly come !

*John S. B. Monsell.*

**857**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion long in hostile lands :  
Mourning captive !  
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful ?  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
Cease thy mourning ;  
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;  
He himself appears thy Friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end :  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.

*Thomas Kelly*

## CLOSING WORK.

858

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 CHRIST is coming ! let creation  
    Bid her groans and travails cease ;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
    Hope restore and faith increase ;  
    Christ is coming !  
    Come, thou blessed Prince of peace !
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story  
    Of thy bitter cross and pain ;  
She shall yet behold thy glory  
    When thou comest back to reign ;  
    Christ is coming !  
    Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 Long thy exiles have been pining,  
    Far from rest, and home, and thee ;  
But, in heavenly vesture shining,  
    Soon they shall thy glory see ;  
    Christ is coming !  
    Haste the joyous jubilee.
- 4 With that "blessed hope" before us,  
    Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
    Onward roll, from tongue to tongue ;  
    Christ is coming !  
    Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

*John R. Macduff.*

859

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 Lo ! an angel loud proclaiming,  
    Brings the gospel of good cheer ;  
Every kindred, tongue, and people,  
    Fear the Lord, soon to appear !  
    Proclamation  
    Of the hour of Judgment near.
- 2 Lo ! another angel follows,  
    With another solemn cry ;  
"Babylon the great is fallen !"   
    Peals like thunder through the sky :  
    "Let my people  
    Now from all her errors fly."

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Yet, a third and solemn message  
Now a final doom proclaims ;  
All who worship beast or image  
Soon shall feel the avenging flames :  
Grace no longer  
Shelters their unworthy names.
- 4 Here are they who now are waiting,  
And have patience to endure ;  
While the dragon's hosts are raging,  
These confide in God, secure :  
Faith of Jesus  
And commandments keep them pure.

*Anon.*

### 860

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 YES, we trust the day is breaking ;  
Joyful times are near at hand :  
God, the mighty God, is speaking  
By his word in every land ;  
When he comes, his lost ones seeking,  
Darkness flees at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,  
Let us hail the rising ray ;  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day ;  
At the brightness of his coming  
Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his light abroad ;  
Every tongue and every language  
Soon shall hear the truth of God.
- 4 O how pleasant, how reviving  
To our hearts, to hear each day  
Joyful news from far arriving,  
That the message wins its way ;  
Those enlightening and enlivening  
Who in death and darkness lay !

## CLOSING WORK.

- 5 God of Israel, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand ;  
Let the message be victorious  
Through the world, in every land :  
Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly,  
And thy blessing now command.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 861 11s & 9s.

- 1 THE coming events of the kingdom of God  
Cast in glory their shadows before ;  
And my being would leap from its prisoned  
abode,  
And the King in his beauty adore.
- 2 He comes, and the Spirit that lingers below,  
In the hearts of the chosen and tried,  
Is quickened, and tells in its mystical flow,  
The approach of the Bridegroom and Bride.
- 3 The love and the joy and the peace of the  
blest,  
Like the day-star, arise in the soul,  
And we taste the first-fruits of the Eden of  
rest,  
And we hasten to enter the goal.

*Anon.*

### 862 9s & 8s. D.

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,  
And all the midnight shadows flee ;  
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,  
A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,  
Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
Thy home is in that world of glory  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.
- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,  
Calmly composed and dauntless, stand ;  
For lo, beyond those scenes emerges  
The hights that bound the promised land.  
Christian, behold, the land is nearing,  
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er ;  
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering !  
See in what throngs they range the shore.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,  
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray ;  
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory  
Invite thy happy soul away.  
Away, away, leave all for glory,  
Thy name is graven on the throne ;  
Thy home is in that world of beauty  
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

*John F. Rusling.*

**863**

10s. P.

- 1 DAY of redemption ! when shall we behold  
Earth overwhelmed with thy splendor untold ?  
Dark is this desert, and weary our road ;  
O for the day-spring that cometh from God !  
Deep are earth's shadows, its sorrows and gloom ;  
Oft is its gladness laid low in the tomb :  
Joy and rejoicing like shadows depart,  
Grief and affliction abide in the heart.
- 2 Many the sorrows this sad earth has known ;  
Hopes have been withered, and hearts have been  
torn ;  
Tears have been gushing from fountains of  
grief ;  
O for that morning which brings us relief !  
Ah, we have tasted of blessings to come ;  
On we have hasted to gain them at home ;  
There, in the light of eternity's morn,  
Glad shall the saints sing the conqueror's song.

*Anon.*

**864**

11s.

- 1 I'm weary of staying ; O when shall I rest  
In that promised land of the good and the blest,  
Where sin can no longer her blandishments  
spread,  
Where tears and temptations forever are fled ?
- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their  
birth,  
O'er pangs for the loved which we cannot as-  
suage,  
O'er blightings of youth and the weakness of  
age.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,  
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew ;  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away ;  
The sweetest and dearest, alas ! may not stay :  
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide us no more !
- 5 O Jesus, my Saviour, when shall I behold  
That morning long promised by prophets of old,  
When sin's night of sorrow forever is past,  
And death's silent captives are ransomed at last ?  
*Anon.*

**865**

11s.

- 1 O LIFT up your heads ! your redemption draws  
near !  
Let nothing discourage, or cause you to fear ;  
Our Saviour is faithful, his promise is sure  
To all who bear trials, hold fast, and endure.
- 2 Well may you have courage, your cause is the  
Lord's,  
Attested by signs, and with Scripture accords ;  
And though all the powers of the dragon assail,  
The truth, being mighty, will surely prevail.
- 3 Hold fast that rich treasure, nor e'er lay it down ;  
Endure to the end, and let none take thy crown ;  
The spirits of darkness will seek to devour,  
But Jesus and angels excel them in power.
- 4 Rich promise to all who shall now overcome !—  
To be a firm pillar in God's sacred dome,  
Inscribed with his name, and the Son of his love,  
And that of the city which comes from above.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

**866**

11s & 10s.

- 1 HEIR of the kingdom, O why dost thou slumber ?  
Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home ?  
Wake thee, arouse thee, and gird on thine armor,  
Speed, for the moments are hurrying on.

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 2 Heir of the kingdom, say, why dost thou linger?  
 How canst thou tarry in sight of the prize?  
 Up, and adorn thee, the Saviour is coming;  
 Haste to receive him descending the skies.
- 3 Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,  
 Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;  
 Listen, 't is naught but the chariot's loud rum-  
 bling;  
 Heir of the kingdom, no longer delay.
- 4 Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain allurements!  
 See how its glory is passing away;  
 Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er  
 thee;  
 Heir of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
- 5 Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;  
 Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;  
 Lo! o'er the mountain-tops light is now break-  
 ing;  
 Heirs of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

*Anon.*

**867**

12s & 11s.

- 1 FEAR not, little flock, 't is your Father's good  
 pleasure  
 To give you the glorious kingdom above;  
 To grant you the precious and eternal treasure  
 Of life everlasting,—a gift of his love.
- 2 No more shall ye suffer for Christ's tribulation,  
 No more shall ye rudely be scattered and torn;  
 Your trials and sorrows, your fears and temp-  
 tations,  
 Will shortly be over: no more shall ye mourn.
- 3 Earth has not the bliss which in heaven is offered,  
 And knows not the joys that await all the blest;  
 The saints are the heirs to the kingdom that's  
 proffered,—  
 The kingdom of righteousness, kingdom of rest.
- 4 Then fear not, ye flock, for your Shepherd, re-  
 turning,  
 Shall gather his sheep in his heavenly fold;  
 Shall lead you in pastures for which ye are  
 yearning,  
 And shelter you safe in the city of gold.

*F. E. Belden.*

## CLOSING WORK.

868

C. M. D.

- 1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,  
Thou glorious Star of day !  
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,  
With all our tears, away.  
No resting-place we seek on earth,  
No loveliness we see ;  
Our eye is on the royal crown,  
Prepared for us and thee.
- 2 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart !  
Star of the coming day !  
Arise, and with thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.  
Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of thy royal name,  
And own thee as their King.
- 3 Jesus, thy fair creation groans—  
The air, the earth, the sea—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for thee.  
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine ;  
Be thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory thine.
- 4 But, dearest Lord, however bright  
That crown of joy above,  
What is it to the brighter hope  
Of dwelling in thy love ?  
What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
Unmingled, pure, and free,  
Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with thee ?

*Edward Denny.*

869

C. M. D.

- 1 SOON will the heavenly Bridegroom come ;  
Ye wedding-guests draw near,  
And slumber not in sin, when he,  
The Son of God, is here !  
Come, let us haste to meet our Lord,  
And hail him with delight,  
Who saves us by his precious blood.  
From sorrows infinite !

## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 2 Beside him will the patriarchs old,  
And holy prophets stand ;  
The glorious apostolic choir,  
And noble martyr band.  
As brethren dear they 'll welcome us,  
And lead us to the throne.  
Where angels bow their vailèd heads,  
Before the Eternal One.
- 3 There we, with all the saints of God,  
A white-robed multitude,  
Shall praise our glorious Lord, who deigned  
To bear our flesh and blood.  
Our happy lot shall be to share  
His reign of peace above,  
And drink, with unexhausted joy,  
The river of his love.

*Anon.*

**870**

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a King of glory,  
Ere long on earth to rise,  
Sung in prophetic story,  
Descending from the skies ;  
The Babe of Bethlehem, 't is he ;  
It is the man of Calvary,—  
Not crowned with thorns, and gory,  
But crowned with glory now !  
Not crowned with thorns to-day,  
Not mocked and led away,  
But crowned with everlasting glory now !
- 2 He cometh, cometh speedy,  
To save his suffering saints,—  
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,—  
And endeth their complaints :  
With joy they meet him in the air,  
And shout the swelling triumph there ;  
No longer poor and needy,  
But crowned with glory now !  
Not one 's reviled to-day !  
None stumble in the way—  
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

## CLOSING WORK.

- 3 O tears, and sin, and sighing,  
 Now let your prisoner go,  
 Discharged from pain and dying  
 And from a world of woe ;  
 I go to Christ, he comes to me,  
 We meet in bright eternity.  
 On clouds he cometh flying,—  
 On clouds of glory now !  
 Victorious in his wars,  
 Full many a palm he bears,  
 And crowns of everlasting glory now !
- 4 O, what is tribulation,  
 And all the ills I bear,  
 Compared with this salvation,  
 And all the glory there ?  
 Behold a city fair and high,  
 Bright capital of earth and sky,  
 The joy of all creation,  
 And filled with glory now !  
 The armies of his grace  
 Triumphant reach the place :  
 'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now !
- 5 There every sight that pleases,  
 There every sound that cheers,  
 There sweet, immortal breezes,  
 Inspire the balmy years ;  
 There all the just join in a band,  
 From every age, from every land,  
 While o'er them reigns King Jesus,  
 With crowns of glory now !  
 The people of his grace  
 Have reached the heavenly place :  
 'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now ! *Anon.*

871

12s.

- 1 GLAD tidings ! glad tidings ! the kingdom is near,  
 And our glorious Deliverer will soon, soon appear.  
 In the clouds of bright glory to earth he will come,  
 And the angels will bear us to heaven, our home.
- 2 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the kingdom is near ;  
 On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear ;  
 There with harps tuned celestial our voices we'll  
 raise  
 To the Lord, our Redeemer, in accents of praise.



## WAITING FOR CHRIST.

- 3 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the kingdom is near ;  
Then rejoice, ye sad exiles, and be of good cheer,  
Lo ! the promised possession we soon shall receive,  
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

*Anon.*

**872**

P. M.

- 1 LONG for my Saviour I've been waiting,  
Long time have watched by night and day ;  
Feared, lest my faith and hope abating,  
I should lose courage by the way.

CHORUS.

Jesus soon is coming ;  
This is my song ;—  
Cheers the heart when joys depart,  
And foes are pressing strong.

- 2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow  
I have been wandering many years,  
Still looking for that happy morrow  
When God would wipe away my tears.

- 3 Ofttimes the tempter comes in power,  
Fain then would lead my steps astray ;  
But when the clouds begin to lower,  
Hope turns the darkness into day.

- 4 O it will be but little longer  
I must these many woes endure ;  
Then let my faith and hope grow stronger ;  
My Father's promise still is sure.

*Anon.*

**873**

P. M.

- 1 JESUS our Saviour says, I will appear !  
Have you faith ?  
My trumpet is sounding majestic and clear ;  
Have you faith ?  
The faithful alone I come to see,  
And they shall live and reign with me ;  
Only have faith !

## CLOSING WORK.

2 Prophets have spoken, their words are fulfilled ;  
Have you faith ?  
My word is established, your anguish is stilled ;  
Have you faith ?  
The plan of salvation faith's eye will see,  
And live forever and reign with me ;  
Only have faith !

3 Though I should tarry, O be not dismayed ;  
Have you faith ?  
The Judgment is coming o'er all, I've said ;  
Have you faith ?  
The doubt to the bondage, the faith to the free,  
To live forever and reign with me ;  
Only have faith !

*Anon.*

**874** C. P. M.

1 How happy are the little flock  
Who safe beneath their guardian Rock  
In all commotions rest !  
When war's and tumult's waves run high,  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,  
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,  
And bid our hearts arise :  
The signs confirm our trembling hope,  
While scoffers still in darkness grope,  
And view them with surprise.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess ;  
The war proclaims the Prince of peace ;  
The earthquake speaks thy power ;  
The famine all thy fullness brings ;  
The plague presents thy healing wings,  
And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call,  
A sign of Jesus near.  
His chariot will not long delay ;  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
"Triumphant Lord, appear !"

*Charles Wesley.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

875

L. M.

- 1 HE reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Sing to his name in lofty strains,  
Let all the saints in songs rejoice,  
And in his praise exalt their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with wild dismay  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

*Isaac Watts.*

876

L. M.

- 1 DARK brood the heavens over thee,  
Black clouds of gloom are gathering fast,  
In awful power thy God has come,  
Thy days of sin and mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens over thee,  
Red flames of death are bursting round ;  
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,  
How shakes the heaving, broken ground !
- 3 Dark brood the heavens over thee,  
Behold, the Judge of all appears ;  
Unnumbered millions throng around,  
Raised from the buried dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens over thee ;  
Sinner, behold thy dreadful doom !  
Destruction opens wide for thee  
Thy blindly chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay,—the vision lingers yet ;  
Why, sinner, O, why wilt thou die ?  
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits ;  
This hour to Christ, thy Saviour, fly.

*Anon.*

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

877

L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away !  
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,—
- 3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

*Walter Scott.*

878

L. M.

- 1 WHEN Thou shalt come with trumpet sound,  
With countless angels hovering round,  
O Saviour ! grant me, in the air,  
With all thy saints, to meet thee there !
- 2 Weep, O my soul ! ere that great day  
When God shall shine in stern array ;  
O weep thy sin, that thou mayest be  
In that severest Judgment free !
- 3 O Christ ! forgive, remit, protect,  
And set thy servant with the elect,  
That I may hear the voice that calls  
The righteous to thy heavenly halls !

*John M. Neale.*

879

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is coming ! let this be  
The herald note of jubilee ;  
And when we meet, and when we part,  
The salutation from the heart.
- 2 The Lord is coming ! sound it forth,  
From East to West, from South to North ;  
Speed on ! speed on the tidings glad,  
That none who love him may be sad.
- 3 The Lord is coming ! saints, rejoice !  
We soon shall hear his glorious voice,  
Majestic, uttered from afar,  
As on he hastes his conquering car.

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 4 The Lord is coming ! vengeful, dire,  
Are all his judgments and his ire,  
And none can hope to escape his wrath,  
Who walk not in the narrow path.

*Anon.*

880

L. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour comes to raise the just,  
Who long have slumbered in the dust ;  
His voice will break their long repose.  
And snatch them from the last of foes.
- 2 He comes to change the waiting ones  
Who now endure the world's cold frowns :  
Their feet are planted on the Rock ;  
They fear not, though a little flock.
- 3 Sinner, dost thou not dread thy doom ?  
The retribution hastens on ;  
Stern justice lifts the avenging sword  
To slay the mocker of God's word.
- 4 O then repent, ere the decree,  
" Let him that's filthy, filthy be,"  
From the stern Judge's lips shall fall,  
And thou for rocks and mountains call !

*Anon.*

881

L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh ;  
He soon will rend the azure sky,  
Descending swift to earth again,  
When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 Saints, lift your heads ; that day is near  
When your Redeemer shall appear,  
To take the kingdom and the crown,  
And make his ransomed church his own.
- 3 Day promised long, now soon to dawn,  
When sin's dark night of death is gone !  
Come quickly, Lord, we long to see  
That morning of eternity.
- 4 And while we wait, we'll toil and pray,  
Still watching for that glorious day  
When with the voice of trumpet loud  
The Judge appears on yonder cloud.

*Anon.*

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

882

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is coming ! seas, retire !  
Ye mountains, melt to liquid fire !  
Ye oceans, cease to ebb and flow !  
His stately steppings ye should know.
- 2 The Lord is coming ! Who shall stand ?  
Who shall be found at his right hand ?—  
He with the righteous garment on  
Which Christ our glorious King hath won.
- 3 The Lord is coming ! watch and pray !  
So shalt thou hasten that glad day ;  
So shalt thou then escape the snare,  
And Christ's eternal glory share.

*Anon.*

883

L. M.

- 1 STAR of our hope ! he'll soon appear,  
The last loud trumpet speaks him near ;  
Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole—  
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound :  
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,  
Arrayed in majesty divine,  
And in his highest glories shine.
- 3 The grave yields up its precious trust,  
Which long has slumbered in the dust ;  
Resplendent forms ascending, fair,  
Now meet the Saviour in the air.
- 4 Descending with his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own ;  
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing,  
And hail him their triumphant King.
- 5 O joyful day, when he appears  
With all his saints, to end their fears !  
Our Lord will then his right obtain,  
And in his kingdom ever reign.

*Anon.*

884

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord will come ! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came—  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.



## SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 The Lord will come !—a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- 3 Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?  
O God ! is this the Crucified ?
- 4 Ye men of earth, to mountains call ;  
Bid ragged rocks upon you fall ;  
Seek, in the cavern's gloomy maze,  
A refuge from his piercing gaze.
- 5 But saints who here have waited long,  
Now raise with joy the choral song,  
Lo ! this is he, our coming Lord,  
He saves according to his word.

*Reginald Heber.*

885

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is coming ! glad and free  
Proclaim the note of jubilee.  
Arouse, ye nations, countless throng,  
Ring out the tidings loud and long.
- 2 This earth, with her ten thousand wrongs,  
Will soon be tuned to nobler songs ;  
Our praise shall then, in realms of light,  
With all his universe unite.
- 3 The Lord is coming ! herald, cry ;  
For our redemption draweth nigh :  
The great glad day of sin's eclipse  
Is trembling on heaven's finger-tips.
- 4 The trumpet sounds o'er land and sea,  
And heaven rolls back the melody ;  
The sleeping nations of the dead  
Awake, and leave their earth-dark bed.
- 5 The Lord, our Saviour, Prince of heaven,  
Descends 'mid clouds all thunder riven ;  
Look up, ye saints, behold your King,  
He comes deliverance to bring.

*Mary A. Steward.*

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

886

C. M.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord will come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace,  
And make the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

*Isaac Watts.*

887

S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,  
Astonished, shrink away !
- 3 But e'er that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of the cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

*Philip Doddridge.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

888

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the day is come ;  
The righteous Judge is near ;  
And sinners, trembling at their doom  
Shall soon their sentence hear.
- 2 Angels, in bright attire,  
Conduct him through the skies ;  
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,  
Attend him as he flies.
- 3 The whole creation groans ;  
But saints arise and sing :  
They are the ransomed of the Lord,  
And he their God and King.

*Benjamin Beddo*

889

C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,  
Thou ruler of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, Depart !
- 3 What ! to be banished from my Lord,  
To rocks and mountains cry !  
And yet to them must call in vain ;  
For who his wrath can fly ?
- 4 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I cannot taste his love !

*Isaac Watts.*

890

C. M.

- 1 THE angel comes,—he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord ;  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they in sheaves to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound ?—  
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
Choked the fair crop around.

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

- 3 And who are they reserved in store,  
God's treasure-house to fill?—  
The wheat, a hundredfold that bore,  
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy! grant us power  
Thy fiery wrath to flee;  
In thy destroying angel's hour  
O, gather us to thee!

*Anon.*

**891**

C. M.

- 1 AND must I be to Judgment brought,  
And answer in that day  
For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes; every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
In all I speak or do.

*Charles Wesley.*

**892**

C. M.

- 1 THRONED on a cloud, the Judge will come,  
Bright flames prepare his way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"  
No more abuse his long delay  
By carelessness and sin.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all his poor oppressed,  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.

*Anon.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

893

C. M.

- 1 A DAY of awful grandeur dawns,  
And lo ! the Judge appears ;  
Ye heavens, retire before his face ;  
And sink, ye darkened stars.
- 2 The day approaches, O my soul,  
The great decisive day  
Which from the verge of mortal life  
Shall bear thee far away.
- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour—  
One precious hour—remain ;  
Rouse, then, my soul, with all thy power,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

*Anon.*

894

C. M.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long ;  
He comes to reign on David's throne ;  
Lift up your joyful song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes to usher in the morn  
With his celestial ray,  
And on the eyes oppressed with night  
To pour eternal day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

*Philip Doddridge.*

895

C. M.

- 1 As Jesus died, and rose again  
Victorious from the dead ;  
So his disciples rise and reign  
With their triumphant Head.

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

- 2 The time draws nigh when from the clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend ;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high ;  
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go ;  
And dwell forever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.

*Isaac Watts.*

**896**

C. M.

- 1 EACH setting sun draws near the day  
When, at Jehovah's word,  
The heavens like smoke shall pass away,  
Revealing Christ our Lord.
- 2 To speak our doom he will descend,  
Beheld by every eye ;  
Life or destruction shall attend  
Those judgments from on high.
- 3 Then weigh thyself with anxious care,  
And seek a throne of grace ;  
Thy soul his Spirit can prepare  
To stand before his face.

*S. Isadore Miner.*

**897**

C. P. M.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,  
To call thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand ?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
Though weakest of them all ;  
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shalt call ?



## SECOND ADVENT.

- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace !  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place  
In that expected day.  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face ;  
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of endless grace.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.*

**898**

C. P. M.

- 1 THE night is spent ; the morning ray  
Comes ushering in the glorious day,  
The promised time of rest.  
Hark ! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,  
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,  
Proclaiming tidings blest.
- 2 Ah ! see, the graves are opening now,  
The saints come forth, and every brow  
Beams with a radiant joy ;  
To life immortal they arise,  
Inheritors of Paradise,  
Where death cannot destroy.
- 3 Stupendous scene ! those men of old,—  
Prophets, who have the story told  
Of this transcendent day,  
The patriarchs, apostles too,  
Who lived and died with it in view,  
Come forth in bright array,—
- 4 Now satisfied ; for like their Lord,  
Whose promise shines within the word,  
His likeness they should wear ;  
A glittering host, like stars on high,  
In glory and in majesty,  
Upon the earth appear !

*Anon.*

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

899

S. M. D.

- 1 He's coming once again,  
To set his people free ;  
That where he is, in glory bright,  
His saints may also be.  
Then lift the drooping head,  
Look up, rejoice and sing ;  
He comes, in majesty sublime,  
Salvation's glorious King !
- 2 The earth shall quake with fear,  
The heavens shall flee away ;  
And where shall guilty man appear  
In that tremendous day ?  
No refuge then is nigh,  
No shelter from the blast ;  
The night of vengeance veils the sky  
When mercy's day is past.
- 3 His eyes of living flame,  
The wicked shall devour ;  
No tongue will lightly speak the name  
Of Jesus in that hour.  
No scorn, no words of hate,  
For his meek followers then ;  
But prayers and tears that come too late  
Will mark earth's mighty men.

*F. E. Belden.*

900

6s & 5s. P.

- 1 JESUS, faithful to his word,  
Shall with a shout descend ;  
All heaven's host their glorious Lord  
Shall joyfully attend.
- 2 Christ shall come, ye saints, rejoice !  
He'll come with thunders loud,  
With the Archangel's mighty voice,  
And with the trump of God.
- 3 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;  
Then we that yet remain  
Shall be caught up into the skies,  
And see our Lord again.

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 4 We shall meet him in the air ;  
And all his glory see ;  
We'll know, and love, and praise him there.  
From death forever free.
- 5 Who can tell the happiness  
This glorious hope affords ?  
Unuttered pleasure we possess  
In these reviving words.

*Charles Wesley.*

**901**

7s. D.

- 1 HARK ! the song of jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore :  
Hallelujah ! 't is the Lord !  
Lo, he comes on earth to reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound  
Rises joyful to the skies ;  
From above, beneath, around,  
Wake creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banner furled,  
Sheathed his sword : he speaks,—'tis done,  
Now the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With supreme, unbounded sway ;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away :  
Then beneath his iron rod,  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah ! to our God,  
Lo, he comes to conquer all.

*James Montgomery.*

**902**

7s. D.

- 1 To the kingdom promised long,  
With his shining angel throng,  
Righteous vengeance to fulfill,  
Recompense for good and ill,  
Adam's race from dust to call,  
Lo, He cometh, Judge of all !  
Adam's race from dust to call,  
Lo, He cometh, Judge of all.

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

- 2 He shall speak, and earth shall hear ;  
Rending rocks shall quake with fear,  
And the waking dead shall come  
From the silence of the tomb.  
Shaken heavens and shattered earth  
Then shall rise to second birth.  
Shaken heavens and shattered earth  
Then shall rise to second birth.
- 3 Then the glory to his own !  
Then the kingdom and the crown !  
Then the sinner's hope shall close ;  
Then begin his final woes ;  
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—  
Who shall break his iron chain ?  
Then he knocks, but knocks in vain,—  
Who shall break his iron chain ?
- 4 Earth is fleeing, fleeing fast,  
And its beauty fades at last ;  
O beloved, then, awake,  
Bonds of carnal slumber break ;  
Wake, beloved, watch and pray,  
While remains one hour of day !  
Wake, beloved, watch and pray,  
While remains one hour of day !
- 5 Judgment cometh ;—O beware !  
Judgment cometh ;—O prepare !  
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,  
For the Judge is nigh at hand ;  
Steadfast let us rest each night,  
Steadfast wake at morning light.  
Steadfast let us rest each night,  
Steadfast wake at morning light.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**903**

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons,  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 See the Lord in glory nearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day as thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea !  
All the powers of nature shaken  
By his looks prepare to flee.  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, " Come near, ye blessèd,  
See the kingdom I bestow ;  
You forever  
Shall my love and glory know."  
*John Newton.*

**904**

7s.

- 1 HARK ! that shout of rapture high,  
Bursting forth from yonder cloud ;  
Jesus comes, and, through the sky,  
Angels tell their joy aloud.
- 2 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice  
Sounds abroad o'er sea and land ;  
Let his people now rejoice ;  
Their redemption is at hand.
- 3 See, the Lord appears in view ;  
Heaven and earth before him fly ;  
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you ;  
Rise, to meet him in the sky.
- 4 Go and dwell with him above,  
Where no foe can e'er molest ;  
Happy in the Saviour's love,  
Ever blessing, ever blest.

*Thomas Kelly.*

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

**905**

8s, 7s & 4.

1 Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain ;  
Countless angels, him attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him  
Robed in dreadful majesty !  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see !

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate him, must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day,—  
“Come to Judgment !  
Come to Judgment ! Come away !”

4 Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thy eternal throne !  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Make thy righteous sentence known ;  
O come quickly,  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !

*Charles Wesley.*

**906**

8s, 7s & 4.

1 HARK ! the Archangel's trump is sounding,  
Solemn tones break on the ear ;  
Louder now its echoes bounding,  
All the earth astonished hear :  
Hallelujah !  
Christ our Saviour doth appear.

2 See the righteous dead are waking,  
Coming forth from dust anew ;  
Light resplendent o'er them breaking ;—  
Jesus Christ appears to view !  
Hallelujah !  
They have found the promise true.



## SECOND ADVENT.

- 3 Now the happy throng in union  
Rise to meet their coming Lord ;  
Joyfully they hold communion,  
Entering on their great reward :  
Hallelujah !  
Praise his gracious name and word.
- 4 Freed from every pain and sorrow,  
Every tear is wiped away ;  
No forebodings of a morrow  
Dark and fearful—all is day !  
Day forever,  
With the saints, a blissful day.

*Anon.*

**907**

8s, 7s & 4.

- 1 Lo ! He comes ; the Archangel's trumpet  
Wakes to life the slumbering dead ;  
'Mid ten thousand thousand angels,  
See their great exalted Head :  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints behold the Judge appear ;  
Truth and justice go before him ;  
Now the blissful sentence hear :  
Hallelujah !  
Judge divine, O soon appear !
- 3 Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Enter into life and joy ;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows ;  
Endless praise be your employ :  
Hallelujah !  
Welcome bliss without alloy.

*John Cennick.*

**908**

12s.

- 1 THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;  
Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead  
are bowed.
- 2 The glory ! the glory ! around him are poured  
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord ;  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
Who in triumph their palm-wreaths of victory  
wear.

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

- 3 The Judgment ! the Judgment ! the thrones are  
all set,  
Where the Lamb and the angels and elders are  
met ;  
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 4 O mercy ! O mercy ! look down from above,  
Great Creator, on us thy sad children, with love ;  
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are  
driven,  
May we find a reward and a mansion in heaven.

*Henry H. Milman.*

**909**

11s.

- 1 THE Saviour is coming, O children of light !  
With hosts of the angels, the angels of might.  
Adown the bright azure, with banners of flame,  
He'll come soon in triumph his loved ones to  
claim.
- 2 The trumpet long sounding, with notes loud and  
shrill,  
The dead will awaken in valley and hill.  
The touch of the Master we all soon shall feel ;  
He'll make us immortal, while glad anthems peal.
- 3 Away toward the city,—the city of gold,—  
We'll mount with the Master, in numbers untold.  
He'll deck every forehead with coronet bright,  
He'll robe each believer in garments of white.
- 4 Through heaven's high portals we'll enter at last,  
With shouts of rejoicing, our sorrows all past.  
Along the bright river,—the river of life,—  
We'll wander together, our souls free from strife.
- 5 With harps and with voices we'll join in the song  
Of Moses, the faithful, and Jesus, the strong.  
Then shout, O ye children, ye children of light,  
The Saviour is coming : he's almost in sight !

*W. H. Littlejohn.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

**910**

P. M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of men I see appear  
On clouds of glory seated :  
The trumpet sounds : the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,—  
Caught up to meet him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding ;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold his wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God ! what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of man I see appear  
On clouds of glory seated :  
Beneath his cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet him.

*William B. Collyer.*

**911**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 Lo, He cometh ! countless trumpets  
Christ's appearance usher in :  
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels  
See our Judge and Saviour shine :  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.
- 2 Now the song of all the ransomed,  
" Worthy is the Lamb," resounds ;  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,  
Every eye shall see his wounds :  
Great his glory, great his glory !  
Every knee to him shall bow.

## EXECUTIVE JUDGMENT.

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain—  
Earth and heaven—flee away ;  
All his enemies confounded  
Hear the trump proclaim his day :  
Come to Judgment ! come to Judgment !  
Stand before the Son of man.
- 4 All who love him view his glory,  
In his bright, once-marr'd face :  
Jesus cometh ; all his people  
Now their heads with gladness raise :  
Happy mourners ! happy mourners !  
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes !
- 5 See redemption, long expected,  
On that awful day appear ;  
All his people, once despised,  
Joyful meet him in the air :  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.
- John 'Cennick*

**912**

H. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, my spirit longs  
To see the glorious day  
When saints with joyful songs  
And lifted eyes shall say,  
“Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.”
- 2 He comes to set us free  
From every galling chain,  
In glorious liberty,  
In endless life to reign.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.
- 3 To David's glorious Son,  
The glad hosanna raise,  
His blissful reign, begun,  
Shall last through endless days.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.

## SECOND ADVENT.

4 From sin, and death, and hell,  
We evermore are free,  
With Christ henceforth to dwell,  
And all his glory see.  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.

5 The Saviour, promised long,  
Appears, on earth to reign ;  
Awake the swelling song,  
Loud peal the lofty strain,—  
Lo, this is he, our glorious Lord,  
He comes according to his word.

*Anon.*

**913**

P. M

1 THE great decisive day is at hand, is at hand !  
The great decisive day is at hand ;  
The day when Christ will come  
To call his children home,  
And to seal the sinner's doom,—  
Is at hand, is at hand ;—  
And to seal the sinner's doom, is at hand.

2 Those who made his crown of thorns will be  
there, will be there !  
Those who made his crown of thorns will be  
there !  
Those who smote him with the reed  
Upon his sacred head,  
And made his temples bleed,—  
Will be there, will be there ;—  
And made his temples bleed, will be there.

3 Where will the sinner hide in that day, in that  
day ?  
Where will the sinner hide in that day ?  
It will be in vain to call,  
“Ye mountains on us fall,”  
For his hand will find out all  
In that day, in that day ;  
For his hand will find out all in that day.

*Anon.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

914

L. M.

- 1 THE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When death inflicts his fatal wound,  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend,  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
The almighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a numerous train of ills  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail ;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Our Father, God ! to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend ;  
And on thy covenant love and truth,  
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

*Anon.*

915

L. M.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,  
When all is peaceful and serene,  
And the broad sun's retiring ray  
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;  
So peacefully he sinks to rest  
When faith, endued from Heaven with power,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;  
They tell us of his hope on high  
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

*William Bathurst.*

916

L. M.

- 1 BLESSED are they henceforth that die  
Reclining on the Saviour's breast ;  
They cease from every care and sigh,  
From all their labors they have rest.



## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 No more they meet with cruel foes,  
No more with anxious care oppressed :  
They warred the conflict till life's close ;  
Their toil is o'er, they sweetly rest.
- 3 The living saints have yet to meet  
And brave the tempter's utmost ire ;  
The grave will be a blest retreat  
While earth is whelmed in troubles dire.
- 4 Thy righteous will be done, O God !  
To meet the foe and overcome,  
Or lay me down beneath the sod  
To rest till thou shalt call me home.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

**917**

L. M.

- 1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the quiet dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the  
bed :  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

*Isaac Watts.*

**918**

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD how sweet, how calm, how fair,  
The broken bud that slumbers there !  
E'er it had bloomed on earth, to die,  
It died on earth, to bloom on high.
- 2 Weep not as those who weep in vain,  
Nor like the hopeless ones complain ;  
Our frosted buds, our withered flowers,  
Shall spring again in fairer bowers.
- 3 O blessed hope to mourners given—  
The hope of union sweet in heaven !—  
No more to part, no more to weep,  
No more to sleep death's silent sleep.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Then let this hope our spirits cheer :  
The promised morn will soon appear,—  
The morn that sets the prisoners free,  
The morning of eternity.

*F. E. Belden.*

**919**

L. M.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine  
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colors shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With luster brighter far shall shine,  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If Heaven but recompense our pains ;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

*Samuel Wesley, Jr.*

**920**

L. M.

- 1 HE sleeps in Jesus,—peaceful rest,—  
No mortal strife invades his breast ;  
No pain, nor sin, nor woe, nor care,  
Can reach the silent slumberer there.
- 2 He lived, his Saviour to adore,  
And meekly all his sufferings bore :  
He loved, and all resigned to God ;  
Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 Does earth attract thee here? they cried;  
The dying Christian thus replied,  
While pointing upward to the sky  
“My treasure is laid up on high.”
- 4 He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
To wake in full, immortal bloom.
- 5 He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief;  
Let this afford thee sweet relief—  
That, freed from death’s triumphant reign,  
In heaven he will live again.

*Annie R. Smith.*

### 921

L. M.

- 1 THUS one by one our loved ones go,  
From year to year, from snow to snow;  
The buds of spring-time hardly bloom  
Ere winter plucks them for the tomb.
- 2 The sweetest songsters soonest fly,  
The fondest hopes the soonest die,  
And harps but once to gladness strung  
Are on the weeping-willows hung.
- 3 How much of grief, how little joy,  
How little gold, how much alloy,  
How many doubts, how many fears  
Ye bring us, O ye passing years!
- 4 Though sorrow dims our vision here,  
Faith points beyond this mortal sphere,  
Where tears of anguish never flow,  
Where pain and death none ever know.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 922

L. M.

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,  
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.
- 2 Is there no kind, no healing art,  
To soothe the anguish of the heart?  
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh;  
Thy comforts were not made to die.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 Let gentle Patience smile on pain,  
Till dying Hope revives again ;  
She wipes the tear from Sorrow's eye,  
And Faith points upward to the sky.

*Anne Steele.*

**923**

L. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;  
And though to worms my flesh he gives,  
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this re-animated clay  
I surely shall behold him near,  
Shall see him in the latter day  
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 With mine and not another's eyes  
The King in beauty I shall view ;  
I shall from him receive the prize,  
The starry crown to victors due.

*Anon.*

**924**

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep  
From which none ever wake to weep ;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to rest  
In hope of being ever blest.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! Soon to rise,  
When the last trump shall rend the skies ;  
Then burst the fetters of the tomb,  
And wake in full, immortal bloom.

*Margaret Mackay.*

**925**

L. M.

- 1 THE saints may rest within the tomb  
Awhile until the morning come ;  
Then shall they rise to meet their God,  
And ever dwell in his abode.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 Celestial dawn ! Triumphant hour !  
How glorious that awakening power  
Which bids the sleeping dust arise,  
And join the anthems of the skies !
- 3 This weary life will soon be past,  
The lingering morn will come at last,  
And gloomy mists will roll away  
Before that bright, unfading day.

*Anon.*

### 926

L. M.

- 1 How vain is all beneath the skies !  
How transient every earthly bliss !  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :  
If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

*David E. Ford.*

### 927

L. M.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,  
Forever molder in the grave ?  
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,  
Thy promise, and thy power to save ?
- 2 In those dark realms of night and gloom  
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?  
No future morning light the tomb,  
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies ?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears !  
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness  
• sprang,  
Death, the last foe, was captive led,  
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors  
Unfold to make his children way ;  
They shall be clothed with endless life,  
And shine in everlasting day.  
*Timothy Dwight.*

### 928 L. M.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,  
But withers in the rising day,  
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,  
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desires,  
Had ever spurned high Heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,  
But for a moment felt the rod :  
O mourner, such the Lord declares,  
Such are the children of our Lord.  
*John W. Cunningham.*

### 929 L. M.

- 1 THE living know that they must die,  
But all the dead unconscious lie ;  
Their powers of thought and sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 2 Their hatred and their love are lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands must hasten to pursue ;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.  
*Anon.*

### 930 L. M.

- 1 GENTLY, dear Saviour, now we bring  
The loved one Death has called his own ;  
With all our griefs to thee we cling,  
For unto thee our griefs are known.
- 2 Thy way is best ; and though we weep,  
We would not break this calm repose :  
Thou givest thy beloved sleep,  
And thou hast willed these eyes should close.



## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 Blest be the grief that closer binds  
Our mourning hearts, O Lord, to thee !  
Blest be the faith,—in death that finds  
A hope of immortality !
- 4 Thus dust to dust, and earth to earth,  
And ashes cold we lay away  
To wait that glad, immortal birth,—  
The promised resurrection day.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 931

L. M.

- 1 THOUGH love may weep with breaking heart,  
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine !  
There is a Morning Star must shine,  
And all those shadows shall depart.
- 2 Though faith may droop and tremble here,  
That day of light shall surely come ;  
His path will lead him safely home ;  
When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.
- 3 Though hope seem now to hope in vain,  
And Death seem king of all below,  
There yet shall come the morning glow,  
And wake our slumberers once again.

*Anon.*

### 932

L. M.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass,  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 We live, we die : behold the sum  
Of good or ill on life's fair page ;  
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly.

*Jane Faylor.*

### 933

C. M.

- 1 How long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,  
And triumph o'er the just ?  
How long the blood of martyrs slain,  
Lie mingled with the dust ?

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 When shall the tedious night be gone ?  
When will our Lord appear ?  
Our fond desires would pray him down,  
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let Faith arise, and climb the hills,  
And from afar descry  
How distant are his chariot wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise !"  
And lo ! the graves obey ;  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute the expected day.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 934

C. M.

- 1 JESUS made known the path of light,  
Which righteous men shall tread ;  
He showed the way, the truth, the life,  
In rising from the dead.
- 2 Then let these fleshly yearnings cease,  
Let joy our hearts expand ;  
Death is to them a peaceful sleep  
Who keep their Lord's command.
- 3 This sleeping dust ere long shall rise,  
And these dead bones awake,  
When Christ in glory rends the skies,  
And all the kingdoms shake.

*Anon.*

### 935

C. M.

- 1 WHY should we tremble to convey  
The Christian to the tomb ?  
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.
- 2 The graves of all his saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed ;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?
- 3 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way :  
Up to the Lord we all shall fly  
At the great rising day.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise :  
Awake, ye nations under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 936

C. M.

- 1 A LOVELY infant sleeps in death ;—  
How beautiful and fair !  
Yes, even now, though void of breath,  
God's impress still is there.
- 2 And if thus fair and lovely here,  
Beneath death's icy hand,  
O will it not be beauteous there,  
'Mid the immortal band ?
- 3 When Jesus bids it rise and live  
With all the saints in light,  
A glorious body then he'll give,  
Resplendent to the sight !
- 4 Though nature weeps when lovely ties  
So strongly bound are riven,  
Yet faith the Saviour's words applies,  
"Of such the realms of heaven !"

*Anon.*

### 937

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My great Redeemer ever lives,  
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,  
High on a royal seat ;  
And death, the last of all our foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.
- 4 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong, immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy wondrous grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

*Isaac Watts.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

938

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !  
It melts in deepening gloom ;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low, the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast ;  
So sweet the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 4 And lo ! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears ;  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 5 Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore ;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death,  
Shall wake to close no more.

*William B. O. Peabody.*

939

C. M.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice  
This rending earth shall shake,  
When opening graves shall yield their charge,  
And dust to life awake,—
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,  
Shall incorrupt arise,  
And mortal forms shall spring to life  
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung  
Is now at last fulfilled ;  
And Death yields up his ancient reign,  
And, vanquished, quits the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
And now in triumph sing :—  
O grave, where is thy victory ?  
And where, O death, thy sting ?

*William Cameron.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

**940**

C. M.

- 1 UNCONSCIOUS now in peaceful sleep,  
From all her cares at rest,  
While friends around are called to weep,  
She is divinely blessed.
- 2 Away from Satan's tempting snare,  
Her faith's no longer tried ;  
In Jesus she is sleeping there ;  
For in bright hope she died.

*Anon.*

**941**

C. M.

- 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,  
We would not weep for thee ;  
One thought shall check the starting tear :  
From sorrow thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power  
The tears of love restrain :  
O, who that saw thy parting hour  
Could wish thee back again ?
- 3 Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust,  
And, as thy Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end thy deep repose.
- 4 Thy Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid thee come away ;  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of heaven's eternal day.

*Dale.*

**942**

C. M.

- 1 How slender is life's silver cord !  
How soon 't is broken here !  
Each moment brings a parting word,  
And many a falling tear.
- 2 And though these years, to mortals given,  
Are filled with grief and pain,  
There is a hope,—the hope of heaven,  
Where loved ones meet again.
- 3 O glorious morning ! quickly come,  
And wake this slumbering clay ;  
Touch these pale lips, so cold and dumb,  
With thine immortal ray.

*F. E. Belden.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

**943**

C. M.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead :  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are blessed ;  
How calm their slumbers are !  
From suffering and from sin released,  
And safe from every snare.
- 3 Freed from this world of toil and strife,  
They 're sleeping in the Lord ;  
Freed from the ills of mortal life,  
They wait a rich reward.

*Isaac Watts.*

**944**

C. M.

- 1 WHEN downward to the darksome tomb  
I thoughtful turn my eyes,  
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,  
And anxious fears arise.
- 2 Why shrinks my soul ? In death's embrace  
Once Jesus captive slept ;  
And angels, hovering o'er the place,  
His lowly pillow kept.
- 3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,  
And as the Saviour rose,  
The grave again shall yield her trust,  
And end my deep repose.
- 4 My Lord, before to glory gone,  
Shall bid me come away,  
And calm and bright shall break the dawn  
Of heaven's eternal day.
- 5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,  
And gild with light the grave ;  
To Him my loftiest praises swell,  
Who died from death to save.

*Ray Palmer.*

**945**

P. M.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'T is found alone in heaven.



## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There Faith lifts up her tearless eye,  
The heart no longer riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

*Anon.*

**946**

S. M.

- 1 REST for the toiling hand,  
Rest for the anxious brow,  
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,  
Rest from all labor now ;—
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,  
Rest for the throbbing eye ;  
Thro' these parched lips of thine no more  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Soon shall the trump of God  
Give out the welcome sound  
That shakes thy silent chamber walls,  
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.
- 4 Ye dwellers in the dust,  
Awake ! come forth and sing ;  
Sharp has your frost of winter been,  
But bright shall be your spring.
- 5 'Twas sown in weakness here,  
'Twill then be raised in power ;  
That which was sown an earthly seed,  
Shall rise a heavenly flower !

*Horatius Bonar*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

**947**

S. M.

- 1 WE know, by faith we know,  
If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle, sink below,  
In ruinous decay—
- 2 We have a house above,  
Not made with mortal hands ;  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
That heavenly fabric stands.
- 3 Full of immortal hope,  
We urge the restless strife,  
And hasten to be swallowed up  
Of everlasting life.
- 4 Lord, let us put on thee  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepared thy face to see—  
Thy bright, unclouded face.
- 5 Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast the earnest given ;  
And then triumphantly come down,  
And take us up to heaven.

*Charles Wesley.*

**948**

S. M.

- 1 O, FOR the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward !
- 2 Their bodies in the ground  
In silent hope may lie,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Then ransomed they will soar  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live  
Through the remaining years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 5 O, for the death of those  
Who slumber in the Lord !  
O, be like theirs my last repose,  
Like theirs my last reward !

*James Montgomery.*

**949**

S. M.

- 1 O BLEST are they that mourn !  
Their comfort will I be ;  
For sorrows deep I oft have borne,  
With none to comfort me.
- 2 I've stood beside the grave,  
I weep with those that weep ;  
For I have felt death's chilling wave,  
And crossed its waters deep.
- 3 I have the keys of death,  
To me they have been given ;  
I'll call again the fleeting breath,  
When portals dark are riven.
- 4 How blessed here to mourn,  
And there be comforted  
When Christ shall call again his own,  
And bring them from the dead !

*F. E. Belden.*

**950**

S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die ?  
This well-wrought frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie moldering in the clay ?
- 2 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every form and every face  
Look heavenly and divine ?
- 4 O Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

*Isaac Watts.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

### 951 S. M.

- 1 How peaceful is the grave !  
Where, life's vain tumult past,  
Th' appointed house, by Heaven's decree,  
Receives us all at last.
- 2 There earthly troubles cease,  
There passions rage no more,  
And there the weary pilgrim rests  
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There all, both small and great,  
Partake the same repose ;  
And there in peace the ashes mix  
Of those who once were foes.
- 4 All, by the hand of death,  
Partake a common tomb ;  
Yet saints shall not forever sleep ;  
Not theirs the sinner's doom.

*R. Blair.*

### 952 S. M.

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I'm nearer to my parting hour  
Than e'er I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer my going home,  
Laying my burden down,  
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,  
Wearing my starry crown.

*Phæbe Cary.*

### 953 7s.

- 1 MEET again when time is o'er,  
Meet again to part no more ;  
How it cheers the drooping heart,  
When from friends we're called to part !
- 2 Meet again where endless joy  
We shall taste without alloy ;  
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,  
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 Meet again,—how passing sweet,  
Friends long lost again to meet!  
Care worn souls, by tempests driven,  
O, how sweet to meet in heaven!

*L. S. Hall.*

### 954

6s & 8s.

- 1 Go to thy rest in peace,  
And soft be thy repose;  
Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease,  
From earthly cares in sweet release,  
Thine eye-lids gently close.
- 2 Go to thy peaceful rest;  
For thee we need not weep,  
The righteous dead, by Heaven blessed,  
No more by sin and sorrow pressed,  
Are hushed in quiet sleep.
- 3 Go to thy rest; and while  
Thy absence we deplore,  
One thought our sorrow shall beguile;  
For soon with a celestial smile  
We'll meet to part no more.

*Anon.*

### 955

P.M.

- 1 FAREWELL! we meet no more  
On this side heaven;  
The parting scene is o'er,  
The last sad look is given.
- 2 Farewell! my soul will weep  
While memory lives,  
From wounds that sink so deep  
No earthly hand relieves.
- 3 Farewell! until we meet  
In heaven above,  
And there in union sweet  
Sing of a Saviour's love.

*Anon.*

### 956

7s. 6l.

- 1 EARTH to earth and dust to dust,  
Lord, we own the sentence just;  
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,  
All in guilt have borne their part;  
Righteous is the common doom,—  
All must molder in the tomb.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown,  
Like the leaves in autumn strown,  
Low these goodly frames shall lie,  
All our pomp and glory die ;  
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,  
Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed, upraised, again  
Clothes with green the smiling plain ;  
Onward as the seasons move,  
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove ;  
And shall we forgotten lie,  
Lost forever when we die ?
- 4 Lord, from nature's gloomy night  
Turn we to the gospel's light ;  
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,  
Thou wilt all thy people save ;  
Ransomed by thy blood they rise,  
Mounting victors to the skies.

*Anon.*

**957**

P. M.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs :  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end :  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affection transient fire  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A whole eternity of love  
Formed for the good alone :  
O Saviour, hasten to appear !  
Translate us to that happy sphere.

*James Montgomery.*



## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

**958**

8s & 4s.

- 1 SHE hath passed death's chilling billow,  
And gone to rest ;  
Jesus smoothed her dying pillow,—  
O slumber blest !
- 2 From the bitter cup that's given,  
We should not shrink ;  
Since the mandate is from Heaven,  
That bids us drink.
- 3 Sleep, dear sister, kind and tender,  
To friendship true,  
While with feeling hearts we render  
This tribute due.
- 4 When the morn of glory, breaking,  
Shall light the tomb,  
Beautiful will be thy waking  
In fadeless bloom ;
- 5 Where no wintry winds are blowing,—  
No burial train ;  
Crowned with gems celestial, glowing,  
We'll meet again.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**959**

8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;  
Though afflicted, not alone ;  
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken ;  
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne ;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, "Thy will be done."
- 4 By thy hands the boon was given,  
Thou hast taken but thine own :  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore thy will be done.

*Thomas Hastings.*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

**960**

8s & 7s.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze ;  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees.
- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us !  
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When this mortal life is fled ;  
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

*S. F. Smith.*

**961**

8s & 7s.

- 1 SISTER, thou art sweetly sleeping,  
Free from pain, and toil, and care ;  
Dearest sister, how we miss thee !  
Miss thee in the house of prayer.
- 2 Thou wilt sleep, but not forever ;  
Jesus died, and rose again ;  
Soon he 'll come in clouds of glory,—  
Thou wilt rise with him to reign.
- 3 Sister, then we hope to meet thee ;  
Then we 'll take thee by the hand ;  
Then we 'll twine our arms around thee,  
In that bright and happy land.

*Mrs. Small.*

**962**

8s & 7s.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered to the ground ;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound ;—
- 2 “ Youth on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 “Yearly in our course appearing,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach in mortal hearing,—  
Ye, like us, shall pass away.”

*Horne.*

**963**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 WE may sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn ;  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn.  
From the deepest caves of ocean,  
From the desert and the plain,  
From the valley and the mountain,  
Countless throngs shall rise again.

REFRAIN.

We may sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn ;  
We shall meet to part, no, never,  
On the resurrection morn.

- 2 When we see a precious blossom  
That we tended with such care  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair !  
Round the silent grave we linger  
Till the setting sun is low,  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flower we cherished so.

- 3 We may sleep, but not forever,  
In the lone and silent grave ;  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gave.  
In the bright eternal city,  
Death can never, never come ;  
In his own good time he'll call us  
From our rest to home, sweet home.

*Mrs. M. A. Kidder,*

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

964

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 PASSED away from earth forever,  
Free from all its cares and fears,  
She again will join us never  
While we tread this vale of tears ;  
For the turf is now her pillow,  
And she sleeps among the dead ;  
While the cypress and the willow  
Wave above her lowly bed.
- 2 With what grief and anguish riven  
Should we see the loved depart,  
If there were no promise given  
Which could soothe the wounded heart !  
If the chains with which death binds them  
Ne'er again should broken be,  
And his prison which confines them  
Ne'er be burst to set them free !
- 3 But a glorious day is nearing,  
Earth's long-wished-for jubilee,  
When creation's King appearing,  
Shall proclaim his people free ;  
When upborne on Love's bright pinion,  
They shall shout from land and sea,  
"Death, where is thy dark dominion !  
Grave, where is thy victory !"

*U. Smith.*

965

6s & 5s. D.

- 1 DUST, receive thy kindred !  
Earth, take now thine own !  
To thee this trust is rendered ;  
In thee this seed is sown.  
Guard the precious treasure,  
Ever-faithful tomb !  
Keep it all unrifled,  
Till the Master come.
- 2 Time's dark tide of sorrow  
Breaks above thy head ;  
And feet of restless millions  
Shall o'er thy chambers tread ;  
Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,  
Tear the quivering ground ;  
Voices, trumpets, thunders,  
Fill the air around !

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

- 3 But these sounds of terror  
Pierce not thy low tomb,  
Nor break the happy slumbers  
Of death's dark, silent home.  
Couch of tranquil slumber  
For the weary brow ;  
Rest of faint and toiling,  
Take this loved one now.

*Horatius Bonar.*

### 966 C. H. M.

- 1 O WHAT is life ? 'T is like a flower  
That blossoms and is gone ;  
It flourishes its little hour,  
With all its beauty on ;  
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,  
It cuts the lovely flower away.

- 2 O, what is life ? 'T is like the bow  
That glistens in the sky :  
We love to see its colors glow,  
But while we look, they die :  
Life fails as soon : to-day 't is here ;  
To-morrow it may disappear.

- 3 Lord, what is life ? If spent with thee,  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be  
We feel no anxious care ;  
Though life depart, our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past.

*Fane Taylor.*

### 967 C. H. M.

- 1 DARK is the hour when death prevails,  
And triumphs o'er the just,—  
A painful void within the breast,  
When dust goes back to dust ;  
And solemn is the pall, the bier,  
That bears them from our presence here.
- 2 But there's a bright, a glorious hope,  
That scatters death's dark gloom ;  
It cheers the saddened spirits up,  
It gilds the Christian's tomb ;  
It brings the resurrection near,  
When those we love shall re-appear.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

3 Then mourn we not as those whose hopes  
With fleeting life depart ;  
For we have heard a voice from heaven  
To every stricken heart :

“Blest are the dead, forever blest,  
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest.”

4 With kind regard the Lord beholds  
His saints when called to die,  
And precious in his holy sight  
Their sacred dust shall lie  
Till all these storms of life are o’er,  
And they shall rise to die no more.

5 A few more days, and we shall meet  
The loved whose toil is o’er,  
And plant with joy our bounding feet  
On Canaan’s radiant shore,  
Where, free from all earth’s cares and fears,  
We’ll part no more through endless years.

*U. Smith.*

**968** 11s & 8s.

1 If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,  
And shine, a pure image of thee,  
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break  
The fetters of death, and be free.

2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed  
white,  
To let thy bright features be drawn ;  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.

3 O, I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadow of nature all by,  
When this dreary world from my vision is passed,  
To live in an unclouded day.

4 I feel the blest morning begins to draw near,  
When time’s dreary fancy shall fade ;  
O, then in thy likeness may I but appear,  
In glory and beauty arrayed !

5 When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,  
Within thy blest mansion, and when  
The arms of my Father encircle his child,  
O I shall be satisfied then !

*Anon.*



## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

969

9s.

- 1 FRIEND and companion, dear to each heart;  
Tears naught avail us, now we must part.  
Death's hand has plucked thee, pillowed thy head,  
Lowly and lifeless, faded and dead.
- 2 Now bending o'er thee, sadly we weep;  
While o'er our gladness lone shadows creep:  
Dark, chilling shadows, bringing a gloom,  
Telling of dear ones gone to the tomb.
- 3 Guarding thy slumbers, cypress shall wave,  
Mournful and silent, over thy grave.  
Angels their vigils watchful shall keep,  
Waiting thy blissful waking from sleep.
- 4 Ah, we must leave thee, silent in death;  
Fond hopes have vanished—flown with thy breath.  
Joy turns to sadness, life seems but pain;  
O, shall we ever meet thee again?
- 5 Yes, we shall meet thee on heaven's shore,  
Where death and partings come nevermore:  
There will our Saviour dry every tear;  
Sorrowful mourner, be of good cheer.

*F. E. Belden.*

970

P. M.

- 1 SWEET be thy rest,  
And peaceful thy sleeping;  
God's way is best,  
Thou art in his keeping.  
O blessed sleep  
Where ills ne'er molest thee!  
Why should we weep?  
For heaven hath blessed thee:  
Sweet be thy rest.
- 2 Thy work is done,  
Thy sowing and reaping;  
Thy crown is won,  
And hushed is thy weeping.  
From tears and woes,  
From earth's midnight dreary,  
Thine is repose  
Where none ever weary:  
Sweet be thy rest.

## DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

3 Sweet be thy rest ;  
No more we may greet thee  
'Till with the blest  
In heaven we meet thee.  
O union sweet  
That death cannot sever !  
There we shall meet,  
Where sad tears fall never :  
Sweet be thy rest.

*F. E. Beiaen.*

**971**

12 & 11s.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the  
tomb :  
The Saviour has passed through its portals be-  
fore thee,  
The lamp of his love is thy guide through the  
gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer be-  
hold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
side ;  
The wide arms of mercy were spread to infold  
thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong  
to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and  
guide ;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and soon he'll re-  
store thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.

*Reginald Heber.*

**972**

10s.

1 THUS in the quiet joy of kindly trust,  
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell ;  
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust  
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 Softly within that peaceful resting-place  
We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay  
Press lightly on them till the night be past,  
And the far east give note of coming day.
- 3 The day of re-appearing ! how it speeds !  
He who is true and faithful speaks the word :  
Then shall we ever be with those we love ;  
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.
- 4 The shout is heard, the Archangel's voice goes  
forth ;  
The trumpet sounds, the dead awake and  
sing ;  
The living put on glory ; one glad band,  
They hasten up to meet their coming King.
- 5 Short death and darkness ! Endless life and  
light :  
Short climbing ; endless shining in yon sphere,  
Where all is incorruptible and pure ;—  
The joy without the pain, the smile without  
the tear.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**973**

L. M.

- 1 THE time is near when Zion's sons,  
With rapturous joy shall sing the song  
Foretold by seers—anointed ones :  
We have a city great and strong.
- 2 Open, ye gates ! The glorious King  
Approaches with a holy throng ;  
Open, ye gates ! Saints, angels, sing  
On golden harps the victor's song !
- 3 O righteous nation ! enter in,  
That kept the law of truth below,  
Enter the place, all free from sin,  
Where life's pure waters gently flow.
- 4 Within these walls shall they remain,  
Who trusted, mighty Lord ! in thee :  
Death, their last enemy, is slain ;  
They have a right to life's fair tree.

*Anon.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**974**

L. M.

- 1 Lo ! round the throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand ;  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
But now from all their labors rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face ;  
They sing the triumph of his grace ;  
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,  
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod,  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life !

*Mary L. Duncan.*

**975**

L. M.

- 1 THY kingdom come. Thus day by day  
We lift our hands to God and pray ;  
But who has ever duly weighed  
The meaning of the words he said ?
- 2 Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,  
When praise shall every tongue employ ;  
When hate and strife and war shall cease,  
And man with man shall be at peace.
- 3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,  
And all the earth with glory fill ;  
His word shall Paradise restore,  
And sin and death afflict no more.
- 4 God's holy will shall then be done  
By all who live beneath the sun ;  
For saints shall then as angels be,  
All changed to immortality.

*Anon.*

**976**

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,  
Now make the Saviour's glory known ;  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 Thy scepter well becomes his hands ;  
Angels submit to his commands ;  
His justice shall protect the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;  
His righteous government shall last  
Till days, and years, and time be past.

*Anon.*

### 977 L. M.

- 1 WE'VE no abiding city here ;  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.
- 2 We've no abiding city here,  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,—  
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest !  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul ! nor dare repine ;  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do his will be mine,  
And his to fix my time of rest.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 978 L. M.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright, that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glories fraught,—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light ;  
It hath no need of suns to rise  
To dissipate the gloom of night.



## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode ;  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the paradise of God.

*Gurdon Robins.*

### 979 L. M.

- 1 WHEN God descends with men to dwell,  
And all creation wakes anew,  
What tongue can half the wonders tell ?  
What eye the dazzling glory view ?
- 2 Zion, the desolate, again  
Shall see her lapds with roses bloom,  
And Carmel's mount and Sharon's plain  
Shall yield their spices and perfume ;
- 3 Celestial streams shall gently flow,  
The wilderness shall joyful be,  
Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,  
And gladness spring on every tree ;
- 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,  
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,  
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,  
And joy through all the earth shall ring ;
- 5 The high and low shall meet in love,  
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,  
When Christ descends from worlds above  
To dwell with men on earth again.

*Ballou.*

### 980 L. M.

- 1 THERE is a fold whence none can stray,  
And pastures clothed in living green,  
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
Or gloomy night is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills  
In God's own glorious light it lies ;  
His smile its vast dimension fills  
With joy divine that never dies.

*East.*

### 981 C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
O, how I long for thee !  
When will my sorrows have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?



## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks  
My study long have been ;  
Such dazzling views, by human sight  
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace  
To keep in view the prize  
Till thou dost come to take us home  
To that blest paradise.

*Anon.*

### 982 C. M.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing ;  
Ye saints, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King !
- 4 The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode ;  
Men are the objects of his love,  
And he their gracious God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye ;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.
- 6 How bright the vision ! O, how long  
Shall this glad hour delay ?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day !

*Isaac Watts.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

983

C. M.

- 1 ZION, the city of our God,  
How glorious is the place !  
The Saviour there has his abode,  
And saints will see his face.
- 2 There all the fruits of glory grow,  
And joys that never die ;  
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,  
The soul to satisfy.
- 3 Come, set your faces Zionward,  
The sacred road inquire,  
And let the city of the Lord  
Be henceforth your desire.
- 4 The gospel shines to give you light ;  
No longer, then, delay ;  
The Spirit waits to guide you right,  
And Jesus is the way.
- 5 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,  
Thy promise now fulfill,  
And young and old by grace prepare  
To dwell on Zion's hill.

*Anon.*

984

C. M.

- 1 O WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravished eyes  
Life's river all divine I see,  
And trees of paradise.
- 2 I see immortal saints in light,  
Who taste the pleasure there ;  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.
- 3 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at thy feet ?
- 4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away ;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eventful day !

*Charles Wesley.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

985

S. M.

- 1 THERE'LL be no night in heaven,—  
In that blest world above ;  
No anxious toil, no weary hours ;  
For labor there is love.

REFRAIN.

- There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there,  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there.
- 2 There'll be no grief in heaven ;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.
- 3 There'll be no sin in heaven ;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy in their spotless robes,  
All holy in their song.
- 4 There'll be no death in heaven ;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

*Fredrick D. Huntington.*

986

S. M.

- 1 AND is there, Lord, a rest,  
For weary souls designed,  
Where not a care shall stir the breast,  
Or sorrow entrance find ?
- 2 Is there a blissful home,  
Where kindred minds shall meet,  
And live, and love, nor ever roam  
From that serene retreat ?
- 3 My soul would thither tend,  
While toilsome years are given ;  
Then let me, gracious God, ascend  
To sweet repose in heaven !

*Ray Palmer.*

987

S. M.

- 1 O WHAT a mighty change  
Shall Jesus' followers know,  
When o'er the happy plains they range,  
Incapable of woe !

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 There all our griefs are passed ;  
There all our sorrows end ;  
We gain a peaceful rest at last,  
With Jesus Christ, our Friend.
- 3 No slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.
- 4 In that eternal day,  
No clouds nor tempests rise ;  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
Forever from our eyes.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 988 S. M.

- 1 BEYOND this gloomy night  
Eternal beauties rise,  
A land of love, a land of light,  
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 No cloud those regions know,  
Realms ever bright and fair ;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.
- 3 O may the prospect fire  
Our hearts with ardent love,  
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,  
Bear every thought above.

*Anne Steele.*

### 989 C. M. D.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers,  
And but a little space divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes ;  
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,—  
Not all this world's pretended good  
Could ever charm us more.

*Isaac Watts.*

**990**

C. M. D.

- 1 EYE hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known  
What joys the Father hath prepared  
For those that love his Son :  
But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 2 Pure is the land the saints espy,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.  
Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

*Anon.*

**991**

C. M. D.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 2 There, generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal, grow ;  
There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.  
O'er all those wide, extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There Christ, the sun, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his kingdom rest ?  
Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless, I'd launch away.

*Samuel Stennett.*

**992**

C. M. D.

- 1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
Where beauty smiles eternally,  
And pleasure never dies ;—  
My Father's house, my heavenly home,  
Where many mansions stand,  
Prepared, by hands divine, for all  
Who seek the better land.
- 2 When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide,  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.
- 3 In that pure home of tearless joy  
Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
With smiles of love that never fade,  
And blessedness complete.  
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;  
Death frowns not on that scene,  
But life and glorious beauty shine,  
Untroubled and serene.

*Anon.*

**993**

C. M. D.

- 1 THERE is a city, fair and bright,  
That eye hath never seen,  
Where ever dwelleth pure delight,  
And heavenly praise serene.  
High walls of precious gems and gold  
Secure from every ill ;  
Unheard-of bliss and joys untold  
Within its borders dwell.



## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 There living waters ceaseless flow  
From out the heavenly throne ;  
There fairest fruits perennial grow,  
And want is never known.  
Nor sun by day nor moon by night  
This heavenly city needs,  
But glory sheds a crystal light  
That never wanes nor fades.
- 3 Nor sin nor sorrow cometh there,  
Nor ever death nor pain ;  
In love abiding, free from care,  
The saints forever reign.  
Among the many mansions there,  
O, is there one for me ?  
Dear Lord, an humble place prepare,  
That I may dwell with thee.

*Anon.*

### 994 L. M. D.

- 1 O SWEETLY through the gloomy years  
That roll their dimming vail between,  
The promised goodly land appears,  
Arrayed in never-fading green.  
And from that peaceful, happy clime,  
Transporting bursts of song arise,  
And, rolling through the mists of time,  
Tell us of joy that never dies.
- 2 As voyagers on the stormy deep  
Look for some bright and sunny bay  
Where winds and waves are hushed in sleep,  
And joy lights up the happy day,  
So o'er the tossing sea of years  
We glance the eye and stretch the hand  
Where, robed in fadeless light, appears  
The border of the shining land.
- 3 There angel hosts of glorious ones,  
With sinless hearts and stainless hands,  
Call us in glad and loving tones,  
And bid us welcome to their bands.  
Hark! how their harps and voices tell  
The glories of that radiant strand,  
And bid us breast the waves that swell  
Between us and the shining land.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 4 Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen,  
The glories of that home of song ;  
Though stormy billows roll between,  
I go to join the angel throng.  
But of the joys beyond the tide,  
The welcomes on that golden strand,  
The best shall be from Him who died  
To bring me to the shining land.

*H. L. Hastings.*

**995**

C. M.

- 1 WHENCE came the armies of the sky,  
John saw in vision bright ?  
Whence came their crowns, their robes, their  
palms,  
Too pure for mortal sight ?

CHORUS.

They looked like men in uniform,  
They looked like men of war ;  
They all were clad in armor bright,  
And conquering palms they bore.

- 2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross  
Victorious in the fight ?  
Were these the trophies they had won,  
Reserved in worlds of light ?
- 3 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 4 They saw the Star of Bethlehem  
Arise in splendor bright ;  
They followed long its guiding ray,  
Till beamed a clearer light.
- 5 From desert waste, and cities full,  
From dungeons dark, they 've come ;  
And now they claim their mansion fair,  
They 've found their long-sought home.

*Anon.*

**996**

8s.

- 1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,  
Beautiful city that I love,  
Beautiful gates of pearly white,  
Beautiful temple, God its light,—

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 2 Beautiful trees forever there,  
Beautiful fruit they always bear,  
Beautiful rivers gliding by,  
Beautiful fountains never dry,—
- 3 Beautiful light without the sun,  
Beautiful day revolving on,  
Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,  
Beautiful streets of shining gold,—
- 4 Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there,—
- 5 Beautiful throne of God, the Lamb,  
Beautiful seats at his right hand,  
Beautiful rest,—all wanderings cease,—  
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

*Anon.*

**997**

7s. P.

- 1 WHO are these in bright array,  
This exulting, happy throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Singing one triumphant song?

### CHORUS.

- Clean robes, white robes,  
Robes for the righteous,  
Robes for the righteous,  
Wait in the vestry of the Lord,  
White robes wait for me.
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
These through great afflictions came ;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty name ;
- 3 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 4 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away their tears.

*James Montgomery.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**998**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed :  
I know not, O I know not  
What holy joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
Forever and forever  
Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

*Bernard of Cluny.*

**999**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 JERUSALEM the glorious,  
The glory of the elect,  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect !  
E'en now by faith I see thee,  
E'en here thy walls discern ;  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

2 Jerusalem the golden,  
Thou hope of saints below,  
In thee is all my glory,  
In me is all my woe ;  
Jerusalem ! exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore.

3 O sweet and blessed country !  
Shall I e'er see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed country !  
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?  
Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part ;  
His only, his forever,  
Thou shalt be and thou art.

*John M. Neale.*

**1000**

P. M.

1 THERE is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
O ! how they sweetly sing,  
“Worthy is our Saviour King ;”  
Loud let his praises ring,  
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away ;  
Why will ye doubting stand ?  
Why still delay ?  
O ! we shall happy be,  
From all sin and sorrow free ;  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye ;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die ;  
Then shall thy kingdom come,  
Saints shall have a glorious home ;  
And, brighter than the sun,  
Reign, reign for aye.

*Anon.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**1001**

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a world to come,  
Blessed and pure ;  
It is the Christian's home,  
Long to endure.  
O, 't is a world most bright,  
No more death, nor woe, nor night,  
Faith views it with delight,  
Knowing 't is sure.
- 2 There Jesus Christ shall reign,  
All glorious King !  
There music's rapturous strain  
Ever will ring :  
Saints, who in ages by,  
Suffered, and were called to die,  
There in sweet harmony,  
Anthems will sing.
- 3 O, 't will be Paradise,  
Eden restored ;  
All beauteous in their eyes  
Who love the word :  
Wastes, that are now so drear,  
Like the rose shall blossom there,  
And be a garden fair,  
As saith the Lord.
- 4 There life's unfading tree  
Will bloom most fair,  
And immortality  
Its leaves shall bear ;  
While a pure stream will flow,  
And a joy no mortals know  
Will to each soul bestow  
Who enters there.
- 5 O, that bright world to come !  
Tongue cannot tell  
How blessed is the home  
Where saints will dwell ;  
Turn then from sin away,  
And the word of God obey,  
Then at the last great day,  
All will be well.

*Anon.*



## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**1002**

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 IN the Christian's home in glory,  
There remains a land of rest ;  
And my Saviour's gone before me  
To fulfill my soul's request.

### REFRAIN.

There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you ;  
On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion  
Which eternally shall stand,  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;  
But in that celestial center,  
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And its sting shall be withdrawn ;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed !  
Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,  
Shout your triumph as you go ;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.

*S. J. Harmer.*

**1003**

P. M.

- 1 THERE is a land, a better land than this,—  
There's my home, there's my home !  
A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss,—  
There's my home, there's my home.  
A captive on this desert shore,  
I long to count my exile o'er,  
And be where sorrows come no more ;  
There's my home, there's my home.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore,—  
I would go, I would go ;—  
But yet my days of exile are not o'er :  
I would go, I would go.  
I would not stay though earth were mine ;  
Though all its treasures for me shine,  
A captive here I still would pine :  
I would go, I would go.

3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear,—  
There's my home, there's my home,  
How long a pilgrim must I wander here ?  
There's my home, there's my home.  
O tell me that I soon shall be,  
With all the ransomed exiles, free,—  
In that blest land I long to see :  
There's my home, there's my home.

4 There is a land, a brighter land than this,—  
Joys are there, joys are there ;—  
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,  
Reaches there, reaches there.  
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,  
And crystal streams that never dry ;  
O give me wings ! I now would fly,  
And be there, and be there.

*Anon.*

### 1004

11s & 10s.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !  
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !  
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning :  
Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.

2 Lo, in the desert, rich flowers are springing ;  
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;  
Loud, from the mountain-tops, echoes are ringing ;  
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

3 See the dead risen from land and from ocean ;  
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high ;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

*Thomas Hastings.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**1005**

11s. P.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.  
Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day-star of  
gladness,  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

### REFRAIN.

- Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.
- 2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued  
them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that  
pursued them ;  
In vain were their steeds and their chariots of  
war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be:  
Shout ; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,  
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

*Fitzgerald's Col.*

**1006**

11s.

- 1 ON the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,  
And view in perspective the fair promised land,—  
The land where the ransomed with singing shall  
come,  
And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.
- 2 'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb  
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim ;  
'Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils, they  
come,  
To enter those mansions prepared as their home.
- 3 All over those peaceful and beautiful plains,  
The Lord, our Redeemer, in righteousness reigns ;  
His scepter of empire he now doth assume,  
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.
- 4 How blest are those regions, the realms of repose,  
Through which the fair river of life gently flows !—  
The regions ambrosial, forever in bloom ;—  
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home !

*Anon.*

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**1007**

8s & 7s. D.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove :  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?—  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near !  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

*John Newton.*

**1008**

P. M.

1 O TELL me of heaven, sweet heaven,  
The home of the pure and blest,  
Where sorrow and sin cannot enter,  
Where the weary forever shall rest.  
Let me hear of that heavenly city,  
Where all is immortal and fair ;  
And I'll flee from all earthly enchantments,  
And earnestly long to be there.

2 Let others seek earthly possessions,  
And lay up their treasures below ;  
I have heard of a land that is better,  
And to seek it with ardor I'll go.  
I have heard of a world robed in glory,  
And freed from temptation and care,  
Where sickness and death may not enter,  
And I long, O, I long to be there.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 3 Ambition may spread her bright phantoms,  
And whisper of honor and fame,  
She may lure on her thousands to labor,  
To win an illustrious name ;  
Be this my ambition, to follow  
The path my Redeemer has trod,  
Be an heir of his heavenly kingdom,  
And dwell in the city of God.
- 4 Though the way of the wicked may prosper,  
And be sprinkled with flowers so gay,  
Though wide be the path that they travel,  
And pleasant and easy the way,  
Though no troubles their pathway encompass,  
Triumphant through life though they go,  
I'll envy them not, for their journey  
Ends only in sorrow and woe.
- 5 Let me enter the gate that is narrow,  
The way that with danger is spread,  
And though rugged and dark be my pathway,  
One bright ray is over it shed ;  
For I hear the sweet voice of my Saviour,  
Saying, " Fear not, for I am thy God ;  
I know thy temptations and trials,  
For I the rough pathway have trod."
- 6 Dear Saviour, thy promise is precious,  
Thy guidance I evermore crave :  
O help me to walk in thy footsteps,  
And trust in thy power to save :  
O give me a place in thy kingdom,  
When life with its turmoil is o'er ;  
Let me dwell with the King in his beauty,  
And I ask, O, I ask for no more.

*Sarah M. Swan.*

**1009**

**P. M.**

- 1 WE are going home : we've had visions bright  
Of that holy land, that world of light,  
Where the long, dark night of time is past,  
And the morn of eternity's come at last.  
There the weary saints no more shall roam,  
But dwell in a sunny, peaceful home,  
Where the brow with celestial gems is crowned,  
And mansions fair with praise resound.  
O that beautiful home ! O that beautiful home !



## REWARD OF SAINTS.

We are going home ; we soon shall be  
Where the skies are clear, and the soil is free ;  
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,  
And the seraph's anthem blends with its strains ;  
Where the sun rolls down a brilliant flood  
Of beams on a world that's fair and good,  
And the stars that dimmed at nature's doom  
Will sparkle and shine o'er the new earth's bloom ;  
Where the tears and sighs which here are given  
Are exchanged for the gladsome songs of heaven ;  
And the beauteous forms that sing and shine  
Are guarded well by a hand divine.  
Love's banner pure and friendship's wand  
Are waving above that princely band ;  
And the glory of God, like a molten sea,  
Bathes the immortal company.

Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,  
Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,  
Mid the verdant plains, 'mid the angels' cheer,  
Mid the flowers that never of winter hear,—  
Where the conqueror's song, that sounds afar,  
Is wafted on the balmy air,—  
Mid the endless years, we then shall prove  
The matchless depths of a Saviour's love.

*Daniel T. Taylor.*

10

P. M.

We have heard from the bright, the holy land,  
We have heard and our hearts are glad ;  
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,  
And weary, and worn, and sad.  
They tell us the saints have a dwelling there ;—  
No longer are homeless ones ;  
And we know that the goodly land is fair,  
Where life's pure river runs.

They say green fields are waving there,  
That never a blight shall know ;  
And the deserts wild are blooming fair,  
And the roses of Sharon grow.  
There are lovely birds in the bowers green,  
Their songs are blithe and sweet ;  
And their warblings, gushing ever new,  
The angels' harpings greet.



## THE CHURCH.

- 3 We have heard of the palms, the robes,  
crowns,  
And the silvery band in white ;  
Of the city fair, with pearly gates,  
All radiant with light.  
We have heard of the angels there, and said  
With their harps of gold, how they sing :  
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,  
Of the leaves that healing bring.
- 4 The King of that country, he is fair,  
He's the joy and light of the place ;  
In his beauty we shall behold him there,  
And bask in his smiling face.  
We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while  
We'll join the pure and the blest ;  
We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown,  
And forever be at rest.

*W. H. Hyatt*

### 1011

L. M.

- 1 AWAKE ! Jerusalem, awake !  
No longer in thy sins lie down ;  
The garment of salvation take,  
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,  
And hides the promise from thine eyes  
Arise, and struggle into light ;  
The great Deliverer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair ;  
Zion, assert thy liberty ;  
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,  
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,  
Be purged from every sinful stain ;  
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,  
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

*Charles Wesley*

### 1012

L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head  
From dust, from darkness, and the dead !  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !

## ZEAL AND UNION.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
Thy glories shall the world confess.

God, from on high, has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruin shall repair,  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

**013** L. M.  
How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In sweet communion kindred minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are  
one !

To each the soul of each how dear !  
What tender love ! what holy fear !  
How does the generous flame within  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and human woe ;  
Their ardent prayers together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together oft they seek the place  
Where God reveals his shining face ;  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

*Anna Barbauld.*

**014** C. M.  
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight  
When those that love the Lord  
In one another's peace delight,  
And thus fulfill his word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

## THE CHURCH.

4 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows ;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glows.

5 Love is a golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above,  
And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

*Joseph Swain.*

### 1015

C. M.

1 Lo ! what an entertaining sight  
Those friendly brethren prove  
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite  
Of harmony and love !

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the  
spring,  
Descend on every soul ;  
And heavenly peace with balmy wing  
Shades and revives the whole.

3 'T is pleasant as the morning dew  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distill.

*An.*

### 1016

C. M.

1 LORD, in thy presence here we meet,  
May we in thee be found ;  
O, make the place divinely sweet,  
And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,  
That we may show to thee  
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 't is  
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,  
And bless our feeble aim,  
That all we undertake to do,  
May glorify thy name.

*An.*

## ZEAL AND UNION.

### 1017 C. M.

- 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by his grace ;  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek his face.
- 2 He bids us build each other up ;  
And gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope  
We hand in hand go on.
- 3 The gift which he on one bestows  
We all delight to prove ;  
The grace through every vessel flows  
In purest streams of love.
- 4 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What hight of rapture shall we know  
When round his throne we meet !  
*Charles Wesley.*

### 1018 C. M.

- 1 OUR God is love, and all his saints  
His image bear below ;  
The heart with love to God inspired,  
With love to man will glow.
- 2 Our heavenly Father, Lord, thou art,  
Thy favored children we ;  
O may we love each other here  
As we are loved by thee !
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,  
Our hopes and fears the same ;  
With bonds of grace our hearts unite,  
With mutual love inflame.
- 4 So may the vain, contentious world  
See how true Christians love,  
And glorify our Saviour's grace,  
And seek that grace to prove.

*Anon.*

### 1019 C. M.

- 1 CHURCH of the ever-living God,  
The Father's gracious choice,  
Amid the voices of this earth  
How feeble is thy voice !

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 A little flock !—so called by Him  
Who bought thee with his blood ;  
A little flock, disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.
- 3 Not many rich or noble ones,  
Not many great or wise ;  
They whom God makes his kings and priests  
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,  
Their feeble days are o'er,  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.
- 5 No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary and faint and few ;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.
- 6 Then entering the eternal halls  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
The joyous jubilee.

*Horatius Bonar.*

**1020**

C. M.

- 1 O, IT is joy for those to meet  
Whom one communion blends,  
Council to hold in converse sweet,  
And talk as Christian friends.
- 2 'T is joy to think the angel train,  
Who in heaven's temple shine,  
To seek our earthly temples deign,  
And in our anthems join.
- 3 But chief 't is joy to think that He  
To whom his church is dear,  
Delights her gathered flock to see,  
Her joint devotions hear.
- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,  
While here such joys are given ?  
"This is indeed the house of God,  
And this the gate of heaven !"

## ZEAL AND UNION.

- 5 And if on earth a scene like this  
Our mortal love inspires,  
'T will be more sweet to taste the bliss  
Of heaven's pure desires.

*Anon.*

### 1021 S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—  
The house of thine abode,—  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With his own precious blood.

- 2 I love thy church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.

- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend,  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,—  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*Timothy Dwight.*

### 1022 S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love !  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—  
Our comforts, and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.



## THE CHURCH.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

*John Fawcett.*

### 1023

S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found,  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.
- 4 And, till we reach that place,  
Our daily prayer shall be  
That we may dwell before thee, Lord,  
In love and unity.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 1024

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us walk together  
In the bonds of love and peace ;  
Can it be a question whether  
Brethren should from conflict cease ?  
'T is in union  
Hope and joy and love increase.

## ZEAL AND UNION.

- 2 While we journey homeward, let us  
Help each other on the road ;  
Foes on every side beset us,  
Snares through all the way are strewed ;  
It behoves us  
Each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father  
Has forgiven and does forgive,  
Brethren, we should learn the rather  
Free from wrath and strife to live,  
Far removing  
All that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother  
Better than himself to be ;  
And let each prefer another,  
Full of love, from envy free ;  
Happy are we  
When in this we all agree.

*Anon.*

### 1025

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,  
Zion, kept by power divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine :  
Happy Zion,—  
What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish,  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
Heaven and earth at last remove ;  
But no changes  
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,  
But can never cease to love thee ;  
Thou art precious in his sight :  
God is with thee,—  
God, thine everlasting light.

*Thomas Kelly.*

## THE CHURCH.

**1026**

7s. D.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common Lord ;  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the ancient days,  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God :  
We like them may live and love ;  
Called we are their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,  
Now as yesterday the same ;  
One in every time and place,  
Full of love, and truth, and grace :  
We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
Lights in a benighted land ;  
We our dying Lord confess ;  
We are Jesus' witnesses.

*Charles Wesley.*

**1027**

7s.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;  
Let us in thy name agree ;  
Show thyself the Prince of peace ;  
Bid all strife forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word  
Altogether like our Lord.

## ZEAL AND UNION.

- 4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear ;  
To thy church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
  - 5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
May our daily life express  
Constant love and holiness.
  - 6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above ;  
On the wings of angels fly  
To our mansions in the sky.
- Charles Wesley.*

### 1028

7s.

- 1 WHILE we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite ;  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship in Jesus' love :
  - 2 Sweetly each, with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
  - 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;  
Thee the unholy cannot see,  
Make, O make us meet for thee ;
  - 4 Every vile affection kill,  
Root out every seed of ill,  
Utterly abolish sin,  
Write thy law of love within.
  - 5 Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love the proof that Christ we know ;  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to thee :
  - 6 Love, thine image, love impart,  
Stamp it now on every heart ;  
Only love to us be given ;  
Love, the crowning grace of heaven.
- Charles Wesley.*

## THE CHURCH.

**1029**

7s.

- 1 GLORY be to God above,  
God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Make we mention of his love,  
Publish we his praise below :
- 2 Called together by his grace,  
We are met in Jesus' name ;  
See with joy each other's face,  
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 3 More and more let love abound ;  
Let us never, never rest,  
Till we are in Jesus found,  
And of paradise possessed.

*Charles Wesley.*

**1030**

7s. D.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
O, receive me into rest !
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave :  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave ;—  
Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign:
- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,  
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;  
Welcome poverty and cross,  
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.  
“Follow me !” I know thy voice !  
Jesus, Lord ! thy steps I see ;  
Now I take thy yoke by choice,  
Light thy burden now to me.

*James Montgomery.*

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

**1031**

7s. D.

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,  
Pattern for thy saints below,  
Hear us, who thy nature share,  
Who thy mystic body are.  
Join us, in one spirit join,  
Let us still receive of thine ;  
Still for more on thee we call,  
Thou who fillest all in all.
- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide,  
Divers gifts to each divide ;  
Placed according to thy will,  
Let us all thy work fulfill ;  
Never from our office move,  
Needful to each other prove,  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with tender sympathy ;  
Kindly for each other care,  
Every member feel its share.  
Many are we now and one,  
We who Jesus have put on ;  
Names, and sects, and parties fall :  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

*Charles Wesley.*

**1032**

L. M.

- 1 "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord ;  
"Bid the whole world my grace receive ;  
He shall be saved who trusts my word,  
And they condemned who disbelieve.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands ;  
I'm with you till the world shall end ;  
All power is vested in my hands ;  
I can destroy, and I defend."
- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head ;  
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended Lord.

*Isaac Watts.*



## THE CHURCH.

**1033**

L. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful pleaders may they be.
- 2 O clothe their words with power divine,  
And let those words be ever thine ;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them the souls of men to gain ;  
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**1034**

L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye  
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry ;  
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,  
Or the world's pleasure, or its praise ?
- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
To seek the wandering souls of men ;  
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—  
To snatch them from the open grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name ;  
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :  
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain :  
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,  
If for thy truth they may be spent ;  
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord ;  
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

*Johann F. Winkler.*

**1035**

L. M.

- 1 YE Christian heralds ! go, proclaim  
Salvation through Immanuel's name ;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more,—  
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,  
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

*Anon.*

### 1036

L. M.

- 1 Go, labor on, while yet 'tis day;  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 2 Men die in darkness at your side  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:  
Take up the torch and wave it wide—  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray!  
Be wise the erring soul to win,  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Go, labor on: your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

*Horatius Bonar.*

### 1037

L. M.

- 1 HOLD up thy light, O child of grace!  
Be not afraid to let it shine  
On all around, but rather fear  
To hide this precious light divine.
- 2 Hold up thy light! Thou canst not tell,  
However feeble be its ray,  
But some poor soul may catch its beam,  
And by it find the narrow way.
- 3 Hold up thy light with steady hand,  
Though it be faint! Who does not know,  
Where darkness reigns, how far and clear  
Even a little light will show?

## THE CHURCH.

- 4 Hold up thy light! 'Tis God's command,  
And till with thee time cease to roll,  
His voice thou canst not disobey  
But at the peril of thy soul.

*Anon.*

### 1038

L. M.

- 1 Go, messenger of peace and love,  
To people plunged in shades of night;  
Like angels sent from fields above  
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go to the hungry, food impart;  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart  
Where streams of living water glide.
- 3 O, faint not in the day of toil;  
When harvest waits the reaper's hand,  
Go gather in the glorious spoil,  
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 4 Thy love a rich reward shall find  
From Him who sits enthroned on high;  
For they who turn the erring mind  
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

*Balfour.*

### 1039

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, how full of sweet content  
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!  
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,  
At home, abroad, on land or sea.
- 2 To us remains nor place nor time:  
Our country is in every clime:  
We can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with our God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

*William Cowper.*

### 1040

S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 2 How charming is their voice,  
So sweet the tidings are :  
“Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here !”
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light ;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 1041 S. M.

- 1 AND though our bodies part,  
To different climes afar,  
Still ever joined as one in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below ;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.
- 3 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his laborers lies,  
And lo ! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.
- 4 O that our heart and mind  
May evermore ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end ;
- 5 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain !  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

## THE CHURCH.

- 6 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet !  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 1042

S. M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry ;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait ;  
Our wants are in thy view ;  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more,  
To spread thy truth abroad ;  
And let them speak thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.
- 4 O let them spread thy name,  
Their mission fully prove ;  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 1043

S. M.

- 1 God of the prophet's power !  
God of the gospel's sound !  
Move glorious on ; send out thy voice  
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,  
We bless thee for thy word ;  
We praise thee for the joyful news  
Which our glad ears have heard.
- 3 O may we treasure well  
The counsels that we hear,  
Till righteousness and holy joy  
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,  
And give it large increase ;  
May neither storms, nor rocks, nor thorns,  
Prevent the fruits of peace.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 5 And though we sow in tears,  
Yet we at last shall come,  
And gather in our sheaves with joy  
At heaven's great harvest home.

*Anon.*

### 1044 S. M.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil !  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore ;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,  
With prayer, your constant guest ;  
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth  
That earth may ne'er despoil,  
And the blest gospel's saving health  
Repay your arduous toil.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

### 1045 S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain :  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.
- 4 Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven shout, " Harvest home ! "

*James Montgomery.*



## THE CHURCH.

**1046**

S. M.

- 1 THE harvest dawn is near,  
The year delays not long,  
And he who sows with many a tear  
Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,  
His seed with weeping leaves ;  
But he shall come at twilight's close,  
And bring his golden sheaves.

*George Burgess.*

**1047**

C. M.

- 1 WORKMAN of God, O lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And on the darkest battle field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when he  
Is most invisible.
- 3 Blest too is he who can divine  
Where truth and justice lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blinded eye.
- 4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God ,  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

*Frederick W. Faber.*

**1048**

C. M.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power ;  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life ;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 3 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be ;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

*Anon.*

### 1049 C. M.

- 1 In these our days exalt thy grace,  
Thy precious gospel spread ;  
That for the travail of thy soul  
Thou mayst behold thy seed.
- 2 O may thy knowledge fill the earth !  
Increase the number still  
Of those who in thy word believe,  
And do thy holy will.
- 3 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare  
To follow thy command,  
To execute thy utmost aim,  
And in thy presence stand.

*Countess Zinzendorf.*

### 1050 C. M.

- 1 Go forth on wings of faith and prayer,  
Ye pages bright with love ;  
Though mute, the joyful tidings bear—  
Salvation from above.
- 2 Go, tell the sinful, careless soul,  
The warning God has given ;  
Go, make the wounded spirit whole,  
With healing balm from heaven.
- 3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,  
That live estranged from God ;  
Bid them the pearl of price secure,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 4 O Jesus, Friend of dying men,  
Thy presence we implore ;  
Without thy blessing all is vain ;  
Be with us evermore.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 1051 7s.

- 1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise ;  
Gird you with your armor bright ;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle you must fight ;

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 O'er a faithless, fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky,  
Let it float there, wide unfurled,  
Bear it onward, lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,  
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;  
With the Spirit's sword arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief :
- 5 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Bear it bravely still abroad,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of the Lord.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 1052

7s.

- 1 FEW in number, little flock,  
Safe beneath your guardian Rock ;  
Fear not, arm you for the fight ;  
God will bless you with his might.
- 2 If you faint not, you shall reap ;  
Israel's God the seed doth keep ;  
Brave the foe, proclaim the word,  
Sons and daughters of the Lord.
- 3 You who by the truth are sealed,  
By God's grace to you revealed,  
Should you dare to keep it back,  
You the rich reward may lack.

*Anon.*

### 1053

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 Ho ! reapers of life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusty blade,  
Until the night draws round thee,  
And day begins to fade ?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to come ?  
The golden morn is passing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb ?

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain ;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.  
The Master calls for reapers,  
And shall he call in vain ?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain ?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain,  
In morning's ruddy glow,  
Nor wait until the dial  
Points to the noon below ;  
And come with the strong sinew,  
Nor faint in heat or cold ;  
And pause not till the evening  
Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the hights of wisdom,  
And crush each error low ;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.  
Be faithful to thy mission,  
In service of thy Lord,  
And soon a golden chaplet  
Will be thy rich reward.

*Isaac B. Woodbury.*

### 1054

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 Ho ! idlers in the vineyard,  
Why wasting all the day ?  
The Master soon is coming  
To bear the fruit away ;  
Then closed will be thy mission,  
The harvest will be past  
The summer quickly ended,  
And lost thy soul at last.
- 2 Then rouse thee, idle gleaner ;  
Perform the work at hand ;  
Be earnest in thy duty,  
And ready at command.  
Fill well the place assigned thee,  
Though hard may seem thy lot ;  
With Heaven's approbation,  
Be every ill forgot.

## THE CHURCH.

3 Soon, on a cloud of glory,  
Thy Saviour will appear,  
All faces gather paleness,  
And nations quake with fear.  
O then thy name he'll honor,  
And for thy service now,  
A crown of fadeless glory  
He'll place upon thy brow.

4 A mansion in the city  
Whose glories far outshine  
The sun in noon-day splendor,  
Shall evermore be thine.  
The jasper walls of heaven  
Shall echo thy refrain,—  
The anthem of redemption,  
To Jesus that was slain.

*Anon.*

### 1055 7s & 6s. D.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn ;  
The heathen in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has heard Messiah's name.

*Reginald Heber.*

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

**1056**

7s & 6s. P.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours :  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers.  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon ;  
Fill brightest hours with labor ;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming  
Under the sunset skies ;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,—  
Fadeth to shine no more ;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er. *Sidney Dyer.*

**1057**

7s & 6s. P.

- 1 WHEN faint and weary toiling,  
The sweat-drops on my brow,  
I long to rest from labor,  
To drop the burden now,—  
There comes a gentle chiding,  
To quell each mourning sigh :  
"Work while the day is shining ;  
There's resting by and by."
- CHORUS.
- Resting by and by,  
There's resting by and by ;  
We shall not always labor,  
We shall not always cry ;  
The end is drawing nearer,  
The end for which we sigh ;  
We'll lay our heavy burdens down ;  
There's resting by and by.



## THE CHURCH.

2 This life to toil is given,  
And he improves it best  
Who seeks by patient labor  
To enter into rest ;  
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,  
Press on, the goal is nigh ;  
The prize is straight before thee ;  
There's resting by and by.

3 Nor ask when, overburdened,  
You long for friendly aid,  
“ Why idle stands my brother,  
No yoke upon him laid ? ”  
The Master bids him tarry,  
And dare you ask him why ?  
“ Go labor in my vineyard,  
There's resting by and by.”

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain,  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
Brings you eternal gain ;  
Then bear the cross with patience,  
To fields of duty hie ;  
’Tis sweet to work for Jesus ;—  
There's resting by and by.

*Sidney Dyer.*

**1058**

8s & 7s. 6l.

1 IN the vineyard of our Father  
Daily work we find to do ;  
Scattered gleanings we may gather,  
Though we are but young and few ;  
Little clusters,  
Help to fill the garner too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,  
Catching moments through the day,  
Nothing small or lowly scorning  
While we work, and watch, and pray ;  
Gathering gladly  
Free-will offerings by the way.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,  
Nor for things of transient worth,  
But to send the blessed story  
Of the gospel o'er the earth,  
Telling mortals  
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,  
Till in death our lips are dumb,  
Or till—sin's dominion falling—  
Christ shall in his kingdom come,  
And his children  
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast then, in our endeavor,  
Heavenly Father, may we be ;  
And forever and forever,  
We will give the praise to thee ;  
Alleluia,  
Singing all eternity.

*Anon.*

### 1059

8s & 7s. 6l.

1 SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them ;  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves :  
They were bound, but thou hast freed them ;  
Now they go to free the slaves ;  
Be thou with them ;  
'T is thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at thy command ;  
As their stay thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land :  
O, be with them ;  
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain ;  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

## THE CHURCH.

- 4 In the midst of opposition  
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee ;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let thy servants humble be ;  
Never leave them,  
Till thy face in heaven they see.

*Thomas Kelly.*

### 1060

7s & 5s. D.

- 1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward speed ;  
Shed abroad thy radiant light,  
Bid the shades recede ;  
Tread the idols in the dust,  
Heathen fanes destroy,  
Spread the gospel's holy trust,  
Spread the gospel's joy.

- 2 Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward haste ;  
Quickly on each mountain's hight  
Be thy standard placed ;  
Let thy blissful tidings float  
Far o'er vales and hills,  
Till the sweetly-echoing note  
Every bosom thrills.

- 3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward fly ;  
Long has been the reign of night ;  
Bring the morning nigh ;  
'T is to thee the heathen lift  
Their imploring wail ;  
Bear them Heaven's holy gift,  
Ere their courage fail.

*Anon.*

### 1061

8s & 7s.

- 1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not forever by still waters  
Would we idly, quiet stay,  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings, be our guide ;  
Through endeavor, hardship, danger,  
Father, be thou at our side !

4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow,  
Thine to bid it spring and grow ;  
And the golden days of autumn  
Will a precious harvest show.

*Anon.*

### 1062

8s & 7s. D.

1 LORD of glory ! thou hast bought us,  
With thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging, for the lost ones,  
That tremendous sacrifice ;—  
And, with that, hast freely given  
Blessings, countless as the sand,  
To the thoughtless and the evil,  
With thine own unsparing hand.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee  
Gladly, freely, of thine own ;  
With the sunshine of thy goodness,  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone,  
Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'T is to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In thine own mysterious sentence,—  
“Ye have done it unto me !”  
Give us faith to trust thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on thee ;  
But, O,—best of all thy graces—  
Give us thine own charity.

*Mrs. Alderson.*

### 1063

8s & 7s.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
Bearing precious seed in love,  
Never tiring, never sleeping,  
Findeth mercy from above.

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine ;  
Precious fruits will thus be given  
Through an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !  
See the rising grain appear ;  
Look again ! the fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.

*Thomas Hastings.*

### 1064

8s & 7s.

- 1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Thinking not 't is thrown away ;  
God himself saith, " Thou shalt gather  
It again some future day."
- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Wildly though the billows roll,  
They but aid thee as thou toilest  
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
- 3 As the seed, by billows floated  
To some distant island lone,  
So to human souls benighted  
That thou sowest may be borne.
- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;  
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?  
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
If thou sow with liberal hand.
- 5 Give them freely of thy substance ;  
O'er his cause the Lord doth reign :  
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,  
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

*Anon.*

### 1065

8s & 7s.

- 1 WITH my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord ;  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word.

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation  
His abounding grace proclaim,  
Let his friends, of every station,  
Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 Be his kingdom now promoted,  
Let the earth her Monarch know ;  
Be my all to him devoted ;  
To my Lord my all I owe.

*Benjamin Francis.*

### 1066

8s & 7s.

- 1 VAIN were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless ;  
Vain, without his grace and favor,  
Every talent we possess.
- 2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
That on human strength relies ;  
But to him shall help be given  
Who in humble faith applies.
- 3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed ;  
He shall grant us peace and rest :  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

*Harriet Auber.*

### 1067

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 LIFT the voice and sound the trumpet,  
Watcher on the mountain hight,  
Roll the clarion notes around thee,  
Shout, as fleets the passing night.  
Lift the voice in words of warning,  
Wake the slumbering hosts below,  
Cry aloud, " Behold the dawning ! "  
Rouse, and gird to meet the foe !
- 2 Lift the voice !—Lo, weak and dying,  
Warriors, struggling, faint and fall ;  
Bid them fight ! on God relying ;  
Jesus comes to conquer all !  
Lift the voice in notes of gladness,  
Ring the shout along the sky,  
Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,  
Sing ! rejoice ! your God is nigh.



## THE CHURCH.

- 3 Lift the voice like music blended  
With heart-healing minstrelsy;  
Cry, thy warfare now is ended;  
Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee!  
Soon beyond time's night of sadness,  
Watchman, ye shall joyful sing;  
Eye to eye shall see with gladness,  
When the Lord shall Zion bring.

*Anon.*

### 1068

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 BROTHER, you may work for Jesus;  
God has given you a place  
In some portion of his vineyard,  
And will give sustaining grace.  
He has bidden you to labor,  
And has promised a reward—  
Even joy and life eternal  
In the kingdom of your Lord.
- 2 Brother, you may pray for Jesus,  
In your closet and at home,  
In the village, in the city,  
Or wherever you may roam;  
Pray that he will send the Spirit  
Into some dear sinner's heart,  
And that in his soul's salvation  
You may bear some humble part.
- 3 Brother, you may sing for Jesus;  
O how precious is his love!  
Praise him for his boundless blessings,  
Ever coming from above;  
Sing how Jesus died to save you,  
How your sin and guilt he bore,  
How his blood hath sealed your pardon,—  
Sing for Jesus evermore.
- 4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,  
Him who died that you might live;  
O, then all your ransomed powers  
To his service freely give;  
Thus for Jesus you may labor,  
And for Jesus sing and pray;  
Consecrate your life to Jesus—  
Love and serve him every day.

*Anon.*

## MINISTRY AND MISSIONS.

**1069**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of Jesus calling,—  
“ Who will go and work to-day ?  
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away ? ”  
Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward he offers free ;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
“ Here am I, O Lord, send me ? ”
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door ;  
If you cannot speak like angels ,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.
- 3 If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion’s wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all ;  
With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what Heaven demands,  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet’s hands.
- 4 While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you,  
Let none hear you idly saying,  
“ There is nothing I can do ! ”  
Gladly take the task he gives you,  
Let his work your pleasure be ;  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
“ Here am I, O Lord, send me.”

*Daniel March.*

**1070**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 IF you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boat away.

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitude go by ;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along ;  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.
- 3 If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready to command,  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever-open hand,  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep,  
You can be a true disciple  
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
- 4 If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain both ripe and golden  
Oft some careless reaper leaves ;  
Go and glean among the briers,  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that the shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

*Ellen H. Gates.*

### 1071

### C. M.

- 1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave  
The great Redeemer lies ;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus do these willing souls to-day  
Their ardent zeal express,  
And in the Lord's appointed way  
Fulfill all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain ;  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away ;  
When he commands, and strength imparts,  
We cheerfully obey.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

## BAPTISM.

**1072**

C. M.

- 1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine  
Ourselves we offer now,  
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,  
And seal the cheerful vow.
- 2 All glory be to Him whose life  
For ours was freely given,  
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,  
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 3 To thee we gladly now resign  
Our life and all our powers ;  
Accept us in this rite divine,  
And bless these hallowed hours.
- 4 O may we die to earth and sin,  
Beneath the mystic flood ;  
And when we rise, may we begin  
To live anew for God.

*S. F. Smith.*

**1073**

C. M.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race,  
And, through the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove :  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, love divine,  
Thy grace to us be given ;  
To a new life our souls incline,  
A life for God and heaven.

*Anon.*

**1074**

C. M.

- 1 OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer  
We now devote to thee :  
Let them thy covenant mercies share,  
And thy salvation see.

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray ;  
And let them to the end endure  
In every righteous way.
- 3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live  
In holy faith and fear ;  
And then to heaven do thou receive,  
And bring our children there.

*Edward Bickersteth.*

### 1075

C. M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms !  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock ! with pleasure hear,—  
Ye children ! seek his face ;  
And fly, with transport, to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 1076

C. M.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death,  
Our souls to sin must die ;  
With Christ our Lord we live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There by his Father's side he sits,  
Enthroned divinely fair ;  
Yet owns himself our Brother still,  
And our fore-runner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise  
On wings of faith and love ;  
Above, our choicest treasure lies,—  
And be our hearts above.

## BAPTISM.

- 4 Let not earth's pleasures draw us down ;  
Lord, give us strength to rise,  
And through thy strong, attractive power,  
At last to gain the prize.

*Anon.*

**1077**

C. M.

- 1 PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine,  
This day, with one accord,  
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,  
We yield to thee, O Lord.
- 2 Joined in one body may we be,  
One inward life partake,  
One be our heart, one heavenly hope  
In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,  
One wisdom be our guide ;  
Taught by one Spirit from above,  
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Around this feeble, trusting band  
Thy sheltering pinions spread,  
Nor let the storms of trial beat  
Too fiercely on our head.
- 5 Then, when among the saints in light,  
We all immortal shine,  
Anthems of everlasting praise,  
Dear Saviour, shall be thine.

*S. F. Smith.*

**1078**

C. M.

- 1 "FORBID them not," the Saviour cried,  
"But suffer them to come ;"  
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,  
And unbelief was dumb.
- 2 Lord, we believe, and we obey ;  
We bring them at thy word ;  
Be thou our children's strength and stay,  
Their portion and reward.

*Thomas Hastings.*

**1079**

L. M.

- 1 BLEST Saviour, we thy will obey ;—  
Not of constraint, but with delight,  
Thy servants hither come to-day  
To honor thine appointed rite.



## THE CHURCH.

- 2 With faith in thy blest name we come,  
The Spirit's cleansing power confess ;  
O Saviour, from thy heavenly home  
Confirm the covenant of thy grace !
- 3 Descend, descend, Celestial Dove,  
On these dear followers of the Lord ;  
Exalted Head of all the church,  
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 4 Let faith, assisted now by signs,  
The wonders of thy love explore ;  
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,  
Let them depart and sin no more.

*Benjamin Beddome.*

### 1080

L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace thy cause ;  
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic flood  
O bathe us in thy cleansing blood !  
We die to sin, and seek a grave  
With thee, beneath the yielding wave ;
- 4 And, as we rise, with thee to live,  
O let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

*Adoniram Judson.*

### 1081

L. M.

- 1 How blest the hour when first we gave  
Our guilty souls to thee, O God !  
A cheerful sacrifice of love,  
Bought with the Saviour's precious blood.
- 2 How blest the vows we here record !  
How blest the grace we here receive !  
Buried—to rise with Christ our Lord,  
New lives of holiness to live.

## BAPTISM.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals  
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven !  
How blest the emblem that reveals  
God reconciled, and peace with Heaven ;

4 Thus through the emblematic grave  
The glorious suffering Saviour trod ;  
Thou art our Pattern, through the wave  
We follow thee, blest Son of God.  
*S. F. Smith.*

### 1082 L. M.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,  
And meekly sought a watery grave ;  
Come, see the sacred path he trod—  
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,  
And hither come to seek his face,  
To do his will, to feel his love,  
And join our songs with those above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine !  
Let endless glories round him shine ;  
High o'er the heavens forever reign,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

*Adoniram Judson.*

### 1083 C. M.

1 MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream  
The great Redeemer bowed ;  
Bright was the glory's sacred beam  
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve  
The deed that Christ had done ;  
Thus came the emblematic Dove,  
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day  
To our baptismal scene ;  
Let thoughts of earth be far away,  
And every mind serene.

*S. F. Smith.*

### 1084 C. M.

1 BURIED with Christ ! yes, thus we lie  
Immersed beneath the wave ;  
So he, the Saviour from on high,  
Found on this earth his grave.

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 We rise with him ! to live anew  
A holy life of faith,  
Believing what this brings to view,  
And what the Scripture saith.

*Anon.*

**1085**

8s & 7s.

- 1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,  
Here we meet to follow thee,  
Trusting in thy great salvation,  
Which alone can make us free.
- 3 Naught have we to claim as merit ;  
All the duties we can do  
Can no crown of life inherit ;  
All the praise to thee is due.
- 3 Yet we come in Christian duty,  
Down beneath the wave to go ;  
O the bliss ! the heavenly beauty !  
Christ the Lord was buried so.

*Robert T. Daniel.*

**1086**

S. M.

- 1 WITH willing hearts we tread  
The path the Saviour trod ;  
We love the example of our Head,  
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,  
Our hope and faith rely,  
O thou who wilt for sin atone,  
Who didst for sinners die !
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice,  
To thy dear cross we flee ;  
O may we die to sin, and rise  
To life and bliss in thee.

*Anon.*

**1087**

S. M.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come  
In thine appointed way ;  
Obedient to thy high commands,  
Our solemn vows we pay.
- 2 O bless this sacred rite,  
To bring us near to thee ;  
And may we find that as our day  
Our strength may also be.

## BAPTISM.

- 3 As through the world we go,  
So full of care and sin,  
May we by word and action show  
That Jesus reigns within,  
*English Baptist Collection.*

### 1088 S. M.

- 1 DOWN to the sacred wave  
The Lord of life was led ;  
And he who came our souls to save,  
In Jordan bowed his head.
- 2 He taught the solemn way ;  
He fixed the holy rite ;  
He bade his ransomed ones obey,  
And keep the path of light.
- 3 Blest Saviour, we will tread  
In thine appointed way ;  
Let glory o' er these scenes be shed,  
And smile on us to-day.  
*S. F. Smith.*

### 1089 S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,  
Thy pure example bless ;  
And, with a firm, unwavering zeal,  
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains  
By which the martyrs bled ;  
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,  
Our favored feet are led :
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,  
Assembled in thy fear,  
The homage of obedient hearts  
We humbly offer here.  
*L. H. Sigourney.*

### 1090 S. M.

- 1 CHOOSE ye his cross to bear  
Who bowed in Jordan's wave ?—  
Clad in his armor will ye dare,  
In faith, a watery grave ?
- 2 All hail ! ye blessed band,  
Shrink not to do his will ;  
In deep humility this work  
Of righteousness fulfill ;—

## THE CHURCH.

- 3 Tread in his steps, with prayer  
Invoke his Spirit free,  
And as he burst the gates of death  
So may our rising be.

*L. H. Sigourney.*

### 1091

7s. D.

- 1 CHRIST, who came my soul to save,  
Entered Jordan's yielding wave,  
Rose from out the crystal flood,  
Owned and sealed the Son of God  
By the Father's voice of love,  
By the heaven-descending Dove;  
Saviour, Pattern, guide for me,  
I, like him, baptized would be.
- 2 In the garden, o'er his soul  
Sorrow's whelming waves did roll;  
And on Calvary's cruel tree,  
Jesus bowed in death for me.  
I with him am crucified;  
All my hope is—he hath died;  
At his feet my place I take,  
Bear the cross for his dear sake.
- 3 In the new-made tomb he lay,  
Taking all its dread away;  
Burst he through its rock-bound door,  
Glorious now and evermore.  
I with Christ would buried be  
In this rite required of me,—  
Rising from the mystic flood,  
Living hence anew to God.

*S. D. Phelps.*

### 1092

C. P. M.

- 1 SALEM's bright King, Jesus by name,  
In ancient time to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill;  
'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his Master's will.
- 2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream  
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
And there did him baptize;  
Jehovah saw his holy Son,  
And was well pleased in what he'd done,  
And owned him from the skies.

## BAPTISM.

- 3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries ;  
On him, to rest, the Spirit flies ;  
O children, hear ye him !  
Hark ! 't is his voice, behold he cries :  
“ Repent, believe, and be baptized,  
And Christ will save from sin.”

*Anon.*

### 1093

8s & 7s. P.

- 1 THIS rite our blest Redeemer gave  
To all in him believing ;  
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,  
To his example cleaving.

#### CHORUS.

- I'll follow then my glorious Lord,  
Whate'er the ties I sever ;  
He saves my soul, he's left his word  
To guide me now and ever.
- 2 For me the cross and shame to bear,  
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing ;  
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,  
All righteousness fulfilling.
- 3 Jesus, to thee I yield my all ;  
In thy kind arms infold me ;  
My heart is fixed,—no fears appall,  
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

*Anon.*

### 1094

8s & 7s. 6l.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour, we adore thee ;  
Purchased by thy precious blood,  
We present ourselves before thee,  
Now to walk the narrow road :  
Saviour, guide us—  
Guide us to the throne of God.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty ;  
Thou wast laid beneath the wave ;  
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty  
From the semblance of the grave :  
We would follow  
Thee, who from our sins wilt save.

*Anon.*



## THE CHURCH.

**1095**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 'T is down into the water  
Where we believers go,  
To serve our Lord and Master  
In righteous acts below ;  
We lay our mortal bodies  
Beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of the Saviour  
When he lay in the grave.
- 2 The light of truth is spreading,  
And shining now for thee ;  
And sweet its notes are sounding  
To set the captive free ;  
And while this glorious message  
Is spreading far around,  
Some souls exposed to ruin,  
Redeeming grace have found.

*Anon.*

**1096**

L. M.

- 1 OUR Saviour, meek and lowly, came,  
And taught his flock to be the same ;  
He an example set, that they  
Might willingly his word obey.
- 2 For on that night he was betrayed,  
He for us all a pattern laid :  
Before his supper he did eat,  
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.
- 3 'T was Christ, the Lord of earth and sky !  
He laid his royal garments by,  
And washed their feet, to show that we  
Should always kind and humble be.
- 4 But Peter said : " It shall not be !  
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me !"  
O, that no Christian here may say,  
" I'm too unworthy to obey !"
- 5 " You call me Lord, and Master too :  
Then do as I have done to you ;  
All my commands and counsel heed,  
And show your love by word and deed.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

- 6 "Ye shall be happy if ye know  
And do these things by faith, below ;  
For I'll protect you till I come,  
And then I'll take you to your home."

*Anon.*

### 1097

L. M.

- 1 AT thy command, O Lord, our hope,  
We come around thy table here ;  
We break the bread, we bless the cup,  
That show thy death, till thou appear.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in One that died ;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above  
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And cast their scandals on thy cause !  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,—  
He that was dead hath left the tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 1098

L. M.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son, God's dear delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed and brake :  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food :"  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine :  
"T'is the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,—  
Meet at my table, and record,  
In memory of your dying Friend,  
The love of your departed Lord."

## THE CHURCH.

- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 1099 L. M.

- 1 THY broken body, gracious Lord,  
Is shadowed by this broken bread ;  
The wine which in this cup is poured,  
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.
- 2 And while we meet together thus,  
We show that we are one in thee :  
Thy precious blood was shed for us ;  
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
- 3 We have one hope—that thou wilt come :  
Thee in the air we wait to see ;  
Then thou wilt give thy saints a home,  
And we shall ever reign with thee.

*Anon.*

### 1100 L. M.

- 1 THE sun had set on Syria's plain,  
The night had bloomed with stars again,  
When, as his fateful hour drew nigh,  
The Saviour knew that he must die.
- 2 As still drew nigh that hour of dread,  
Wait his disciples pale and sad,  
When he, with love's compassion sweet,  
Knelt lowly down and washed their feet.
- 3 Draw near to us, O Lord, we pray ;  
We follow in thy steps to-day ;  
Here with thy saints 't is joy to meet,  
And bow, and humbly wash their feet.
- 4 O thou bright King, within whose hand  
The ages glide like grains of sand,  
Now hear us pray that we may be  
All lowly, meek, and pure, like thee.
- 5 And when that glorious morn shall break,  
And at thy voice each sleeper wake,  
Remember us, O Lord, we pray ;  
Roll from our grave the stone away !

*Toria A. Buck.*

## LORD'S SUPPER.

### 1101 L. M.

- 1 'T WAS wondrous depth of heavenly love  
That brought our Saviour from above  
To walk with men, a sinful race,  
To seek and save them by his grace.
- 2 He left his own majestic bliss,  
To sojourn in a world like this ;  
Not to be honored as deserved,  
But he was here as one who served.
- 3 He was a true and constant friend ;  
He loved his chosen to the end ;  
And to impress a lesson meet,  
He washed his dear disciples' feet.
- 4 "Ye call me Lord, and that is true ;  
Then do as I have done to you ;  
Since 't is your privilege to know,  
You will be happy if you do."

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 1102 L. M.

- 1 IN imitation, Lord, of thee,  
This solemn service we repeat ;  
For thine example, full of grace,  
Has made this humble duty sweet.
- 2 Renew each sacred spark of love,  
And vitalize the holy flame ;  
May union strong our hearts unite  
While this we do in Jesus' name.
- 3 Our great Example thou shalt be,  
In washing thy disciples' feet ;  
And as we follow thy command,  
Make thou our fellowship complete.

*William Brickey.*

### 1103 C. M.

- 1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope and all my plea :  
"For me the Saviour died."
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Thou Fount for guilt and sin,  
Apply to me thy precious blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

## THE CHURCH.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 1104

C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice !  
I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,  
Will I remember thee.

*James Montgomery.*

### 1105

C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy table we behold  
The wonders of thy grace,  
But most of all admire that we  
Should find a welcome place,—
- 2 We, who were all defiled with sin,  
And rebels to our God,—  
We, who have crucified thy Son,  
And trampled on his blood.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That we, so lost, have room !  
Jesus our weary souls invites,  
And freely bids us come.

*Anon.*

### 1106

C. M.

- 1 WE ask not for the world's applause,  
Nor ask if they consent ;  
For Jesus' word upholds our cause,  
With that we'll rest content.
- 2 Our Lord and Saviour says " we ought "  
To wash each other's feet ;  
We will not set aside as naught  
Instruction so complete.
- 3 Then praise to Jesus for his word ;  
We'll show his love to each  
Of our dear brethren in the Lord,  
And practice as we preach.

*A. Ford.*

### 1107

C. M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me !



## THE CHURCH.

- 6 There in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Is ransomed from the grave.

*William Cowper.*

### 1108

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD God's own exalted Son,  
Adored by seraphs bright,  
A servant now to men become,  
With men he takes delight.
- 2 Admiring angels wondering view  
The condescending love  
Of Him to whom their homage due  
Was offered once above.
- 3 Because he loves, he condescends  
To wash his brethren's feet ;  
And leaves example to his friends  
Of lowliness complete.
- 4 Who would reject his offered grace ?  
Refuse to bow the knee ?  
Disdain to take the humble place,  
Where he has deigned to be ?
- 5 Let all who would be like their Lord,  
Accepted in his sight,  
Not only hear, but do his word ;  
In doing there's delight.

*R. F. Cottrell.*

### 1109

C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lord of earth and sky  
With his poor followers meet !  
He girds himself as they wait by,  
To humbly wash their feet !
- 2 Didst thou, dear Lord, perform this task  
For men so low as we ?  
While we obey, by faith we ask  
To have a part with thee.
- 3 Why should we blush thy will to do ?  
Or shrink from following thee ?  
We would the sacred scene renew  
Of thy humility.

## LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Thy blessed promise we would claim,  
As now we humbly ask  
That thy sweet grace may in us frame  
True meekness for our task.

*Anon.*

### 1110 S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board,  
And sup in memory of the death  
And sufferings of their Lord.
- 2 We take the bread and wine  
As emblems of thy death ;  
Lord, raise our souls above the sign,  
To feast on thee by faith.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
It looks beyond this scene of strife,—  
Unites us to the Vine.
- 4 Soon shall the night be gone,  
Our Lord will come again ;  
The marriage supper of the Lamb  
Will usher in his reign.

*Isaac Watts.*

### 1111 S. M.

- 1 WITH Jesus in our midst  
We gather round the board ;  
Though many, we are one in Christ,  
One body in the Lord.
- 2 Our sins were laid on him  
When bruised on Calvary ;  
For us he died, and rose again,  
A pledge of victory.
- 3 Faith eats the bread of life,  
And drinks the living wine ;  
Thus we, in love together knit,  
On Jesus' breast recline.
- 4 Then let our powers unite,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
And holy joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

*Anon.*

## THE CHURCH.

**1112**

S. M.

- 1 A PARTING hymn we sing,  
Around thy table, Lord ;  
Again our grateful tribute bring,  
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen thy face,  
And felt thy presence here ;  
So may the savor of thy grace  
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,  
The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

*A. R. Wolfe.*

**1113**

7s & 6s. D.

- 1 THERE is no work too humble  
For Christian hands to do ;  
There is no path too lowly  
For our feet to pursue ;  
Our blessed Lord and Master  
Was servant unto all ;  
None were too poor and needy  
For him to heed their call.
- 2 If we are his disciples,  
Called by his holy name,  
A portion of his Spirit  
We surely ought to claim.  
And though the task be menial  
Which he for us hath set,  
His own divine example  
We never should forget.
- 3 That he, the High and Holy,  
Whose life-work was complete,  
Should gird himself for labor,  
And wash those humble feet !  
And yet we shrink from duties  
Which seem so far above  
This deed of Christ-like meekness,  
This tender proof of love !

*Kate Cameron.*

## LORD'S SUPPER.

**1114**

7s. 6l.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me !  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side that flowed,  
Be of sin the perfect cure ;  
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This, for sin, could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 When my pilgrimage I close,  
Victor o'er the last of foes,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy Judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

*Augustus M. Toplady.*

**1115**

7s. 6l.

- 1 THOU who on the cross didst make  
Sacrifice complete for me ;  
Thou who didst for my poor sake  
Suffer on the cursèd tree ;  
Thou didst teach submission sweet  
Washing thy disciples' feet.
- 2 O my soul ! and shalt thou scorn  
Thus to do as He hath done ?—  
Thou a wretched, dying worm :  
He the blessed, sinless One !—  
Gladly would I wash his feet,  
Bowing in submission sweet.
- 3 Such a joy may not be mine,  
Thus to prove my love for Thee ;  
Such a privilege divine  
Thou hast never given me ;  
But, in blest submission sweet,  
I may wash thy servant's feet.

*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

## THE CHURCH.

**1116**

7s. 6l.

- 1 SAVIOUR of our ruined race,  
Fountain of redeeming grace,  
Let us now thy fullness see  
While we here converse with thee ;  
Hearken to our ardent prayer,  
Let us all thy blessings share.
- 2 While we thus with glad accord  
Meet around thy table, Lord,  
Bid us feast with joy divine  
On the appointed bread and wine ;  
Emblems may they truly prove  
Of our Saviour's bleeding love.
- 3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,  
Yet we seek the Heavenly smile ;  
Thou canst all our sins forgive,  
Thou canst bid us look and live.  
Lord, we wonder and adore !  
O, for grace to love thee more !

*Thomas Hastings.*

**1117**

7s.

- 1 COMING Saviour, now in faith,  
We remember still thy death ;  
Thou wast broken—thou hast died ;  
For us thou wast crucified.
- 2 While in faith we drink the wine,  
Of thy blood we see the sign ;  
Wash us pure from every stain,  
Thou that comest soon to reign.
- 3 Lord, we thus remember thee,  
But we long thy face to see—  
Long to reach our heavenly home ;  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

*Anon.*

**1118**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding  
On this earthly bread and wine,  
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding  
On the cross, to make us thine.  
Though unseen, now be thou near us,  
With the still small voice of love ;  
Whisper words of peace to cheer us,  
Every doubt and fear remove,

## LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Bring before us all the story  
Of thy life, and death of woe ;  
And, with hopes of endless glory,  
Wean our hearts from all below.  
Draw us nearer and still nearer  
To thy pierced and bleeding side,  
Till our view of self grows clearer  
In the light of Him who died.

*Edward Denny.*

**1119**

8s & 7s. D.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.  
His example while beholding,  
May our lives his image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

*Anon.*

**1120**

8s & 6s. D.

- 1 ONCE in Jerusalem of old  
Our Saviour washed their feet  
Who climbed with him Judea's hills,  
And roved its valleys sweet.  
With lowly attitude and mien  
To them he bowed the knee ;  
Thus showing how love's service blends  
With meek humility.
- 2 But far from that low path of grace  
His people since have trod,  
And erring feet have trampled down  
The ordinance of God.  
Come, brothers, sisters, let us raise  
This long-forgotten rite ;  
Bow each to each with humble minds,  
And walk in duty's light.
- 3 With holy kiss, with words of love,  
With hearts all kind and true,  
We'll banish thoughts of envious pride,  
As Jesus' friends should do.  
Dear Saviour, help us keep more near  
The good old Bible ways ;  
Head, hands, and feet we pray thee wash,  
That we may speak thy praise.



## THE CHURCH.

**1121**

10s.

- 1 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs  
With trembling hand; that from thy table fall,  
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes  
To plead thy promise and obey thy call.
- 2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;  
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from thee, my Lord! one smile, one  
look,  
And I could face the cold, rough world again,  
And with that treasure in my heart could brook  
The wrath of Satan and the scorn of men.
- 4 I hear thy voice; thou bidst me come and rest;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;  
Thou bidst me take my place, a welcome guest,  
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

*Edward H. Bickersteth.*

**1122**

10s.

- 1 HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen;  
Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is passed and  
gone;  
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here—  
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.
- 4 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and  
love.

*Horatius Bonar.*

## LORD'S SUPPER.

**1123**

10s.

- 1 "THIS is My body, which is given for you ;  
Do this," He said, and brake, "remembering  
me."  
O Lamb of God, our Paschal offering true,  
To us the bread of life each moment be.
- 2 "This is my blood, for sin's remission shed,"  
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing  
round ;  
So let us drink, and on life's fullness fed,  
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall  
bound.
- 3 "The hour has come !" with us in peace sit  
down ;  
Thine own we are, O love us to the end !  
Serve us our banquet, ere the night's dark frown  
Vail from our sight the presence of our Friend.
- 4 Some will betray thee,—“ Master, is it I ? ”  
Leaning upon thy love, we ask in fear,—  
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry  
To thee, the strong, for strength, when sin is  
near.

*C. L. Ford.*

**1124**

11s.

- 1 DRAW near us to-day, and a blessing impart,  
Dear Lord, to each humble and penitent heart,  
Whose joy is to follow our Master and Lord  
In each blessed ordinance we find in thy word.
- 2 The pride we have cherished we gladly forsake ;  
Now of thy meek spirit, O, let us partake !  
And as we obey, may our longing hearts prove  
'T is blessed to serve one another in love.
- 3 If ill-will or envy have darkened our life,  
May pure love now enter, expelling all strife ;  
With brotherly kindness each other we greet,  
As now in God's presence we wash the saints'  
feet.
- 4 O, lend us the power of thy presence divine,  
Our hearts to the love of this duty incline,  
And wash from our lives every unholy stain,  
Till naught of impurity with us remain.

*Anon.*

## THE CHURCH.

**1125**

8s & 4.

- 1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord,  
Until he come.
- 2 His body broken in our stead  
Is here, in this memorial bread ;  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until he come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see ;  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until he come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
With the last advent we unite—  
The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
Until he come.
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.
- 6 O blessed hope ! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until he come !

*George Rawson.*

**1126**

H. M.

- 1 GREAT King of glory, come,  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thine own ;  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
Like incense, to the skies ;  
Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around.

## DEDICATION.

3 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long-succeeding days ;  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand and men adore.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Receive thy truth in love ;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above,  
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,  
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

*Benjamin Francis.*

**1127**

11s.

1 WE rear not a temple, like Judah's of old,  
Whose portals were marble, whose vaultings  
were gold ;  
No incense is lighted, no victims are slain,  
No monarch kneels praying to hallow the fane.

2 More simple and lowly the walls that we raise,  
And humbler the pomp of procession and praise,  
Where the heart is the altar whence incense shall  
roll,  
And Messiah the King who shall plead for the  
soul.

3 O Father, come in ! but not in the cloud  
Which filled the bright courts where thy chosen  
ones bowed ;  
But come in that Spirit of glory and grace  
Which beams on the soul and illumines the race.

4 O come in the power of thy life-giving word,  
And reveal to each heart its Redeemer and Lord,  
Till faith bring the peace to the penitent given,  
And love fill the air with the fragrance of heaven.

*Henry Ware.*

**1128**

L. M.

1 ALL things are thine ; no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts ! to offer thee ;  
And hence, with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thine own, before thy feet we lay.

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 Thy will was in the builders' thought ;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,  
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.
- 3 No lack thy perfect fullness knew ;  
For human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer—this home of rest :  
Here may thy saints be often blessed.
- 4 In weakness and in want we call  
On thee, for whom the heavens are small ;  
Thy glory is thy children's good,  
Thy joy thy tender fatherhood.
- 5 O Father ! deign these walls to bless,  
Make this the abode of righteousness,  
And let these doors a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

*Anon.*

### 1129

L. M.

- 1 MAKER of land and rolling sea,  
We dedicate this house to thee ;  
And what our willing hands have done,  
We give to God and to the Son.
- 2 Come, fill this house with heavenly grace,  
While sinners throng the sacred place,  
And saints, with angel hosts above,  
Unite to sing redeeming love.
- 3 Here let the mourning soul find rest  
Upon the loving Saviour's breast ;  
And with the sense of sins forgiven,  
Each heart aspire to God and heaven.

*D. C. Eddy.*

### 1130

L. M.

- 1 O LORD of hosts, whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;
- 2 Endue thy creatures with the grace  
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place ;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them thine.

## DEDICATION.

- 3 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of thine own elect ;  
Be thou in us and we in thee,  
Through time and in eternity.

*J. M. Neale.*

### 1131

L. M.

- 1 AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,  
On earth establish thine abode ?  
Then look propitious from thy throne,  
And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise ;  
Long may they echo with thy praise ;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear  
That souls were born to glory here.

*Philip Doddridge.*

### 1132

L. M.

- 1 O bow thine ear, Eternal One !  
On thee each heart adoring calls ;  
To thee the followers of thy Son  
Have raised, and now devote, these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here  
As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung,  
Here let thy truth beam forth to save  
As when of old thy Spirit hung  
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

*Anon.*



## THE CHURCH.

**1133**

L. M.

- 1 THE perfect world by Adam trod  
Was the first temple built by God ;  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
And raised its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high—  
The broad expanse of azure sky ;  
He spread its pavement, green and bright,  
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,  
The sea, the sky, and all—"was good."  
And when its first pure praises rang,  
The "morning stars together sang."
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea  
And earth and sky a house for thee ;  
But in thy sight our offering stands,—  
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

*Benjamin Beddome.*

**1134**

L. M.

- 1 THIS stone to thee, in faith, we lay ;  
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise ;  
Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house of prayer and praise.
- 2 Within these walls let heavenly peace  
And holy love and concord dwell ;  
Here give the burdened conscience ease,  
And here the wounded spirit heal.
- 3 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will our great Redeemer reign,  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 4 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart ;  
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone ;  
Come thou and dwell in every heart,—  
In every bosom fix thy throne.

*James Montgomery.*

**1135**

L. M.

- 1 HERE, in thy name, Eternal God,  
We build this earthly house for thee ;  
O choose it for thy fixed abode,  
And guard it long from error free.

## DEDICATION.

2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place ;  
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 When here thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of thy Son,  
Still, by the power of his great name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

*Anon.*

### 1136 C. M.

1 God of the universe, to thee  
These sacred walls we rear ;  
And now, with songs and bended knee,  
Invoke thy presence here.

2 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell ;  
Thy glory here make known ;  
Thy people's home, O come and fill,  
And seal it as thine own.

3 When sad with care, by sin oppressed,  
Here may the burdened soul  
Beneath thy sheltering wing find rest ;  
Here make the wounded whole.

4 And when the last long Sabbath morn  
Upon the just shall rise,  
May all who own thee here, be borne  
To mansions in the skies.

*Anon.*

### 1137 C. M.

1 To thee this temple we devote,  
Our Father and our God ;  
Accept it thine, and seal it now  
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,  
The voice of praise arise ;  
And may each lowly service prove  
Accepted sacrifice.

3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,  
And weep before his Lord ;  
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,  
And here his vows record.

## DEDICATION.

- 4 Peace be within these sacred walls ;  
Prosperity be here ;  
O smile upon thy people, Lord,  
And evermore be near.

*J. R. Scott.*

### 1138

C. M.

- 1 BUILDER of mighty worlds on worlds,  
How poor the house must be,  
That with our human, sinful hands  
We may erect to thee !
- 2 O Christ, thou art our Corner-stone ;  
On thee our hearts are built ;  
Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life,  
Our Sacrifice for guilt.
- 3 In thy blest name we gather here,  
And set apart the ground ;  
The walls that on this rock shall rise,  
Thy praises shall resound.

*Anon.*

### 1139

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by thy side !
- 3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way ;  
And they who mourn and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

1140

- 1 MARK that pilgrim—lowly bending,  
At the shrine of prayer ascending,  
Praise and sighs together blending  
From his lips in mournful strain;  
Glowing with sincere contrition,  
And with child-like, blest submission,  
Ever riseth this petition:—  
“Jesus, come,—O come to reign.”
- 2 List again;—the low earth sigheth,  
And the blood of martyrs crieth  
From its bosom, where there lieth  
Millions upon millions slain:—  
“Lord, how long ere, thy word given,  
All the wicked shall be driven  
From the earth by bolts of Heaven?  
Jesus, come,—O come to reign.”
- 3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling;  
Nations lie in woe appalling,  
On their sages vainly calling  
All these wonders to explain;  
While the slain around are lying,  
God’s own little flock are sighing,  
And in secret places crying,  
“Jesus, come,—O come to reign.”
- 4 Here the wicked live securely,  
Of to-morrow boasting surely,  
While from those who’re walking purely,  
They extort dishonest gain:  
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven;  
Want and care to them are given;  
But they lift the cry to heaven,  
“Jesus, come,—O come to reign.”
- 5 Christian, cheer thee; land is nearing;  
Still be hopeful, nothing fearing;  
Soon, in majesty appearing,  
You’ll behold the Lamb once slain:  
O how joyful then to hear him,  
While all nations shall revere him,  
Saying to his flock who fear him,  
“I have come—on earth to reign!”

*Anon.*

## 1141

- 1 TOGETHER let us sweetly live ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan :  
 Together love to Jesus give ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

## CHORUS.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan ;  
 O Canaan, it is my happy home ;  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

- 2 Together let us watch and pray ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan :  
 And wait redemption's joyous day ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 3 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan :  
 While higher still our joys shall rise ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 4 Then come with me, beloved friend ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan :  
 The joys to come shall never end ;—  
 I am bound for the land of Canaan.

*Anon*

## 1142

C. P. M.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear ?  
 'Tis Michael's trump methinks I hear,—  
 Th' expected day has come.  
 Behold, the heavens, the earth, the sea,  
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee ;  
 Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold, the fair Jerusalem,  
 Illuminated by the Lamb,  
 In glory doth appear.  
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs  
 To meet the Bridegroom : lo ! he comes,  
 And hails the festive year.
- 3 My soul is striving to be there ;  
 I long to rise and wing the air,  
 And trace the sacred road.  
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things ;  
 O that I had an angel's wings !  
 I'd quickly see my God.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly !  
 I thirst, I pant, I long to try  
     Angelic joys to prove !  
 Soon I'll receive from Christ my Lord  
 Eternal life, the great reward,  
     And shout redeeming love.

*Anon.*

### 1143 C. P. M.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
 My comrades in the wilderness,  
     Who still your burdens feel ;  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond the vale of tears  
     To yon celestial hill.
- 2 Look far beyond this narrow space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
     The saints' secure abode.  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And wing your passage to the skies,  
     Strong in the strength of God.
- 3 Who suffer with their Master here,  
 Shall soon before his face appear,  
     And by his side sit down :  
 To patient faith the prize is sure,  
 And all that to the end endure  
     The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
 It lifts the fainting spirit up !  
     It brings to life the dead :  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last,  
     Triumphant with our Head.

*Anon.*

### 1144 *Other stanzas, No. 599.*

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb,  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name ?

#### CHORUS.

O, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 O, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 O, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 If I want to reign with Jesus when he comes.



1145

- 1 I SAW a way-worn traveler,  
 In tattered garments clad,  
 And struggling up the mountain ;  
 It seemed that he was sad ;  
 His back was laden heavy,  
 His strength was almost gone,  
 He shouted as he journeyed,  
 Deliverance will come.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
 Palms of victory we shall bear.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,  
 The sweat was on his brow,  
 His garments worn and dusty,  
 His step seemed very slow :  
 But he kept pressing onward,  
 For he was wending home ;  
 Still shouting as he journeyed,  
 Deliverance will come.
- 3 The songsters in the arbor  
 That stood beside the way  
 Attracted his attention,  
 Inviting his delay ;  
 His watchward being " Onward !"  
 He stopped his ears, and ran,  
 Still shouting as he journeyed,  
 Deliverance will come.
- 4 I saw him in the evening,  
 The sun was bending low ;  
 He'd overtopped the mountain,  
 And reached the vale below ;  
 His eyes were dim and heavy,  
 His journey, it was done ;  
 He shouted, as it ended,  
 Deliverance will come !

## OLD MELODIES.

5 They closed the blinds around him,  
And locked him up alone,  
That nothing might disturb him  
Till his best Friend should come.  
Hope made for him a pillow,  
And Faith, a garment rare,  
To keep him in his slumbers  
Till Jesus should appear.

6 At length the trumpet sounded,  
The shadows fled away,  
The gilded rays of glory  
Proclaimed the coming day ;  
Then when the light of morning  
Broke in his little room,  
He rose, and cried, Hosanna !  
Deliverance has come !

7 I heard the song of triumph  
He sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed me,  
I'll suffer now no more ;  
And casting his eyes backward  
On the race that he had run,  
He raised the loud hosanna,  
Deliverance has come !

*John B. Matthias*

*For hymn No. 1146, see No. 1003.*

### 1147

1 How far from home ? I asked, as on  
I bent my steps—the watchman spake :  
“ The long, dark night is almost gone,  
The morning soon will break.  
Then weep no more, but speed thy flight,  
With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,  
Till thou shalt reach the realms of light,  
In everlasting day.”

2 I asked the warrior on the field :  
This was his soul-inspiring song :  
“ With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield,  
The battle is not long.  
Then weep no more, but well endure  
The conflict, till thy work is done ;  
For this we know, the prize is sure,  
When victory is won.”

- 3 I asked again : earth, sea, and sun  
 Seemed, with one voice, to make reply :  
 "Time's wasting sands are nearly run,  
 Eternity is nigh.  
 Then weep no more—with warning tones,  
 Portentous signs are thickening round,  
 The whole creation, waiting, groans,  
 To hear the trumpet sound."
- 4 Not far from home ! O blessed thought !  
 The traveler's lonely heart to cheer ;  
 Which oft a healing balm has brought,  
 And dried the mourner's tear.  
 Then weep no more, since we shall meet  
 Where weary footsteps never roam—  
 Our trials past, our joys complete,  
 Safe in our Father's home.

*Annie R. Smith.*

**1148**

- 1 A THRILLING cry—we hear the sound ;  
 The faithful watchmen lift their voice ;  
 From land to land the world around—  
 It bids the saints rejoice :  
 Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing  
 The glorious coming of your King ;  
 The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,  
 For dark and dangerous is the night ;  
 And daring scoffers gather round—  
 The evil servants smite.  
 Ye faithful ones the strict watch keep,  
 With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep.  
 The thrilling cry, we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."
- 3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives light.  
 Its rays dispel the thickening gloom ;  
 The path to glory now is bright—  
 The Bridegroom soon will come.  
 Then lift your voices, saints, and sing  
 Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—  
 The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,  
 "Prepare to meet your Lord."

*Anon.*

## OLD MELODIES.

### 1149

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now,  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you just now ;  
Just now he will save you,  
He will save you just now.
- 3 He is able, he is able,  
He is able just now ;  
Just now he is able,  
He is able just now.
- 4 He is waiting, he is waiting,  
He is waiting just now ;  
Just now he is waiting,  
He is waiting just now.
- 5 He will bless you, he will bless you,  
He will bless you just now ;  
Just now he will bless you,  
He will bless you just now.

*Anon.*

### 1150

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing.  
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !  
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there ;  
Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
- 4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,  
I must leave you, I must leave you, and be gone !  
With this your portion, your hearts' desire,—  
Why will you perish in raging fire ?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 Father, mother, and sister, brother !  
If you will not journey with me, I must go !  
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,  
Should I too linger and with you perish ?
- 6 Farewell, dear earth, by sin so blighted,  
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed ;  
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,  
And then the dread curse shall never more be.

*Mary S. B. Dana.*

### 1151

- 1 WEARY pilgrim, why this sadness ?  
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline ?  
The trial strange, brings joy and gladness ;  
For all things shall yet be thine !  
O yes, all things shall yet be thine !
- 2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,  
Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;  
And sweetest harpings tell the story  
Of the love that could not fail ;  
O yes, the love that could not fail.
- 3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,  
Where joy's gushing songs arise ;  
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,  
In the new earth, paradise ;  
Yes, in the new earth, paradise.
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness ;  
To Mount Zion thou art come !  
Now swell thy songs of joyful gladness,  
And rejoice in thy blest home ;  
Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

*Anon.*

### 1152

- 1 'T WAS a doleful night on Calvary's hight,  
When the Lamb of God was slain ;  
But hope's cheering ray shone bright o'er the day  
When he rose from the tomb again.

#### CHORUS.

O Jesus, my Saviour ! dear Saviour, come !  
Our hearts weary grow of thy long delay ;  
O hasten to gather us home.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 2 I go, he said, to prepare a place,  
Blest mansions in glory's domain ;  
And the promise sure sweetly fell from his lips,  
" For you I'll return again."
- 3 How long, O Lord, shall we watch and weep  
For the rightful Heir to reign ?  
And the myriad saints in silence sleep,  
Who wait thy return again ?
- 4 See the signs fulfilled of his advent near !  
Soon he comes in his kingdom to reign !  
Not long will the wheels of his chariot stay,  
That brings his return again.
- 5 The soul once bowed 'neath its burden of woe  
Shall rejoice o'er the flowery plain,  
And a dazzling crown deck the careworn brow,  
When the King in his beauty shall reign !  
*Annie R. Smith.*

### 1153

- 1 Lo ! the time hastens on, soon the morning  
will dawn,  
When the King shall in glory descend :  
We expect soon to join the bright, holy throng.  
In the kingdom that never shall end.

#### CHORUS.

- O Saviour ! dear Saviour ! O Saviour, come !  
Here we mourn and we sigh,  
And we daily cry,  
" Come and gather the faithful home."
- 2 All the prophets of old saw a beautiful world,  
And they looked for the same with delight ;  
And apostles have told of a city of gold,  
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
- 3 O we long to be there, where no sorrow or care  
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest ;  
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so  
rare  
In reserve for the good and the blest.

*Anon.*



## 1154

11s.

- 1 WHAT heavenly music steals over the sea !  
Entrancing the senses like sweet melody ?  
Tis the voice of the angels borne soft on the air ;  
For me they are singing ; their welcome I hear.
- 2 On the banks of old Jordan, here gazing I stand,  
And earnestly longing I stretch forth my hand ;  
Send a convoy of angels, dear Jesus, I pray !  
Let me join that sweet music ; come, take me  
away.
- 3 Though dark are the waters and rough is the wave,  
If Jesus permit, the wild surges I'll brave ;  
For that heavenly music hath ravished me so,  
I must join in the chorus ! I'll go ! let me go.

*Anon.*

## 1155

11s.

- 1 How prone are professors to rest on their lees,  
To study their pleasure, their profit, and ease !  
Though God says, " Arise, and escape for thy life,  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife."
- 2 Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe ;  
'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message receive ;  
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay  
And tell you that lions are found in the way ;  
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 4 How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled !  
With specious temptations how many defiled !  
O be not deluded, escape for thy life !  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 5 The ways of religion true pleasure afford,  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord ;  
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,  
And look not behind thee ; remember Lot's wife.
- 6 But if you determine the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to choose,  
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's  
wife.

*Anon.*

## OLD MELODIES.

### 1156

- 1 DROOPING souls, no longer grieve;  
Heaven is propitious.  
If on Christ you do believe,  
You will find him precious.  
Jesus now is passing by,  
Calls the wanderers to him;  
Drooping souls, you need not die,  
Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs a healing fountain;  
See the consolation tide,  
Boundless as the ocean.  
See the living waters move  
For the sick and dying;  
Now resolve to gain his love,  
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Grace he offers full and free,  
Drooping souls to gladden;  
Hear him say, "Come unto me,  
Weary, heavy laden:"  
Though your sins like mountains high,  
Rise and reach to heaven,  
Soon as you on him rely,  
All shall be forgiven.

*Anon.*

### 1157

- 1 HEAR the glorious proclamation,  
The glad tidings of salvation,  
Hear the glorious proclamation  
Of the Saviour near.
- CHORUS.  
While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
While the choir of angels,  
Shall be chanting through the sky.
- 2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes, the world controlling;  
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,  
Jesus comes to reign.

- 3 See the sign in heaven appearing,  
And the blazing chariot nearing ;  
See the sign in heaven appearing,  
And the Saviour there.
- 4 See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the dead to life awaking ;  
See the earth in terror shaking,  
And the saints arise.
- 5 Now on wings of light ascending,  
With a shining host attending ;  
Now on wings on light ascending,  
See them mount the skies.
- 6 See, the banner waves in glory,  
While ten thousand tell the story ;  
See, the banner waves in glory,  
And the saints are there.
- 7 They are saved from death forever,  
Praise to Him who did deliver ;  
They are saved from death forever,  
And to die no more.

*Anon.*

# 1158

- 1 WE shall see a light appear,  
By and by, when he comes ;  
We shall see a light appear  
When he comes.

## CHORUS.

Ride on, Jesus, O ride on ;  
We are on our journey home.

- 2 We shall see him as he is,  
By and by, when he comes ;  
We shall see him as he is  
When he comes.
- 3 We shall have a mighty shout,  
By and by, when he comes ;  
We shall have a mighty shout  
When he comes.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 4 We shall all with Christ appear,  
By and by, when he comes ;  
We shall all with Christ appear  
When he comes.
- 5 Then the earth will all be cleansed,  
By and by, when he comes ;  
Then the earth will all be cleansed  
When he comes.

*Anon.*

**1159**

C. M.

- 1 O HOW I long to see that day  
When the redeemed shall come  
To Zion, clad in white array—  
Their blissful, happy home.

### CHORUS.

- O bear me on, bear me on  
To Mount Zion ;  
Then bear me on to that city of love  
Where saints will ever dwell.
- 2 I'll hear the alleluias roll  
From the unnumbered throng,  
And with a heaven-enraptured soul  
I'll join redemption's song.
- 3 I'll see all Israel safe at home,  
Singing on Zion's hight ;  
And Jesus crowned upon his throne,  
Creation's Lord by right.
- 4 All hail ! the morn of glory's nigh  
The pilgrim longs to see,  
That dries the tear from every eye—  
Creation's jubilee.
- 5 Jerusalem I long to see,  
Blest city of my King ;  
And eat the fruit of life's fair tree,  
And hear the blood-washed sing.
- 6 My longing heart cries out, O, come !  
Creation groans for thee !  
The weary pilgrim sighs, O, come !  
Bring immortality.

*Anon.*

## 1160

- 1 O EXILED Paradise,  
 O how we long for thee !  
 When wilt thou robe the earth ?  
 When plant life's healing tree ?  
 O for thy smiling hills,  
 With gush of clear cascade !  
 Forever flowing rills,  
 By living waters made !  
 Thou hast fresh, blooming vales,  
 Where glittering fountains play,  
 And sweet, sequestered dales,  
 Hid in thy groves away.  
 O exiled paradise, etc.
- 2 O for thy fragrant flowers  
 That bloom through all the year !  
 O for thy rosy bowers,  
 The wilderness to cheer !  
 To thee we shall return,  
 And to Mount Zion come ;  
 With songs sing joyfully,  
 And shout the "harvest home,"  
 Awake the harp and lute,  
 In praises to the King  
 Who reigns on David's throne,—  
 To him hosannas bring.
- 3 Jesus shall ever reign,  
 When his bright kingdom comes ;  
 The sun shall be ashamed  
 Before his dazzling thrones.  
 The moon, confounded, then  
 Shall hide her silver ray,  
 And saints of every age  
 Rejoice in glorious day.  
 O exiled Paradise,  
 O how I long for thee !  
 Robe thou anew the earth,  
 Bring back life's healing tree.

*Anon.*

## OLD MELODIES.

### 1161

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptured vision  
All the ecstatic joys that spring  
Round the bright Elysian !  
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes ;  
Break, ye intervening skies !  
Sons of righteousness, arise !  
Ope the gates of paradise !

#### CHORUS.

O, how good it is to be blessed,  
And dwell where loving Jesus is !

- 2 Floods of everlasting light  
Freely flash before Him ;  
Myriads, with supreme delight,  
Instantly adore him ;  
Angels' trumps resound his fame ;  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
All the music of his name,  
Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise  
From their princely station ;  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing his great salvation ;  
Cast their crowns before his throne ;  
Cry, in reverential tone,  
" Glory be to God alone,  
Holy, holy, holy One ! "

*Anon.*

### 1162

*Other stanzas, No. 982.*

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

#### CHORUS.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !  
O that will be joyful when we meet to  
part no more !  
When we meet to part no more,  
On Canaan's happy shore ;  
'Tis there we'll meet, at Jesus' feet,  
When we meet to part no more.



## 1163

- 1 COME, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain ;  
 Come view your home beyond the tide :  
 The land we love is just before us ;  
 Soon we'll be on the other side.  
 O there are the bright crowns of glory,  
 And mansions the Saviour will give ;  
 And they who have loved his appearing,  
 With him shall eternally live.
- 2 There endless springs of life are flowing,  
 There are the fields of living green ;  
 Mansions of beauty are before them,  
 And the King of the saints is seen.  
 Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended,—  
 We'll be tried and be tempted no more ;  
 And the saints of all ages and nations  
 We shall greet on that heavenly shore.
- 3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,  
 Coming from underneath the throne ;  
 There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,  
 And he'll welcome the faithful home.  
 Would you walk by the banks of the river,  
 With the friends you have loved by your side?  
 Would you join in the song of the angels ?  
 Then be ready to follow your Guide.

*Anon.**For No. 1164, see No. 677.*

## 1165

- 1 O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended;  
 Our Lord has come to take us home,—  
 O hail, happy day !  
 No more by doubts or fears distressed,  
 We now shall gain our promised rest,  
 And be forever blest ;  
 O hail, happy day !
- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is  
 over,  
 The jubilee proclaims us free,—  
 O hail, happy day !  
 The day that brings a sweet release,  
 That crowns our Jesus Prince of peace,  
 And bids our sorrows cease ;—  
 O hail, happy day !

## OLD MELODIES.

- 3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and  
sorrows,  
That brings us joy without alloy,—  
O hail, happy day !  
There peace shall wave her scepter high,  
And love's fair banner greet the eye,  
Proclaiming victory ;—  
O hail, happy day !
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory,  
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,—  
O hail, happy day !  
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,  
And sweetly burst upon our eyes  
The joys of paradise ;—  
O hail, happy day !
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile  
in gladness,  
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,—  
O hail, happy day !  
Where life's pure waters gently glide,  
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,  
Forever we'll abide ;—  
O hail, happy day !

*Anon.*

## 1166

- 1 O, COME, come away ! for time's career is closing ;  
Let worldly care henceforth forbear ;—  
O, come, come away !  
Come, come ! our holy joys renew,  
Where love and heavenly friendship grew :  
The Spirit welcomes you !—  
O, come, come away.
- 2 Awake ye ! awake ! no time now for reposing ;  
The Lord is near ! breaks on the ear,—  
O come, come away !  
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,  
Who says, I meet with two or three ;  
Sweet promise made to thee !  
O come, come away !

- 3 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,  
 My heart exults with rapturous hope,—  
     O come, come away !  
 When Jesus comes, O may we meet  
 A happy throng at his dear feet ;  
 Our joy will be complete,—  
     O come, come away !
- 4 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart i  
     cheering,  
 Come, and learn there the power of prayer,  
     O come, come away !  
 In sweetest notes of sympathy  
 We praise and pray in harmony ;—  
 Love makes our unity ;—  
     O come, come away !
- 5 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appear  
     ing ;  
 Away from home no more we roam,—  
     O come, come away !  
 And when the trump of God shall sound,  
 The saints no more by death are bound :  
 He owns our Jesus crowned ;  
     O come, come away !
- 6 O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory !  
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,—  
     O come, come away !  
 O come, my Lord, thy right maintain,  
 And take thy throne, and on it reign :  
 Then earth shall bloom again !  
     O come, come away !

*Anon.***1167**

- 1 WHEN the King of kings comes,  
 When the Lord of lords comes,  
 We shall have a joyful day,  
     When the King of kings comes !  
 Great Babylon is broken down,  
 And kingdoms once of great renown,  
 And saints now suffering wear the crown,  
     When the King of kings comes.

## OLD MELODIES.

2 When the trump of God calls,  
When the last of foes falls,  
We shall have a joyful day,  
When the King of kings comes :  
O, then the saints, raised from the dead,  
Are with the living gatherèd,  
And all made like their glorious Head,  
When the King of kings comes.

3 When the foe's distress comes,  
Then the church's "rest" comes :  
We shall have a joyful day,  
When the King of kings comes :  
And then the New Jerusalem,  
Surpassing all reports of fame,  
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,  
When the King of kings comes.

4 When the world its course has run,  
When the Judgment is begun ;  
We shall have a joyful day,—  
When the King of kings comes ;  
To see the sons of God well known,  
All spotless to their Father shown,  
And Jesus all his brethren own,  
When the King of kings comes.

5 When the Conqueror's hour comes,  
When he with great power comes,  
We shall have a joyful day,—  
When the King of kings comes ;  
To see all things by him restored,  
And God himself alone adored  
By all the saints, with one accord,  
When the King of kings comes.

*Anon.*

*For hymn No. 1168, see No. 110.*

### 1169

1 How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's  
ear,  
As he wanders in exile from home !  
Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear,  
And soon will the kingdom come.

CHORUS.

- He's coming, coming, coming soon I know,  
Coming back to this earth again ;  
And the weary pilgrims will to glory go,  
When the Saviour comes to reign.
- 2 The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep  
Shall be open as wide as before,  
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep  
Shall live on this earth once more.
- 3 There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy  
Eden home,  
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing :  
From the North, from the South, all the ransomed  
shall come,  
And worship our heavenly King.
- 4 Hallelujah, Amen ! Hallelujah again !  
Soon, if faithful, we all shall be there ;  
O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,  
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

*Anon.*

1170

C. M.

- 1 WHAT vessel are you sailing in ?  
Declare to us the same.  
Our vessel is the church of God,  
And Christ our captain's name.
- 2 And are you not afraid some storm  
Your bark will overwhelm ?  
No, bless the Lord, we need not fear ;  
• Our Father's at the helm.
- 3 Our compass is the sacred word ;  
Our anchor, blooming hope ;  
The love of God our maintop sail,  
And faith our cable rope.
- 4 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,  
The heavens above are clear ;  
The city bright, appears in sight ;  
We're getting round the pier.
- 5 And when we all are landed safe  
On the celestial plain,  
Our song shall be, " Worthy 's the Lamb  
For rebel sinners slain."

*Anon.*

## OLD MELODIES.

### 1171

1 THIS groaning earth is too dark and drear  
For the saint's eternal home ;  
But the city from heaven will soon appear,  
And we know that the moment is drawing near  
When she in her glory shall come.  
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,  
And her music we soon shall hear.  
Joyous and bright our home shall be,  
And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree  
With our Saviour forevermore.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,  
Where death triumphant reigns,  
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,  
Where all is happiness, joy, and peace,  
And nothing can enter that pains.  
There is no more sorrow and no more night,  
For the darkness shall flee away ;  
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,  
And the saints shall walk with him in white  
In that happy, eternal day.

3 O, there the loved of earth shall meet,  
Whom death has sundered here ;  
The prophets and patriarchs there we'll greet,  
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,  
No more separation to fear.  
Though trials and griefs await us here,  
The conflict will soon be o'er ;  
This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,  
For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,  
And then we shall grieve no more.

*Annie R. Smith.*

### 1172

1 WILL you go, sinner, go to the highlands of  
heaven,  
Where the storms never blow, and the long  
summer's given ;  
Where the bright, blooming flowers are their  
odors emitting,  
And the leaves of the bowers, in the breezes  
are flitting ?



## MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Where the rich golden fruit is in bright clusters  
    pending,  
And the deep-laden boughs of life's fair tree are  
    bending,  
And where life's crystal stream is unceasingly  
    flowing,  
And the verdure of spring is eternally growing.
- 3 Now while pardon's last hour is expiring in  
    heaven,  
And the last gracious call is on earth being  
    given,—  
O haste ! sinner, haste, leave thy sinful behavior,  
The commandments embrace, and the faith of  
    the Saviour.
- 4 Look by faith to the cross, and behold Jesus  
    bleeding,  
Then, ascended on high, at the throne interced-  
    ing.  
O, secure pardon now, while sweet mercy's ex-  
    tended,  
Ere the harvest is past and the summer is ended.
- 5 He's prepared thee a home, sinner, canst thou  
    believe it ?  
And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou re-  
    ceive it ?  
O, come, sinner, come ; for the time is receding,  
And the Saviour will soon and forever cease  
    pleading.

*Anon.*

### 1173

- 1 MUST Simon bear his cross alone,  
    And all the world go free ?  
No ! there's a cross for every one,  
    And there's a cross for me.  
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,  
    Through which by faith the crown I see ;  
To me 't is pardon bringing :  
    O, that's the cross for me, etc.

## OLD MELODIES.

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove  
To those who serve him here !  
They now may taste his perfect love,  
And joy to hail him near.  
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,  
And cast out all tormenting fear  
Which round my heart is clinging :  
O, that's the love for me, etc.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross  
Till from the cross we're free,  
And then go home to wear the crown ;  
For there's a crown for me.  
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,  
The purchase of my Saviour's love,  
For me at his appearing ;  
O, that's the crown for me, etc.

*Thomas Shepherd.*

### 1174

1 TIME now is closing ; Jesus will come :  
Signs are fulfilling, earth's pillars groan :  
Hark ! hear the trumpet calls " come home ;"—  
See earth reeling to her final doom.

2 See slumbering millions rise from the earth ;  
Christ calls his people from south, from north :  
" Come home, my people, time is no more ;  
You've washed your robes white, your conflicts  
now are o'er."

3 Hastening to see thee, my soul would rise  
To meet my Saviour in yonder skies ;  
With all the faithful who've lived before,  
There I shall hail thee on that peaceful shore.

4 O, there'll be glory, joy, peace, and love ;  
Nothing to harm us in heaven above :  
O, let us be faithful, and we'll be blest,  
When Jesus calls us to eternal rest.

*Anon.*

### 1175

1 IN the resurrection morning we shall see the  
Saviour coming,  
And the sons of God a shouting in the kingdom  
of the Lord.

CHORUS.

We shall rise, we shall rise,  
When the mighty trumpet rends the azure skies ;  
We shall rise, we shall rise,  
In the resurrection morning we shall rise.

- 2 We feel the advent glory ; while the vision seems  
to tarry  
We will comfort one another with the words of  
Holy Writ.
- 3 By faith we can discover that our warfare'll soon  
be over,  
And we'll shortly hail each other, on fair Canaan's  
happy shore.
- 4 We will tell the pleasing story, when we meet  
our friends in glory,  
And we'll keep ourselves all ready for to hail the  
Heavenly King.

*Anon.*

1176

CHORUS.

COME and reign ; come and reign,  
Jesus, quickly come ;  
For now it fills my heart with joy  
To know I 'm almost home.

- 1 Here I see the falling tear,  
As pilgrim now I roam,  
An exile from my Father's house ,  
But soon he 'll call me home.

CHORUS.

Come and reign ; come and reign,  
Jesus, quickly come ;  
For now it fills my heart with joy  
To know I 'm almost home.

CHO.—Come, and reign, etc.

- 2 Here I grieve the friends I love,  
And they in turn grieve me ;  
But, O my Saviour ! grant me grace,  
That I may not grieve thee.

CHO.—Come, and reign, etc.

## OLD MELODIES.

3 Here disease invades our frame,  
We sicken, droop, and die ;  
But there eternal youth shall bloom,  
And bright shall beam each eye.

4 Here we meet and part again,  
As far and near we roam ;  
But there we'll meet to part no more,  
And sweetly rest at home.

*Anon.*

**1177**

11s.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

### REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace !  
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot  
cease ;  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;  
Though now my temptations like billows may  
foam,  
All, all, will be peace, when I'm with thee at  
home.

4 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,  
O give me submission and strength as my day !  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 The days of my exile are passing away ;  
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
" Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my  
throne,  
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."

*David Denham.*

1178

11s. D.

1 I WOULD not live alway, I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
cheer.

I would not live alway ; no ; welcome the tomb.  
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

2 Who, who would live always, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?  
There saints of all ages in harmony meet ;  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
There anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

*William A. Muhlenberg.*

1179

1 SEE, brethren, see how the day rolls on,  
Quickly will the Saviour come ;  
Hark ! hear the sound, " He will appear,"  
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

CHORUS.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,  
Our hearts fill'd with love as we row to the shore ;  
Our earthly labor being done,  
How sweet the Christian's welcome home !  
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome  
home ;

Sweet, O sweet the Christian's welcome home,  
Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

2 Lift up your heads, and rejoice in God ;  
Shout his praises all abroad ;  
Soon shall we hear the voice, "'T is done ;  
Child, your Father calls ; come home."

3 Come, sinners, come, let us all awake !  
And the Spirit's truths partake ;  
Soon will appear, and O how bright !—  
Prayer to praise and faith to sight.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 4 Hail, brethren, hail ! it's the new-born year ;  
Michael's trump we soon shall hear,  
Then will the saints and angels sing,  
"Glory be to heaven's King."

*Anon.*

### 1180

- 1 SAY, brothers, will you meet us ?  
Say, brothers, will you meet us ?  
Say, brothers, will you meet us  
On Canaan's happy shore ?

- 2 Say, sisters, will you meet us ?  
Say, sisters, will you meet us ?  
Say, sisters, will you meet us  
On Canaan's happy shore ?

- 3 By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we'll meet you  
On Canaan's happy shore.

- 4 That will be a happy meeting,  
That will be a happy meeting,  
That will be a happy meeting  
On Canaan's happy shore.

- 5 Jesus lives and reigns forever,  
Jesus lives and reigns forever,  
Jesus lives and reigns forever  
On Canaan's happy shore.

*Anon.*

### 1181

12s & 11s. P.

- 1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me  
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest ;  
Where bright, holy angels with welcome shall  
greet me,  
And lead me to mansions prepared for the  
blest.  
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,  
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,  
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,  
And range with delight through the Eden of  
love.



- 2 Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!  
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,  
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
 Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus' love.  
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,  
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation  
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation;  
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.  
*Anon.*

1182

12s & 11s. P.

- 1 BE patient, be patient, no longer despairing,  
 Though bright hope deferred fills with sorrow  
 thy heart;  
 Though bitter the cup thy soul has been sharing,  
 Let not fond affections from Heaven depart.  
 Not long will He tarry, in doubt here us leaving;  
 He'll come for his children who for him are  
 grieving.  
 Oh, wait for the promise of glory receiving,  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall ap-  
 pear.
- 2 Be patient, be patient, the light shining o'er thee,  
 Will guide through the shades that encompass  
 the way:  
 The Saviour has trod the rough pathway before  
 thee;  
 Let not sore afflictions and trials dismay.  
 Upward to God be the heart's adoration,  
 Where ever are flowing pure streams of salvation:  
 Redemption is nearing! O seek preparation!  
 Soon the King in his beauty for us will appear.
- 3 Be patient, be patient, a pilgrim and stranger,  
 Though foes may assail, and the scoffing deride;  
 Through toil and affliction, temptation and dan-  
 ger,  
 The saints must be purified, made white, and  
 tried.  
 Be humble, the spirit of meekness adorning,  
 Be faithful, proclaiming the last notes of warn-  
 ing;  
 Be watchful, to hail the glad dawn of that morn-  
 ing  
 When the King in his beauty for us shall appear.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 4 Be patient, be patient, a little while longer,  
And Jesus the kingdom to us will restore.  
Be cheerful, enduring, thy faith growing stronger,  
Till trials are passed, and thy conflicts are o'er.  
Be patient, the Lord all his saints will deliver,  
With love, peace, and joy, will surround them  
forever,  
Where naught shall e'er cloud, or their sweet  
union sever,  
With the King in his beauty they 'll reign ever-  
more.

*Anon.*

**1183**

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee ;  
No other help I know ;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah, whither shall I go ?

### CHORUS.

- I do believe, I now believe  
That Jesus died for me,  
And that he shed his precious blood  
From sin to set me free.
- 2 On thy dear Son I now believe,  
O let me feel thy power ;  
And all my varied wants relieve,  
In this accepted hour.
- 3 Author of faith ! to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes :  
O let me now receive that gift ;  
My soul without it dies.
- 4 Surely thou canst not let me die ;  
O speak, and I shall live ;  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 5 How would my fainting soul rejoice  
Could I but see thy face !  
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace.

*Charles Wesley.*

## 1184

- 1 ARE we almost there ? are we almost there ?  
Says the weary saint, as he sighs for home ;  
Are those the verdant trees that rear  
Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome ?
- 2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream  
That flows through the paradise of God ;  
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,  
To walk those golden streets abroad.
- 3 He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,  
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime ;  
To glow with the vigor of endless life,  
And be compassed no more by the bounds of  
time.
- 4 His eye is fixed on the world to come ;  
He walks by faith through this vale of care,  
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,  
With anxious heart, "Are we almost there ?"
- 5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,  
At the boasted trophies man doth rear ;  
To enter the giddy halls of mirth ;—  
But ah ! how vain do they all appear !
- 6 For he's had an earnest of those joys  
Which the righteous alone can ever share ;  
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,  
And fervently asks, "Are we almost there ?"
- 7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,  
And to meet the Saviour in the air ;  
The day-star dawns ; soon with joyous bound  
He can say indeed, "We are almost there."

*Anon.*

## 1185

11s.

- 1 FOR Canaan I've started, and on I must go,  
'Till all the bright glories of Eden I know ;  
I've made no reserve, and I'm sure I'll not lack,  
While onward I journey, and do not draw back.
- 2 My soul is enkindled with rapture and love,  
I fain would ascend to my Jesus above ;  
But nay, I must follow in his humble track,  
And prove my obedience by not drawing back.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 3 Then on let us press ; for Jesus is near ;  
 And strengthen each other with words of good  
 cheer ;  
 With zeal ever buoyant and courage ne'er slack,  
 Let's be true to our King and never draw back.

*Anon.*

### 1186

*Other stanzas No. 436.*

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
 Jesus says he will be with us to the end ;  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 Jesus says he will be with us to the end.

#### REFRAIN.

For he has been with us, and he still is with us,  
 And he's promised to be with us to the end.

### 1187

10s.

- 1 AN angel's voice now breaks upon the ear,  
 In solemn tones, a message loud and clear,  
 To every nation, kindred, people, tongue :  
 "Fear God and give him praise—his Judgment's  
 come."  
 2 Another angel follows in the train ;  
 Listen, O earth, and catch another strain :  
 Great Babylon is fallen in her pride ;  
 Nations have shared her wine—her Lord denied.  
 3 Now the third angel lifts his voice, O, hark !  
 If any worship beast, or bear his mark,  
 The same, unmingled wrath shall surely drink,  
 And in the lake of fire at last shall sink.  
 4 Here is the patience of the saints who wait  
 Till Jesus comes and ends their mortal state ;  
 They God's commandments keep, pure from  
 above,  
 And faith of Jesus, in the bond of love.

*Anon.*

### 1188

- 1 THERE are angels hovering round,  
 There are angels hovering round,  
 There are angels, angels hovering round.  
 2 They will carry tidings home,  
 They will carry tidings home,  
 They will carry, carry tidings home.

## OLD MELODIES.

- 3 To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new, the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,  
Poor sinners are coming home,  
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,  
And Jesus bids them come,  
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

### 1189

- 1 My brother, I wish you well,  
My brother, I wish you well ;  
When my Lord comes, I trust I shall  
Be mentioned in the promised land.
- 2 My sister, I wish you well,  
My sister, I wish you well ;  
When my Lord comes, I trust I shall  
Be mentioned in the promised land.
- 3 My parents, I wish you well,  
My parents, I wish you well ;  
When my Lord comes, I trust I shall  
Be mentioned in the promised land.
- 4 My neighbors, I wish you well,  
My neighbors, I wish you well ;  
When my Lord comes, I trust I shall  
Be mentioned in the promised land.
- 5 Poor sinner, I wish you well,  
Poor sinner, I wish you well ;  
When my Lord comes, I trust I shall  
Be mentioned in the promised land.

*For hymn No. 1190, see No. 424.*

# SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

## (BIBLE SONGS.)



**1191**

*Revive Us Again.*

- 1 WE praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

**CHORUS.**

Hallelujah ! thine the glory,  
Hallelujah ! amen ;  
Hallelujah ! thine the glory,  
Revive us again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered  
our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed  
every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided  
our ways.
- 5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with thy love ;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

*Wm. Paton Mackay.*

**1192**

*I Will Sing of Jesus' Love.*

- 1 I WILL sing of Jesus' love,  
Sing of Him who first loved me ;  
For he left bright worlds above,  
And died on Calvary.

**REFRAIN.**

I will sing of Jesus' love,  
Endless praise my heart shall give ;  
He has died that I might live,—  
I will sing his love to me.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Ere a tear had dimmed mine eyes,  
Jesus' tears for me did flow ;  
Ere my first faint prayer could rise,  
He had prayed in tones of woe.
- 3 O the depths of love divine !  
Earth or heaven can never know  
How that sins as dark as mine  
Can be made as white as snow.
- 4 Nothing good for him I've done ;  
How could he such love bestow ?  
Lord, I own my heart is won,  
Help me now my love to show.
- F. E. Belden.*

### 1193 *All to Christ I Owe.*

- 1 I HEAR the Saviour say,  
"Thy strength indeed is small ;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in me thine all in all."

#### CHORUS.

- Jesus paid it all,  
All to him I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain :  
He washed it white as snow.
- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 Since nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim,  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

*Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.*

### 1194 *I'll Stand by You.*

- 1 FIERCE and wild the storm is raging  
Round a helpless bark,  
On to doom 't is swiftly driving  
O'er the waters dark !

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CHORUS.

Joy ! behold the Saviour ;

Joy ! the message hear :

“ I'll stand by until the morning ;

I've come to save you, do not fear ; ”

Yes, I'll stand by until the morning ;

I've come to save you ; do not fear.

2 Weary, helpless, hopeless seamen,  
Fainting on the deck,  
With what joy they hail their Saviour,  
As he hails the wreck !

3 On a wild and stormy ocean,  
Sinking 'neath the wave,  
Souls that perish, heed the message,—  
Christ has come to save !

4 Daring death thy soul to rescue,  
He in love has come ;  
Leave the wreck, and in him trusting,  
Thou shalt reach thy home !

*W. W. D.*

### 1195

*My Song.*

1 O JESUS, my Redeemer,  
Thou art my Joy and Song,  
My Saviour and my Solace  
When griefs around me throng.

### CHORUS.

O Jesus, my Redeemer,  
My song shall be of thee ;  
No other friend so constant,  
No friend so dear to me.

2 Thou art my Hope and Comfort  
Through all the weary years,  
When shadows dark surround me,  
When fall the bitter tears.

3 I trust in thee, my Saviour,  
My faithful Friend and Guide ;  
For thou to me art dearer  
Than all on earth beside.

4 My Song and my Rejoicing  
While in this world of sin,  
My Song and my Rejoicing  
The heavenly gates within.

*F. E. Belden.*

1196

*Wait, and Murmur Not.*

- 1 THE home where changes never come,  
Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ;  
Yes ! 't is a bright and blessed home ;  
Who would not fain be resting there ?

CHORUS.

O wait ! meekly wait, and murmur not,  
O wait ! meekly wait, and murmur not ;  
O wait ! O wait ! O wait ! and murmur not.

- 2 Yet when bowed down beneath the load  
By Heaven allowed, thine earthly lot ;  
Thou yearnst to reach that blest abode,  
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
- 3 If in thy path some thorns are found,  
O, think who bore them on his brow ;  
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,  
It reached a holier than thou.
- 4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,  
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ;  
The day of rest will dawn for thee !  
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

*W. H. Bellamy.*

1197

*The Lord is My Light.*

- 1 THE Lord is my light ; then why should I fear ?  
By day and by night his presence is near ;  
He is my salvation from sorrow and sin ;  
This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song ;  
By day and by night he leads me along ;  
The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song ;  
By day and by night he leads me along.

- 2 The Lord is my light ; though clouds may arise,  
Faith, stronger than sight, looks up to the skies  
Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign :  
Then how can I ever in darkness remain ?
- 3 The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength,  
I know in his might I'll conquer at length ;  
My weakness in mercy he covers with power,  
And, walking by faith, he upholds me each hour.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 The Lord is my light, my all and in all ;  
There is in his sight no darkness at all ;  
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King ;  
With saints and with angels his praises I sing.  
*James Nicholson.*

### 1198 *How Much I Need Thee!*

- 1 BLESSED Lord, how much I need thee !  
Weak and sinful, poor and blind ,  
Take my trembling hand and lead me,  
Strength and sight in thee I find.

#### REFRAIN.

Every hour, every hour,  
Blessed Lord, how much I need thee !  
Every hour, every hour,  
Saviour, keep me every hour.

- 2 Clothe me with thy robe of meekness,  
Stained with sin this robe of mine ;  
Teach me first to feel my weakness,  
Then to plead for strength divine.

- 3 Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—  
Trusting self, how soon I fall !  
Walk life's rugged way beside me,  
Thou, my light, my life, my all.

- 4 Then whate'er the future bringeth,  
Smiles of joy, or tears of grief,  
Still to thee my spirit clingeth,  
Thou art still my soul's relief.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1199 *Draw me Closer to Thee.*

- 1 CLOSER to thee, my Father, draw me,  
I long for thine embrace ;  
Closer within thine arms enfold me,  
I seek a resting place.

#### CHORUS.

Closer with the cords of love,  
Draw me to thyself above ,  
Closer draw me,  
To thyself above.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Closer to thee, my Saviour, draw me,  
Nor let me leave thee more ;  
Fain would I feel thine arms around me,  
And count my wanderings o'er.
- 3 Closer by thy sweet Spirit draw me,  
Till I am all like thee ;  
Quicken, refine, and wash, and cleanse me,  
Till I am pure and free.

*Mrs. E. W. Chapman.*

### **1200** *In the Shadow of the Cross.*

- 1 I AM resting in the shadow  
Of the cross of Calvary ;  
Long I shunned its shade inviting,  
Now so grateful unto me.  
Worldly gain and worldly pleasure—  
Once declared my joy to be—  
Are eclipsed beyond all measure  
While my dying Lord I see.

#### REFRAIN.

I am resting, sweetly resting :  
'T is the safest place for me  
To be resting in the shadow  
Of the cross of Calvary.

- 2 O 't were hard through all life's journey,  
Toiling 'neath a burning sun,  
Hard to think no rest is offered  
Till the long, long day is done.  
Hush ! my heart, there is a solace,  
'T is this precious thought to me :  
I will kneel, and rest a moment  
In the shade of Calvary.
- 3 Rest is sweet to pilgrims weary,  
Earnest toil brings calm repose ;  
They who wait for day's declining,  
Find no pleasure at its close.  
Rest not, then, though but a moment,  
In the shade that self may cast :  
Lift the cross, and in its shadow  
Find eternal rest at last.

*F. E. Belden.*

# MISCELLANEOUS.

**1201**

*Wholly Thine.*

- 1 I WOULD be, dear Saviour, wholly thine ;  
Teach me how, teach me how ;  
I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine ;  
Help me, help me now.

REFRAIN.

Wholly thine, wholly thine,  
Wholly thine, this is my vow ;  
Wholly thine, wholly thine,  
Wholly thine, O Lord, just now.

- 2 What is worldly pleasure, wealth, or fame,  
Without thee, without thee ?  
I will leave them all for thy dear name,  
This my wealth shall be.

- 3 As I cast earth's transient joys behind,  
Come thou near, come thou near ;  
In thy presence all in all I find,  
'T is my comfort here.

*F. E. Belden.*

**1202** *The Lord Will Provide.*

- 1 O LADEN and weary,  
Who strive for the right,  
Though earth be all dreary,  
Still trust in His might,  
Nor fear for the morrow,  
That care will betide ;  
In sickness or sorrow  
The Lord will provide.

REFRAIN.

The Lord will provide,  
The Lord will provide ;  
How precious the promise,—  
The Lord will provide !

- 2 Though friends look but coldly,  
And speak not to cheer,  
Act firmly, speak boldly,  
A Helper is near :  
An armor for shielding,  
A banner for guide ;  
Be faithful, unyielding,—  
The Lord will provide.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 The battle once over,  
The tempest all passed,  
The face of Jehovah  
Will comfort at last ;  
Earth's cares and its sadness  
But shortly can hide  
Heaven's glory and gladness,—  
The Lord will provide.

*James Hungerford.*

### 1203

*Redeemed.*

- 1 REDEEMED ! how I love to proclaim it !  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb ;  
Redeemed through his infinite mercy,  
His child, and forever, I am.
- REFRAIN.  
Redeemed, redeemed,  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb ;  
Redeemed, redeemed,  
His child, and forever, I am.
- 2 Redeemed ! and so happy in Jesus !  
No language my rapture can tell ;  
I know that the light of his presence  
With me doth continually dwell.
- 3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,  
I think of him all the day long ;  
I sing ; for I cannot be silent ;  
His love is the theme of my song.
- 4 I know I shall see in his beauty  
The King in whose law I delight,  
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,  
And giveth me songs in the night.
- 5 I know there's a crown that is waiting  
In yonder bright mansion for me :  
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,  
At home with the Lord I shall be.

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### 1204 *I Love to Tell the Story.*

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love ;  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 't is true,  
It satisfies my longing  
As nothing else can do.

#### CHORUS.

- I love to tell the story ;  
'T will be my theme in glory  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the story ;  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams ;  
I love to tell the story,  
It did so much for me,  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story ;  
'T is pleasant to repeat  
What seems each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet ;  
I love to tell the story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own holy word.
- 4 I love to tell the story ;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest ;  
And when in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'T will be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.

*Miss Kate Hankey.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1205 *Is My Name Written There?*

- 1 LORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold;  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?

#### CHORUS.

- Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?
- 2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But thy blood, O my Saviour,  
Is sufficient for me;  
For thy promise is written  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh, that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh  
To despoil what is fair,  
Where the angels are watching,—  
Is my name written there?

*M. A. K.*

### 1206

#### *Keep the Helm Steady!*

- 1 O CHRISTIAN, on the billow of life's sea,  
Think not a downy pillow thine can be;  
First brave the roaring tempest, fierce and long,  
Then gain the quiet harbor with a song!

#### CHORUS.

Keep the helm steady on your upward way,  
Watchful and ready every day;  
Keep the helm steady! Jesus gives command  
He is the Pilot to the better land.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Jesus, the faithful Pilot, has command;  
Firm, at the helm of duty, *we* must stand.  
He knows the reefs of danger lying near,  
He tells the Christian sailor where to steer.
- 3 Peaceful the voyage, or stormy, God knows best,  
Sure is the precious promise,—home and rest.  
On ! bravely onward, then, no more oppress !  
On ! till you anchor in the harbor blest.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1207 *The Rock that is Higher.*

- 1 O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,  
And rough seems the path to the goal ;  
And sorrows, how often they sweep  
Like tempests down over the soul !

#### CHORUS.

- O, then to the Rock let me fly,—  
To the Rock that is higher than I ;  
O, then to the Rock let me fly,—  
To the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 O sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how heavy my feet ;  
But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet !
- 3 O near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings or sorrows prevail ;  
Or climbing the mountain way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.

*E. Johnson.*

### 1208 *Clinging and Resting.*

- 1 To the cross I long was clinging  
As a refuge from despair,  
Found relief from guilt of sinning  
While I lingered, clinging there.  
Still life's waves and storms assailed me,  
Doubts and fears my mind distressed,  
And with all the cross availed me,  
Clinging gave no perfect rest.

#### CHORUS.

- I was clinging, now I'm resting,  
Sweetly resting at the cross ;  
I was clinging, now I'm resting,  
Sweetly resting at the cross.

## BIBLE SONGS.

2 To that cross I *cling* no longer,  
Doubts and fears no longer feel ;  
Faith, and hope, and love, are stronger,  
Jesus' blood doth fully heal.  
Now my song is not, "I'm clinging,"  
That to me would now be loss,  
When with heart and voice I'm singing,  
"I am *resting* at the cross."

3 O what needless griefs I've carried,  
And what needless burdens borne !  
All because I, clinging, tarried,  
While the resting was unknown.  
Years of clinging were not wasted,  
Though they seem to me but loss,  
Since diviner sweets I've tasted  
In the resting at the cross.

*Rev. L. B. Carpenter.*

### 1209 *Baptize Us Anew.*

1 BAPTIZE us anew  
With fire from on high,  
With love, O refresh us !  
Dear Saviour, draw nigh.

#### CHORUS.

We humbly beseech thee,  
Lord Jesus, we pray,  
With fire and the Spirit  
Baptize us to-day.

2 Unworthy we cry,  
Unholy, unclean ;  
O wash us and cleanse us  
From sin's guilty stain.

3 O heavenly Dove,  
Descend from on high !  
We plead thy rich blessing ;  
In mercy draw nigh.

4 O list the glad voice !  
From heaven it came :  
Thou art my beloved,  
Well pleased I am.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CHORUS.

We praise thee, we bless thee,  
Dear Lamb that was slain,  
We laud and adore thee,  
Amen and Amen.

*W. A. Ogden.*

### 1210

*Build on the Rock.*

- 1 WE'LL build on the Rock, the living Rock,  
On Jesus, the Rock of Ages ;  
So shall we abide the fearful shock,  
When loud the tempest rages.

### CHORUS.

We'll build on the Rock,  
We'll build on the Rock ;  
We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock,  
On Christ, the mighty Rock.

- 2 Some build on the sinking sands of life,  
On visions of earthly treasure ;  
Some build on the waves of sin and strife,  
Of fame, and worldly pleasure.
- 3 O build on the Rock forever sure,  
The firm and the true foundation ;  
Its hope is the hope which shall endure,  
The hope of our salvation.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1211

*Crown after Cross.*

- 1 LIGHT after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after weariness,  
Crown after cross ;  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after sigh,  
Home after wandering,  
Praise after cry.

### CHORUS.

Now comes the weeping,  
Then the glad reaping ;  
Now comes the labor hard,  
Then the reward.



## BIBLE SONGS.

2 Sheaves after sowing,  
Sun after rain,  
Sight after mystery,  
Peace after pain ;  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,  
Gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after tomb ;  
Dark though the pathway  
Leading to this,  
After the agony,  
Rapture of bliss.

*Frances R. Havergal.*

### 1212

*Hark ! Hark ! My Soul.*

1 HARK ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
shore ;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
telling,  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

#### CHORUS.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

*F. W. Faber.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

**1213**

*Mighty to Save.*

- 1 O who is this that cometh  
From Edom's crimson plain,  
With wounded side, with garments dyed ?  
O tell me now thy name.  
"I that saw thy soul's distress,  
A ransom gave ;  
I that speak in righteousness,  
Mighty to save."

REFRAIN.

- Mighty to save, mighty to save ;  
Mighty to save,  
Lord, I trust thy wondrous love,  
Mighty to save.
- 2 O why is thine apparel  
With reeking gore all dyed,  
Like them that tread the wine-press red ?  
O why this bloody tide ?  
"I the wine-press trod alone,  
'Neath darkening skies ;  
Of the people there was none  
Mighty to save."
- 3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour !  
How could'st thou bear this shame ?  
"With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought  
Salvation in my name ;  
I the bloody fight have won,  
Conquered the grave,  
Now the year of joy has come,—  
Mighty to save."

*Rev. R. W. Todd.*

**1214**

*Tarry by the Living Waters.*

- 1 WE'LL tarry by the living waters,  
The fountain pure and free ;  
There Jesus waits to give us welcome,  
A welcome sweet 't will be.

CHORUS.

We'll tarry by the living waters,  
Tarry by the living waters ;  
Tarry by the living waters,  
Tarry by the Fount of Life.

## BIBLE SONGS.

2 When weary with the toilsome journey,  
'T is sweet to rest awhile  
Where crystal waters gently murmur,  
And sunny fountains smile.

3 Then come to Christ, the living water,  
Thy strength will he restore ;  
Come, taste the joy of his salvation,  
And drink to thirst no more.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1215

*Only Thee.*

1 HAVE I need of aught, O Saviour !  
Aught on earth but thee ?  
Have I any in the heavens,  
Any one but thee ?

CHORUS.

Only thee, only thee,  
O the wondrous love shown me !  
Only thee, only thee,  
None on earth but thee.

2 Though I have of friends so many,  
Love, and gold, and health,  
If I have not thee, my Saviour,  
Hold I any wealth ?

3 Is there heart so kind and patient  
With my failings all ?  
Or a voice so true and ready,  
Answering my call ?

4 Not for worlds would I exchange it,—  
This sweet faith in thee !  
Earthly treasures cannot equal  
All thou art to me.

*Corie F. Davis.*

### 1216

*Sunlight in the Heart.*

1 THERE is sunlight on the hill-top,  
There is sunlight on the sea ;  
And the golden beams are sleeping,  
On the soft and verdant lea ;  
But a richer light is filling  
All the chambers of my heart ;  
For thou dwellest there, my Saviour,  
And 't is sunlight where thou art.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### REFRAIN.

O the sunlight ! beautiful sunlight !

O the sunlight in the heart !

Jesus' smile can banish sadness ;

It is sunlight in the heart.

- 2 In the dust I leave my sadness,  
As the garb of other days ;  
For thou robest me with gladness,  
And thou fillest me with praise ;  
And to that bright home of glory  
Which thy love hath won for me,  
In my heart and mind ascending,  
My glad spirit follows thee.
- 3 Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me,  
And my life, my all, is thine ;  
Let the lamp thy love hath lighted  
To thy praise and glory shine ;  
And to that bright home of glory  
Which thy love hath won for me,  
In my heart and mind ascending,  
My glad spirit follows thee.

*Mrs. M. T. Haughey.*

### 1217

*There's Life in a Look.*

- 1 THERE's life in a look at the sacred cross,  
Jesus has said, " Look unto me ;"  
Earth with its riches is only dross,  
Bright treasures beyond through the cross I see.

### CHORUS.

- In a look there's life for thee,  
In a look at Calvary ;  
Blessed thought, salvation free,  
By a look at Calvary.
- 2 I'll look to the cross every day and hour,  
Trusting the promise God has given ;  
None ever fall, 'neath the tempter's power  
Whose weapon is prayer, and whose strength  
is Heaven.
- 3 When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes,  
Sweet was the smile that fell on me ;  
Oft as the clouds of temptation rise,  
A look at the cross still my strength shall be.

*F. E. Belden.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

### **1218** *Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!*

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more,  
Feed me till I want no more,  
Want no more ;  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow,  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through.  
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield,  
Be thou still my strength and shield,  
Strength and shield, etc.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
Songs of praises, songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.  
I will ever give to thee,  
Give to thee, etc.

*Rev. Wm. Williams.*

### **1219**

*Pillar of Fire.*

- 1 THE angel of the Lord encampeth  
Round about us, round about us ;  
Round about the souls that fear him,  
Night and day.
- CHORUS.  
O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud,  
Lead me, lead me every day !  
O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud,  
Lead me on my heavenly way !
- 2 When danger hovers o'er our pathway,  
He will hide us, he will hide us,  
Safe within the mighty shadow  
Of his wing.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 We'll trust thee as we onward journey,  
God of Israel, God of Israel,  
Till we reach the land of promise  
Just before.

*F. E. Belden*

### 1220

*Washed White as Snow.*

- 1 THOUGH my sins were once like crimson red,  
To the healing streams my feet were led ;  
In the precious blood my Saviour shed  
He washed me white as snow.

#### CHORUS.

O, my joyful song henceforth shall be,  
" 'T is the blood of Jesus cleanseth me,"  
Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me.

- 2 At the door of faith I entered in,  
And to him confessed my guilt and sin ;  
With his own dear hand he washed me clean,  
He washed me white as snow.

- 3 Though my heart was all I had to give,  
Yet he smiled and bade me look and live ;  
What a calm, sweet peace did I receive !—  
He washed me white as snow. •

- 4 I will sing his power from death to save,  
I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,  
I will sing beyond death's chilling wave,  
" He washed me white as snow."

*Fannie F. Crosby.*

### 1221

*Whiter Than the Snow.*

- 1 COME, my Redeemer, come,  
And deign to dwell with me ;  
Come, and thy right assume,  
And bid thy rivals flee.

#### CHORUS.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home ;  
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow,

Whiter than snow,

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Exert thy mighty power,  
And banish all my sin ;  
In this auspicious hour  
Bring all thy graces in.
- 3 Rule thou in every thought  
And passion of my soul,  
Till all my powers are brought  
Beneath thy full control.

*Anon.*

### 1222

*I Left It All with Jesus.*

- 1 I LEFT it all with Jesus, long ago ;  
All my sins I brought him, and my woe ;  
When by faith I saw him bleeding on the tree ;  
Heard his still small whisper, "'T is for thee !"  
From my weary heart the burden rolled away :  
Happy day ! happy day ! happy day !  
From my weary heart the burden rolled away ;  
Happy day ! happy day.
- 2 I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows  
How to steal the bitter from life's woes ;  
How to gild the tear of sorrow with his smile,  
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.  
Then with all my weakness leaning on his might,  
All is light ! all is light ! all is light !  
Then with all my weakness leaning, etc.
- 3 I leave it all with Jesus, day by day ;  
Faith can firmly trust him, come what may ;  
Hope has dropped for aye her anchor, found her  
rest ;  
In the calm, sure haven of his breast.  
Love esteems it joy of heaven to abide  
At his side ! at his side ! at his side !  
Love esteems it joy of heaven, etc.
- 4 O, leave it all with Jesus, drooping soul,  
Tell not half thy story, but the whole ;  
Worlds on worlds are hanging ever on his hand ;  
Life and death are waiting his command.  
Yet his tender, loving mercy makes thee room :  
O come home ! O come home ! O come home !  
Yes, his tender, loving mercy, etc.

*Mrs. E. H. Willis.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

**1223** *Open the Windows of Heaven.*

- 1 OPEN the windows of heaven, O Lord,  
Here are my tithes for thee :  
Sure is the promise contained in thy word ;—  
Pour out a rich blessing on me.

CHORUS.

Open the windows of heaven for me,  
Open the windows of heaven for me ;  
Open, O Lord, open, O Lord,  
The windows of heaven for me.

- 2 All that I have I would hold as thine,  
Lent in thy love so free ;  
Add to these blessings thy presence divine,—  
The dearest of all gifts to me.

- 3 Thus would I prove thee, in faith, O Lord ;  
Bringing my tithe of all ;  
Thus would receive a far richer reward  
Of heavenly blessings that fall.

*F. E. Belden.*

**1224, 1225** *Jesus, Lover of My Soul.*

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone !  
Still support and comfort me ;  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*Charles Wesley.*

### 1226

*What Shall I Do ?*

- 1 WHAT shall I do for Christ, my Saviour ?  
How shall I pay the debt I owe ?  
He has redeemed me out of bondage,  
What shall I do my love to show ?

CHORUS.

- This will I do for Jesus, my Saviour,  
This will I do my love to show :  
Tell of his goodness, tell of his mercy,  
Walk in his footsteps here below.
- 2 First will I tell him I have wandered,  
Ask him to take me back again,  
Ask him that I may be forgiven,  
Ask him to take away my sin.
- 3 Then will I take the blessed Bible,  
Searching it well, that I may be  
Able to help some one to love him,—  
Jesus, my Lord, who first loved me.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1227

*Keep Your Windows Open.*

- 1 WOULD you fear to have your windows open  
Three times each day,  
If sinners saw that you were kneeling  
Three times to pray ?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CHORUS.

Keep your windows open toward Jerusalem,  
Keep your windows open toward Jerusalem;  
Keep your windows open toward Jerusalem,  
And always pray.

2 Would you offer up a bold petition,  
If well you knew  
That awful den of roaring lions  
Awaited you?

3 Would you kneel believing every promise  
The Lord has given?  
Or thinking silent prayer sufficient  
For you and heaven?

4 The lesson taught is not to offer  
A world-wide prayer:  
'T is duty *first*, and *then* the promise  
Of heavenly care.

5 Then kneel at morning, noon, and evening,  
Nor ever fear  
That others who are unbelieving  
Your prayer may hear.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1228** *There's no Other Name Like Jesus.*

1 THERE 's no other name like Jesus,  
'T is the dearest name we know,  
'T is the angel's joy in heaven,  
'T is the Christian's joy below.

### REFRAIN.

Sweet name, dear name,  
There's no other name like Jesus;  
Sweet name, dear name,  
There's no other name like Jesus.

2 There's no other name like Jesus  
When the heart with grief is sad,  
There's no other name like Jesus  
When the heart is free and glad.

3 'T is the hope that I shall see him  
When in glory he appears,  
'T is the hope to hear his welcome  
That my fainting spirit cheers.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 4 If he wills that I should labor  
In his vineyard day by day,  
Then 'tis well if only Jesus  
Blesses all I do or say.
- 5 If he wills that death's cold finger  
Touch my feeble, mortal clay,  
Then 'tis well if only Jesus  
Is my dying trust and stay.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1229** *Crown Him Lord of All.*

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.  
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him, and crown him,  
And crown him Lord of all ;  
Hail him who saves you, etc.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The worm-wood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.  
Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him, and crown him,  
And crown him Lord of all ;  
To him all majesty, etc.
- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall !  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.  
Him Lord of Lords, and King of kings,  
Let every nation call ;  
From heaven to earth the chorus rings,  
Yea, crown him, yea, crown him,  
Yea, crown him Lord of all ;  
From heaven to earth the chorus, etc.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

1230

*Keep Me.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, Saviour, be my guide,  
For the way is dark and drear ;  
Keep me ever near thy side,  
I am pressed by doubt and fear.  
Sorrows deep, and ills betide ;  
O my faint petition hear !  
Come, and in my heart abide,  
O forever be thou near !

CHORUS.

Keep me in the narrow way,  
Guide me, guide me every day,  
Let me never, never stray,  
Keep me, Blessed One, I pray.

- 2 I am wayward, I am weak,  
Often falls the bitter tear ;  
To my soul sweet comfort speak,  
As my helper, Lord, appear.  
Make me pure, and make me strong,  
And thy precepts to revere ;  
Fill my heart with joy and song,  
Give my spirit hope and cheer.

- 3 Keep me, Saviour of my soul,  
Day by day, through every year ;  
Self I yield to thy control,  
In my heart thy standard rear.  
O impart thy peace divine ;  
To my prayer now lend thine ear ;  
Own me as a child of thine,  
Keep me, keep me, Saviour dear.

*F. E. Belden.*

1231

*Nearer Thee.*

- 1 NEARER thee and ever nearer,  
O thou constant, mighty Friend !  
Thou to me art more and dearer  
Than all joys that earth can lend.

CHORUS.

Nearer thee, nearer thee,  
Closer, closer to thy side ;  
In thy keeping safe are we ;  
With us evermore abide.



## BIBLE SONGS.

2 Thou canst save us and deliver  
When the evil hosts assail ;  
Thou of mercies art the giver,  
Through thy promise we prevail.

3 We accept of thy salvation,  
And like thee would perfect be ;  
O, deliver from temptation,  
Draw us nearer, nearer thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1232**      *We'll Stand the Storm.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

#### CHORUS.

We will stand the storm,  
We will anchor by and by,  
We will stand the storm,  
We will anchor by and by,

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled ;  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

*Isaac Watts.*

### **1233**      *Joy Cometh in the Morning.*

1 O WEARY pilgrim, lift your head !  
For joy cometh in the morning ;  
For God in his own word has said  
That joy cometh in the morning.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### CHORUS.

Joy cometh in the morning,  
Joy cometh in the morning ;  
Weeping may endure, may endure for a  
night,  
But joy cometh in the morning.

2 Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears,  
For joy cometh in the morning ;  
And weeping mourners, dry your tears,  
For joy cometh in the morning.

3 Let every tearful eye look up,  
For joy cometh in the morning ;  
And every trembling sinner hope,  
For joy cometh in the morning.

4 Our God shall wipe our tears away,  
For joy cometh in the morning ;  
Sorrow and sighing cannot stay,  
For joy cometh in the morning.

*Mrs. M. M. Weinland.*

### **1234** *Am I My Brother's Keeper ?*

1 AM I my brother's keeper ?  
Or serving self alone ?  
Are none around me better  
Since I the way have known ?  
Do any faint or falter,  
And in the darkness fall,  
Because my lamp burns dimly,  
Or gives no light at all ?

### CHORUS.

Where are the brother-keepers,  
The faithful and the true ?  
Where are the brother-keepers ?—  
What answer offer *you* ?  
Our hearts should long for others  
The love of Christ to share.  
Where are the brothers ?  
The Lord asks, Where ?

## BIBLE SONGS.

2 If envy rules the spirit,  
Perhaps it is because  
A brother's gift is better,  
As Abel's offering was !  
This rule of truth eternal  
Shall hidden motives tell :  
They only are accepted  
Who do their duties *well*.

3 Are there no words of comfort  
To cheer the hearts that mourn ?  
Or for the weak and erring  
No burdens to be borne ?  
God help us to be brothers,  
And firm as brothers stand :  
For love to God and neighbor  
Should travel hand in hand.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1235

*The Cleansing Wave.*

1 O NOW I see the crimson wave,  
The fountain deep and wide ;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to his wounded side.

#### CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see, I see,  
I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me !  
O praise the Lord ! it cleanseth me,  
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,  
I hear the speaking blood ;  
It speaks,—polluted nature dies,  
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
Above the world and sin ;  
With heart made pure, and garments white,  
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace ! 't is heaven below  
To feel the blood applied,  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.

*Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**1236**

*The Ungrateful Nine.*

- 1 TEN lepers were cleansed, but only one  
Returned to give God glory;  
O, where are the nine, ungrateful nine?  
One only tells the story.

CHORUS.

Ye whose sins have been forgiven,  
Glorify the Lord;  
Jesus is the great Physician,  
Praise his holy name.

- 2 The world was redeemed, but O how few  
Accept the great salvation!  
Unmindful of Him who died to save  
Each tribe, and tongue, and nation.
- 3 If you have been healed and purified,  
Tell others the glad story;  
Remember 't is sin not to return  
And give to God the glory.
- 4 Be not like the nine, be like the one,  
Ye who from Christ still tarry;  
There's pardon for you, O, come to-day!  
Christ will your burden carry,

*Rev. J. B. Atchinson.*

**1237**

*Kneeling at the Cross.*

- 1 I'M kneeling at the cross,  
The cross of Calvary;  
All earthly gain is loss  
That hideth this from me.

CHORUS.

Kneeling, humbly kneeling;  
Jesus hears me pray;  
And now, his love revealing,  
He takes my guilt away.

- 2 O sweetest hour of day!  
O dearest hour of night!  
When kneeling, thus I pray,  
"Direct me, Lord, aright."
- 3 His mercy is my plea,  
No hope in self have I;  
His blood was shed for me,—  
This is my only cry.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 4 When most I feel my need,  
Then greatest strength is mine ;  
And often as I plead  
I feel his touch divine.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1238

*I Know not Why.*

- 1 I KNOW not why my Saviour  
Has done so much for me ;  
I know not why his favor  
Has come so constantly ;  
But this I know, I love him  
And trust him day by day,  
And cast my care upon him,  
And watch and praise and pray.
- 2 I know not why my Saviour  
Should leave a glorious throne,  
To bleed and die on Calvary,  
For sinners to atone ;  
But this I know, 't is certain,  
He fully ransomed me,  
And in that truth believing,  
I feel that I am free.
- 3 I know not why he bids me  
Breathe forth my wants in prayer,  
While day by day he sees me,  
And knows my every care ;  
But this I know, while praying  
And trusting in his word,  
My soul, refreshed and strengthened,  
Rests sweetly on the Lord.
- 4 I know not where he leads me,  
And yet I follow still ;  
I know not why he needs me  
My vineyard place to fill ;  
But this I know, at duty,  
In prayer or holy song,  
My heart keeps overflowing  
With rapture all day long !

*Grace E. Lovelight.*

## MISSIONARY.

### 1239 *Would You Know Why I am Singing?*

- 1 WOULD you know why I am singing,  
Singing the whole day long ?  
'T is because Jesus, my Saviour,  
Filleth my heart with song.

#### CHORUS.

- This is just why I am singing,  
This is just why I am singing ;  
'T is because Jesus, my Saviour,  
Filleth my heart with song.
- 2 Sometimes a shadow of sadness  
Over my life doth fall ;  
Still in my spirit I'm singing ;  
Jesus is all in all.
- 3 Sometimes a flood of temptation  
Over my path doth roll ;  
Still I keep praying and singing ;  
Jesus will keep my soul.
- 4 Whether in sunshine or shadow,  
Jesus my song shall be ;  
Should I one moment cease singing,  
That would be loss to me.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1240 *O Christian, Awake!*

- 1 O CHRISTIAN, awake ! 't is the Master's command ;  
With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,  
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly go,  
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

#### CHORUS.

- Stand like the brave, stand like the brave,  
Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
- 2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,  
And turn not thy back, for no armor is there ;  
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er  
throw,  
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
- 3 The cause of thy Master with vigor defend ;  
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end ;  
Wherever he leads thee, go, valiantly go,  
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,  
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer ;  
His love like a stream in the desert will flow,  
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the  
foe.

*Anon.*

### **1241** *While the Days are Going By.*

- 1 THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by ;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by ;  
If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue,—  
O, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by !

#### REFRAIN.

Going by, going by,  
Going by, going by ;  
O, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by !

- 2 There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by ;  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by ;  
For the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by.

- 3 All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by ;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.

*George Cooper.*

## MISSIONARY.

**1242**

*Pray for Reapers.*

- 1 SAINTS of God, the dawn is brightening,  
     Tokens of the coming Lord ;  
     O'er the earth the fields are whitening,  
     Louder rings the Master's word :  
     Pray for reapers, pray for reapers,  
     In the harvest of the Lord.  
     Pray for reapers, pray for reapers,  
     In the harvest of the Lord.
- 2 Feebly now they toil in sadness,  
     Weeping o'er the waste around,  
     Slowly gathering grains of gladness,  
     While their echoing cries resound :  
     Pray that reapers, pray that reapers,  
     In God's harvest may abound.  
     Pray that reapers, pray that reapers  
     In God's harvest may abound.
- 3 Now, O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure,  
     Breathe upon thy chosen band,  
     And with pentecostal measure,  
     Send forth reapers in our land ;  
     Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,  
     Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.  
     Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,  
     Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.
- 4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
     Soon the reaping time will come,  
     Heaven and earth together keeping  
     God's eternal harvest home ;  
     Saints and angels, saints and angels,  
     Shout the world's great harvest home.  
     Saints and angels, saints and angels,  
     Shout the world's great harvest home.

*Anon.*

**1243**

*Ask not to be Excused.*

- 1 Ask not to be excused,  
     There 's earnest work to do ;  
     Stand ready to be used  
     Where God may station you.  
     His invitation kind  
     To thee has oft been given ;  
     Accept, and thou shalt find  
     ' T is sweet to work for Heaven.

## BIBLE SONGS.

### REFRAIN.

Come, O come, ask not to be excused ;  
Come, O come, stand ready to be used.  
Ask not to be excused,  
This answer may be given :  
Thou hast my love abused,  
Thou art excused from heaven.

2 Ask not to be excused,  
The Master calls to-day ;  
Too long hast thou refused,  
Now hasten to obey.  
The harvest fields are white,  
The laborers are few ;  
Let this be thy delight,  
The Master's work to do.

3 Ask not to be excused,  
There's danger in delay ;  
That wondrous love abused,  
Forever turns away.  
While Mercy gently pleads  
And points the way to heaven,  
While Jesus intercedes,  
O come and be forgiven. *F. E. Belden.*

### 1244 *Is Your Lamp Burning ?*

1 ARE you Christ's light-bearer ?  
Of his joy a sharer ?  
Is this dark world fairer  
For your cheering ray ?  
Is your beacon lighted,  
Guiding souls benighted  
To the land of perfect day ?

### CHORUS.

O brother ! is your lamp trimmed and burning ?  
Is the world made brighter by its cheering ray ?  
Are you waiting, yearning for your Lord's returning ?  
Are you watching day by day ?

2 Is your heart warm, glowing,  
With his love o'erflowing,  
And his goodness showing  
More and more each day ?  
Are you pressing onward  
With his faithful vanguard,  
In the safe and narrow way ?

## MISSIONARY.

- 3 Keep your altars burning,  
Wait your Lord's returning,  
While your heart's deep yearning  
Draws him ever near ;  
With his radiance splendid  
Shall your light be blended  
When his glory shall appear.

*Priscilla J. Owens.*

### 1245

*Blow the Trumpet.*

- 1 WATCHMAN, blow the gospel trumpet,  
Every soul a warning give ;  
Whosoever hears the message  
May repent, and turn and live.

#### CHORUS.

Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman,  
Blow it loud o'er land and sea ;  
God commissions, sound the message !  
Every captive may be free.

- 2 Sound it loud o'er every hilltop,  
Gloomy shade and sunny plain ;  
Ocean depths repeat the message,  
Full salvation's glad refrain.
- 3 Sound it in the hedge and highway,  
Earth's dark spots where exiles roam ;  
Let it tell all things are ready,  
Father waits to welcome home.
- 4 Sound it for the heavy laden,  
Weary, longing to be free ;  
Sound a Saviour's invitation,  
Sweetly saying, "Come to me."

*Dr. H. L. Gilmour.*

### 1246

*Hear the Call.*

- 1 Lo ! the day of God is breaking ;  
See the gleaming from afar !  
Sons of earth, from slumber waking,  
Hail the bright and Morning Star.

#### CHORUS.

Hear the call ! O gird your armor on ;  
Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword,  
Take the helmet of salvation,  
Pressing on to battle for the Lord.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Trust in him who is your Captain ;  
Let no heart in terror quail ;  
Jesus leads the gathering legions,  
In his name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,  
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,  
For the Lord is with you always,  
Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,  
Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,  
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,  
"Christ o'er all the world doth reign !"

*Wm. F. Sherwin.*

### 1247

*Tidings from the Battle.*

- 1 WORDS of cheer from the battle-field of life,  
Welcome tidings from the war ;  
Glorious news from the grand and holy strife,—  
Soon the conflict will be o'er.

#### CHORUS.

- Words of battle cheer ! tidings from the war !  
"How has gone the conflict ?" Victory's near ;  
Words of battle cheer ! tidings from the war !  
Glorious news of victory ! words of cheer.
- 2 Fierce and long has the struggle been with sin,  
Still the church moves on below ;  
War without, and temptation from within,  
Vainly seek her overthrow.
- 3 Stand like men ! there's a battle to be fought ;  
Persecution's power will rage ;  
Trust in God ! he deliverance has wrought  
For his saints in every age.
- 4 Who so strong as to trust in self alone  
'Gainst a foe so swift and sure ?  
Who so weak that he cannot grasp the throne,  
And the promised help secure ?

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1248

*O Where are the Reapers ?*

- 1 O WHERE are the reapers that garner in  
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin ?  
With sickles of truth must the work be done.  
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

## MISSIONARY.

### CHORUS.

Where are the reapers ? O who will come  
And share in the glory of the "harvest home ?"  
O, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin ?

- 2 Go out in the byways and search them all ;  
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are  
tall ;  
Then search in the highway, and pass none by ;  
But gather from all for the home on high.
- 3 The fields all are ripening and far and wide  
The world now is waiting the harvest tide :  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain ;  
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."

*Eben E. Rexford.*

### 1249

*Bringing in the Sheaves.*

- 1 SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve ;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

### CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling  
breeze ;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.
- 3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often  
grieves ;  
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

*Knowles Shaw.*



## BIBLE SONGS.

**1250.**

*What Shall the Harvest Be?*

- 1 SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night.

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame.
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
Gladly to gather the harvest home.

*Emily S. Oakley.*

**1251**

*Work, Watch, Pray.*

- 1 WORK when the morning shineth,  
Work when the noonday gleams,  
Work when the day declineth,  
Work with its latest beams.

CHORUS.

Work, watch, pray,  
Work for the day will soon be gone;  
Work, watch, pray,  
Soon will the Master come.

- 2 Work with a heart inspiring,  
Work with a ready hand,  
Work for the pure and holy,  
Work for the true and grand.
- 3 Work till the summons cometh,—  
Join with the hosts at rest;  
So shall thy days be joyful,  
So shall thy nights be blest.

*Grace Glenn.*

## MISSIONARY.

1252

*Lift Him Up.*

- 1 LIFT Him up, 't is He that bids you,  
Let the dying look and live ;  
To all weary, thirsting sinners,  
Living waters will He give ;  
And though once so meek and lowly,  
Yet the Prince of heaven was he ;  
And the blind, who grope in darkness,  
Through the blood of Christ shall see.

### CHORUS.

Lift him up, the risen Saviour,  
High amid the waiting throng ;  
Lift him up, 't is he that speaketh,  
Now he bids you flee from wrong.

- 2 Lift him up, this precious Saviour,  
Let the multitude behold ;  
They with willing hearts shall seek him,  
He will draw them to his fold ;  
They shall gather from the wayside,  
Hastening on with joyous feet,  
They shall bear the cross of Jesus,  
And shall find salvation sweet.

- 3 Lift him up in all his glory,  
'T is the Son of God on high ;  
Lift him up, his love shall draw them,  
E'en the careless shall draw nigh ;  
Let them hear again the story  
Of the cross, the death of shame ;  
And from tongue to tongue repeat it ;  
Mighty throngs shall bless his name.

- 4 O then lift him up in singing,  
Lift the Saviour up in prayer ;  
He, the glorious Redeemer,  
All the sins of men did bear ;  
Yes, the young shall bow before him,  
And the old their voices raise ;  
All the deaf shall hear hosannah ;  
And the dumb shall shout his praise.

*May E. Warren.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1253

*Work and Wait.*

- 1 O CHRISTIAN, idle all the day !  
'T is not enough to wait and pray ;  
The time is short, the labor great,  
O work for Jesus while you wait.

#### CHORUS.

Work and wait, work and wait,  
Eternity of rest is near.  
The time is short, the labor great,  
O, work and wait till Christ appear.

- 2 O, stand not idly waiting by  
When sounds abroad the harvest cry !  
Go forth into the ripened field,  
And there for God the sickle wield.

- 3 O, work in earnest for the Lord  
And trust him for the great reward ;  
'T is he who labors wins the prize,  
No idler ever gains the skies.

- 4 Then to thy task ! no more delay !  
Lest others bear thy sheaves away ;  
Lest some one wear eternally  
The crown of life that was for thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1254

*Watch and Pray.*

- 1 WATCH, for the time is short ;  
Watch while 't is called to-day ;  
Watch, lest the world prevail ;  
Watch, Christian, watch and pray ;  
Watch, for the flesh is weak ;  
Watch, for the foe is strong ;  
Watch, lest the Bridegroom come ;  
Watch, though he tarry long.

#### CHORUS.

O watch and pray,  
O watch and pray ;  
O watch in the darkness, and watch in the  
day ;  
Christian, watch and pray.

## MISSIONARY.

- 2 Chase slumber from thine eyes,  
Chase doubting from thy breast ;  
Thine is the promised prize  
Of heaven's eternal rest ;  
Watch, Christian, watch and pray ;  
Thy Saviour watched for thee  
Till from his brow there poured  
Great drops of agony.
- 3 Take Jesus for thy trust ;  
Watch while the foe is near ;  
Gird well the armor on ;  
Watch till thy Lord appear.  
Now when thy sun is up,  
Make thou no more delay,  
In this accepted time  
Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

*Anon.*

### 1255

#### *Watch and Pray.*

- 1 WATCH and pray that when the Master cometh,  
If at morning, noon, or night,  
He may find a lamp in every window,  
Trimmed and burning, clear and bright.

#### CHORUS.

- Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth ;  
Watch and pray, 't will not be long :  
Soon he'll gather home his loved ones  
To the happy vale of song.
- 2 Watch and pray ; the tempter may be near us ;  
Keep the heart with jealous care,  
Lest the door a moment left unguarded,  
Evil thoughts may enter there,
- 3 Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary ;  
Jesus watched and prayed alone :  
Prayed for us when only stars beheld him,  
While on Olive's brow they shone.
- 4 Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty,  
Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice :  
Then with him the marriage feast partaking,  
We shall evermore rejoice.

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

**1256**

*Harvest Time.*

- 1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
Bearing precious seed in love,  
Never tiring, never sleeping,  
Findeth mercy from above.

### CHORUS.

Lo, the scene of verdure brightening !  
See the rising grain appear !  
Look ! the waving fields are whitening,  
For the harvest time is near.

- 2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,  
Bright the rays celestial shine ;  
Precious fruits will thus be given,  
Through an influence all divine.

- 3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
Let no fears thy soul annoy ;  
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

*Thomas Hastings.*

**1257**

*Call Them In.*

- 1 "CALL them in ;"—the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold ;  
Peace and pardon freely offer ;  
Can you weigh their worth with gold ?  
"Call them in,"—the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin ;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus ;  
He is waiting ;—"call them in."
- 2 "Call them in ;"—the Jew, the Gentile ;  
Bid the stranger to the feast ;  
"Call them in,"—the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least :  
Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen ;  
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,  
Wait the lost ones ;—"call them in."

## MISSIONARY.

- 3 "Call them in ;"—the mere professors,  
 Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink :  
 Naught of life are they possessors,  
 Yet of safety vainly think :  
 Bring them in ;—the careless scoffers,  
 Pleasure seekers of the earth :  
 Tell of God's most gracious offers,  
 And of Jesus' priceless worth.
- 4 "Call them in ;"—the broken-hearted,  
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;  
 Speak Love's message low and tender,—  
 "'T was for sinners Jesus came :"  
 See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
 Soon the day-dawn will begin ;  
 Can you leave them lost and lonely ?  
*Christ is coming ;—"call them in."*

*Miss Anna Shipton.*

### **1258** *One More Day's Work for Jesus.*

- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of life for me :  
 But heaven is nearer,  
 And Christ is dearer,  
 Than yesterday to me ;  
 His love and light  
 Fill all my soul to-night.

CHO.—One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of life for me.

- 2 One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How glorious is my King !  
 'T is joy, not duty,  
 To speak his beauty ;  
 My soul mounts on the wing  
 At the mere thought  
 How Christ my life has bought.

- 3 One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 When Christ's flock enter in !  
 How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine !



## BIBLE SONGS.

4 One more day's work for Jesus,—

O yes, a weary day :  
But heaven shines clearer,  
And rest comes nearer,  
At each step of the way,  
And Christ in all ;—  
Before his face I fall.

5 O blessed work for Jesus !

O rest at Jesus' feet !  
There toil seems pleasure,  
My wants are treasure,  
And pain for him is sweet.  
Lord, if I may,  
I'll serve another day.

*Anna Warner.*

### 1259

*Sowing in Tears.*

1 SOWING in sadness through long, weary years ;  
Scattering seed with the fast-falling tears ;  
O how we long for the glad harvest day,  
When sheaves are gathered, and tears wiped  
away !

CHORUS.

Sowing in tears through long, weary years ;  
Wait, only wait, till the harvest appears.

2 Sowing good seed as in sadness we go ;  
Sure is the promise,—to reap what we sow ;  
Tears only water the grain that we cast,  
God will bestow us the increase at last.

3 Sow to the Spirit, and life we shall reap,—  
Life everlasting, where none ever weep ;  
Heaven will yield us a harvest of peace,  
When all the labors of summer shall cease.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1260

*Anywhere, Dear Saviour.*

1 ANYWHERE, dear Saviour,  
In thy vineyard wide,  
Where thou bidst me labor,  
Lord, there would I abide.  
Miracle of saving grace,  
That thou givest me a place  
Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

## MISSIONARY.

- 2 Where the night may find us,  
Surely matters not ;  
If we camp with Jesus,  
O blessed is the spot !  
Quickly we the tent may fold,  
Cheerful march through storm or cold,  
Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
- 3 All along the journey,  
Let us fix our eyes  
On the "Rock of Ages,"  
Until we gain the prize.  
There the heart will make its home,  
Willing led by thee to roam  
Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.  
*W. A. Ogden.*

### **1261** *Working, O Christ, with Thee.*

- 1 WORKING, O Christ, with thee,  
Working with thee ;  
Unworthy, sinful, weak,  
Though we may be ;  
Our all to thee we give,  
For thee alone we live,  
And by thy grace achieve,  
Working with thee.
- 2 Along the city's waste,  
Working with thee ;  
Our eager footsteps haste,  
Like thee to be ;  
The poor we gather in,  
The outcasts raise from sin,  
And labor souls to win,  
Working with thee.
- 3 Saviour, we weary not,  
Working with thee ;  
As hard as thine our lot  
Can never be ;  
Our joy and comfort this,  
"Thy grace sufficient is ;"  
This changes toil to bliss,  
Working with thee.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 4 So let us labor on,  
Working with thee,  
Till earth to thee is won,  
From sin set free ;  
Till men, from shore to shore,  
Receive thee, and adore,  
And join us evermore,  
Working with thee.

*Anon.*

### 1262

*We'll Live in Tents.*

- 1 GOD bids his people on the earth,  
Before he comes and calls them hence  
To live unknit to home and hearth,  
Like far-bound travelers—in tents.

#### CHORUS.

- We'll live in tents until our feet  
Shall reach the land by sin untrod,  
The gate of pearl, the golden street,  
Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
- 2 It is his will that we should pass  
Like strangers, separate and aside  
From all the vain and worldly mass  
That crowd the Babylons of pride.
- 3 He'd have us rear no stately towers,  
Sink no foundation walls of stone,  
But camp each night a few short hours,  
And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
- 4 O brother, whatsoever chain  
Binds us to fleshly lust and strife,  
Here let us rend it in God's name,  
And live, henceforth, the pilgrim life.

*H. G. S.*

### 1263

*The World's Harvest.*

- 1 SERVANTS of Jesus, the day is at hand,  
Fields for our labor invitingly stand ;  
Mark ye the signals, they widely diffuse  
Tokens of the coming harvest, joyful the news.

#### CHORUS.

- Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray,  
Yes, pray for help in the fields white to-day ;  
Gather the sheaves, bring the world's harvest  
home,  
Glorious and blessed harvest, come, Saviour, come.

## MISSIONARY.

- 2 Work is abundant, the promise is great,  
Few are the reapers, in sadness they wait ;  
Patiently toiling, yet daily they cry,  
Pray ye that our Lord and Master, reapers supply.
- 3 Men who are faithful are fainting to-day,  
Worn with their labors, they fall by the way ;  
Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand  
Gather in the blessed harvest, Christ gives command.
- 4 Hasten the time when the reapers shall sing,  
And with rejoicing, their sheaves homeward bring ;  
Saints with the angels together shall meet :  
Glorious and blessed meeting round Jesus' feet.

*Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.*

### 1264 *Missionary's Farewell.*

- 1 ON the shore beyond the sea,  
Where the fields are bright and fair,  
There's a call, a plaintive plea,  
I must hasten to be there.

#### CHORUS.

- Let me go, I cannot stay,  
'T is the Master calling me ;  
Let me go, I must obey ;  
Native land, farewell to thee.
- 2 Hark ! I hear the Master say,  
"Up, ye reapers ! why so slow ?"  
To the vineyard, far away,  
Earthly kindred, let me go.
- 3 Just beyond the rolling tide,  
The uplifted hand I see ;  
Lo ! the gates are open wide,  
And the lost are calling me.
- 4 Father, mother, darling child,  
I must bid you all adieu ;  
Far across the waters wild,  
There's a work for me to do.

*Rev. I. Baltzell.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1265

*The Ninety and Nine.*

- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far, far from the gates of gold ;—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;  
Are they not enough for thee ? "  
But the Shepherd made answer : " One of mine  
Has wandered away from me,  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed ;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
Far out in the desert he heard its cry,—  
Fainting and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track ? "  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn ? "  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep !"  
And the angels sang around the throne,  
"Rejoice for the Lord brings back his own !"

*Elizabeth C. Clephane.*

### 1266

*Nothing but Leaves.*

- 1 NOTHING but leaves ! The Spirit grieves  
O'er years of wasted life ;  
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,  
O'er vows and promises unkept,  
And reaps from years of strife—  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

## INVITATION.

- 2 Nothing but leaves ! no gathered sheaves,  
Of life's fair ripening grain :  
We sow our seeds ; lo ! tares and weeds,—  
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,—  
Then reap, with toil and pain,  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 3 Nothing but leaves ! sad memory weaves  
No vail to hide the past ;  
And as we trace our weary way,  
And count each lost and misspent day,  
We sadly find at last—  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,  
And bring but withered leaves ?  
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat  
Lay down for golden sheaves,  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

L. E. A.

### 1267 *Sowing to Reap.*

- 1 SOWING to death or life,  
Sowing to reap !  
Sowing to joy or strife,  
Which shall we reap ?  
Now let good seed be cast ;  
Sowing will soon be past ;  
Harvest will come at last ;  
What shall we reap ?
- 2 Now is the sowing time,  
Life's blooming spring ;  
Age is the winter clime,  
When joys take wing.  
Sow to the Spirit now,  
Here make thy solemn vow ;  
Unto thy Maker bow ;  
Repentance bring.
- 3 Sad, sad, the reaping day,  
If ill is sown ;  
Vain, vain to weep and pray,  
Hopeless and lone.  
Sowing for thee is o'er ;  
Summer will come no more,  
Autumn will yield no store ;  
Harvest is flown.



**1268** "*None of Self and all of Thee.*"

- 1 O, THE bitter pain and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
"All of self and none of thee!"  
All of self and none of thee,  
All of self and none of thee,  
When I proudly said to Jesus,  
"All of self and none of thee!"
- 2 Yet he found me; I beheld him  
Bleeding on the accursed tree;  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self and some of thee!"  
Some of self and some of thee,  
Some of self and some of thee,  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
"Some of self and some of thee!"
- 3 Day by day his tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self and more of thee!"  
Less of self and more of thee,  
Less of self and more of thee,  
Brought me lower while I whispered,  
"Less of self and more of thee!"
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,  
"None of self and *all* of thee!"  
None of self and *all* of thee,  
None of self and *all* of thee,  
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,  
"None of self and *all* of thee!"

*Rev. Theo. Monod.***1269** *Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.*

- 1 WHAT means this eager, anxious throng  
Which moves with busy haste along,—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
In accents hushed the throng reply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."  
In accents hushed the throng reply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

## INVITATION.

- 2 Who is this Jesus ? Why should he  
The city move so mightly ?  
A passing stranger, has he skill  
To move the multitude at will ?  
Again the stirring notes reply :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”  
Again the stirring notes reply :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 3 Jesus ! 'tis he who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;  
And burdened ones, where'er he came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 4 To-day, as then, from place to place  
His holy foot-prints we can trace ;  
He pauseth at our threshold,—nay,  
He enters,—condescends to stay :  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by ? ”  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by ? ”
- 5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come !  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home ;  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept his proffered grace.  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh :  
“ Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 6 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all his wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
“ Too late ! too late ! ” will be the cry—  
“ Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.* ”  
“ Too late ! too late ! ” will be the cry—  
“ Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.* ”

*Emma Campbell.*

**1270**

*The Gate Ajar for Me.*

- 1 THERE is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming  
A radiance from the cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.

O depth of mercy ! can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me ?  
For me, for me ?  
Was left ajar for me ?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation ;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown ;  
While mercy's gate is open,  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we 'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven.

*Mrs. Lydia Baxter.*

**1271**

*For You I am Praying.*

- 1 I HAVE a Saviour, he's pleading in glory,  
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth-friends be  
few ;  
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,  
And O that my Saviour were your Saviour too !

CHORUS.

- For you I am praying, for you I am praying,  
For you I am praying, I 'm praying for you.
- 2 I have a Father : to me he has given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;  
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven,  
But O that he'd let me bring you with me too !
  - 3 A robe fair and spotless, resplendent in whiteness,  
Is waiting in glory my wondering view ;  
And when I receive it all shining in brightness,  
Dear friend, I would see you receiving one too !

## INVITATION.

4 To me has been given sweet peace like a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world never  
knew ;  
And Christ is the Author, and Christ is the Giver,  
And O that his peace might be given to you !

6 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to  
glory,  
And prayer will be answered—'t was answered  
for you !

*S. O'Mally Cluff.*

**1272**

*Take Me as I am.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, to thee I cry,  
Unless thou help me I must die ;  
O bring thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am.

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,  
Take me as I am ;  
Lord, I give myself to thee,  
O take me as I am.

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,  
But yet for me thy blood was spilt ;  
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,  
And take me as I am.

3 I bow before thy mercy-seat,  
Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet ;  
Thy work begin, thy work complete,  
And take me as I am.

4 If thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew ;  
And work both in and by me too,  
And take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,  
The battle fought, the victory won ;  
Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
Lord, take me as I am.

*E. H. H.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1273

*Look and Live.*

- 1 LOOK to the cross, sinner, believe it,  
Look to the cross, healing is there ;  
Pardon is thine, only receive it,  
Look to the cross in prayer.

#### REFRAIN.

Look to the cross, look to the cross,  
Jesus believing, pardon receiving ;  
Look to the cross, look to the cross,  
Look, and thy soul shall live.

- 2 Leave all thy sin, humbly confessing,  
Truly forsake, turn and obey ;  
Jesus will give freely his blessing,  
Ask and receive to-day.
- 3 Ask of the Lord, now he is willing  
Strength to impart, grace to bestow ;  
Promises sweet, ever fulfilling,  
Prove the great debt we owe.
- 4 Look to the cross, trusting in Jesus,  
Mighty to help, mighty to save ;  
From all our guilt gladly he frees us,  
For us his life he gave.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1274

*Out of the Ark.*

- 1 THEY dreamed not of danger, those sinners of  
old,  
Whom Noah was chosen to warn ;  
By frequent transgression their hearts had grown  
cold ;  
They laughed his entreaties to scorn :  
Yet daily he called them, "O come, sinners,  
come,  
Believe, and prepare to embark !  
Receive the glad message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark,"  
Receive the glad message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark.

## INVITATION.

### CHORUS.

Then come, no more delaying,  
The gracious call obeying ;  
O hear the Spirit saying,  
“ There ’s room for you to-day.”  
To-day the word believing,  
To-day the truth receiving,  
No more the Spirit grieving,—  
O enter while you may.

2 He could not arouse them ; unheeding they stood,  
Unmoved by his warning and prayer ;  
The prophet passed in from the oncoming flood,  
And left them to hopeless despair :  
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on,  
The heavens as midnight grew dark.  
Too late, then they turned—every foot-hold was  
gone,  
They perished in sight of the Ark,  
Too late, then they turned, etc.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,  
They cry like the patriarch, “ Come ; ”  
The Ark of Salvation is moored to your shore,  
O enter while yet there is room !  
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,  
And when by its fury you ’re tossed,  
Alas, of your perishing souls ’t will be said,  
“ They heard—they refused—and *were lost.*”  
Alas, of your perishing souls, etc.

\*4 And now while this message—“ Christ’s coming is near ”—  
God’s servants by thousands proclaim,  
Say not like those sinners of old, with a sneer,  
“ All things shall continue the same.”  
The prophets have spoken ; their words are unsealed ;  
The Judgment will shortly be o’er ;  
The arm of God’s justice will soon be revealed,  
And mercy invite you no more.  
The arm of God’s justice, etc.

\* *Added.*

*Kate Harrington. Arr.*



## BIBLE SONGS.

**1275**

*Pass Me Not.*

- 1 PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry ;  
While on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry ;  
While on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at the throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief ;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,  
Would I seek thy face ;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me ;  
Whom have I on earth beside thee ?  
Whom in heaven but thee ?

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

**1276**

*Nothing For Jesus.*

- 1 CROWDED is your heart with cares,  
Have you no room for Jesus ?  
Captured by earth's gilded snares,  
Have you no room for Jesus ?  
Lo ! he's standing at your door,  
Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er ;  
Hear him pleading evermore ;  
Have you no room for Jesus ?
- 2 Wasting all your precious hours,  
Have you no work for Jesus ?  
Spending those God-given powers,  
Have you no work for Jesus ?  
Striving not to conquer sin,  
Seeking not a soul to win,  
Bringing not a wanderer in ;  
Have you no work for Jesus ?

## INVITATION.

3 Seeking earth's possessions fair,  
Have you no time for Jesus ?  
None for gracious deeds to spare,  
Have you no time for Jesus ?  
Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease,  
Seeking, grasping toys like these,  
Striving only self to please ;  
Have you no time for Jesus ?

4 Bearing only worthless leaves,  
Have you no fruit for Jesus ?  
In your hands no precious sheaves,  
Have you no fruit for Jesus ?  
Not a grain to store away,  
Naught your labor to repay,  
Not a joy for that great day  
When you shall meet with Jesus.

*Mrs. Mary D. James.*

### **1277** *Father, We Come to Thee.*

1 FATHER, we come to thee,  
No other help have we ;  
Thou wilt our refuge be,  
On thee we call.  
Earth is but dark and drear  
Without thy presence near ;  
Be thou our comfort here,  
Father of all.

#### CHORUS.

Father, we come to thee,  
Turn not away ;  
Helpless we come to thee,  
Hear while we pray.

2 Save from our many foes,  
Save from our earthly woes ;  
Be thou our soul's repose  
In time of need.  
Doubting are we, and weak,  
To us sweet courage speak ;  
Thy mighty arm we seek  
For strength indeed.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 Give us thy grace divine,  
Seal us forever thine ;  
Our wayward feet incline  
From sin to flee.  
Oh, guide us, we implore,  
Till weary life is o'er,  
And on a brighter shore  
We dwell with thee.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1278

*Come into the Ark.*

- 1 ON time's wide waste of waters  
There floats a kindly bark ;  
O earth's lost sons and daughters,  
It is Salvation's Ark !  
The wreck of self will strand you  
Before the voyage is o'er :  
Salvation's Ark will land you  
On heaven's peaceful shore.

#### REFRAIN.

Come into the Ark of safety,  
Come in and be saved to-day ;  
The tempest may break to-morrow,  
Come into the Ark to-day ;  
The tempest may break to-morrow,  
Come into the Ark to-day.

- 2 O trust in self no longer,  
For self will surely fail ;  
Temptations will grow stronger,  
And evil will prevail.  
Come, all thy fears abating,  
Forsaking all thy sin ;  
While Mercy's Ark is waiting,  
O haste to enter in.

- 3 Shall we be of the number  
Who seek for souls to save ;  
Or shall we sink to slumber  
On sin's delusive wave ?  
How dread would be the waking,  
How fearful and how dark,  
To find the tempest breaking,  
And we outside the Ark !

## INVITATION.

- 4 Then come while hope is offered,  
Thy coming shall be blest ;  
Eternal life is proffered  
Within the Ark of rest.  
The dove of peace shall hover  
Above thee on thy way,  
And God's own hand shall cover  
And keep thee every day.

*F. E. Belden.*

1279

*Jesus is Passing.*

- 1 Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing,  
Come, all ye blind, and receive now your sight ;  
He will bend o'er you,  
He will restore you,  
He will exchange all your darkness for light ;  
Come, and the Saviour will give you your sight.
- 2 Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing,  
Come now, ye lame, to the Healer of all ;  
His life he gave you,  
One look will save you,  
He will attend to the poor cripple's call ;  
Now he is passing, is passing for all.
- 3 Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing,  
Come, all ye poor, to the plenteous store ;  
Now he will lead you,  
Ever will feed you,  
Jesus invites you to hunger no more ;  
Come to the bountiful, heavenly store.
- Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing,  
Come, ye afflicted by sin and by shame ;  
O we implore you,  
Let him restore you,  
Come while he lingers and calls you by name ;  
Come, all ye laden with sin and with shame.

*F. E. Belden.*

1280 *Why Not Come to Jesus ?*

- 1 WHY not come to Jesus ?  
There is hope for thee ;  
There is wondrous pardon,  
Offered full and free.  
Only trust his mercy,  
Ask and be forgiven ;  
Why not come to Jesus ?  
He is the way to heaven.

## BIBLE SONGS.

2 Doubt his love no longer,  
Count all else but loss ;  
Faith and hope grow stronger  
Taking up the cross.  
'T is a burden precious,  
Giving peace within ;  
Why not come to Jesus,  
And leave thy load of sin ?

3 Who has love so constant,  
Love so tried and true,  
Thus to die for sinners,  
Thus to die for you ?  
At your heart he 's knocking,  
Turn him not away ;  
Why not come to Jesus ?  
O, why not come to-day ?

4 Now the Holy Spirit  
Whispers his dear name,  
Angels bending near you  
Bid you speak the same.  
Speak it while he 's waiting,  
Speak it while you may ;  
Why not come to Jesus ?  
He waits to hear you pray.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1281**      *The Great Physician.*

1 THE great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus ;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
O hear the voice of Jesus.

#### CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,—  
Jesus, blessed Jesus !

2 All glory to the dying Lamb !  
I now believe in Jesus ;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

## INVITATION.

- 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear;  
No other name but Jesus;  
O how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus!
- 4 And when he comes to bring the crown,—  
The crown of life and glory;  
Then by his side we will sit down,  
And tell redemption's story.

*William Hunter*

### 1282

*Calling.*

- 1 SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
At the heart's portal he's waiting and watching,  
Watching for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home,  
Ye who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!

- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?
- 3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,  
Passing from you and from me;  
Shadows are gathering and death's night is coming,  
Coming for you and for me.
- 4 Think of the wonderful love he has promised,  
Promised for you and for me;  
Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

*Will L. Thompson.*

### 1283

*Almost Persuaded.*

- 1 ALMOST persuaded now to believe;  
Almost persuaded Christ to receive.  
Seems now some soul to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,  
Some more convenient day  
On thee I'll call."



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Almost persuaded, come, come to-day ;  
Almost persuaded ; turn not away.  
Jesus invites you here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Prayers rise from hearts so dear ;  
O wanderer, come !
- 3 Almost persuaded ; harvest is past ;  
Almost persuaded ; doom comes at last !  
“ Almost ” cannot avail ;  
“ Almost ” is but to fail !  
Sad, sad that bitter wail—  
“ Almost,—but lost ! ”

*P. P. Bliss.*

### **1284** *The Waters are Troubled.*

- 1 THE waters are troubled,  
The angel is here ;  
The fountain of mercy  
Flows healing and clear ;  
O come in your sorrow,  
And come in your sin ;  
The waters are troubled :  
Step in, O step in !
- 2 The waters are troubled,  
No longer delay ;  
The fountain of mercy  
Has healing to-day ;  
Then why will you linger,  
Since life you may win ?  
The waters are troubled :  
Step in, O step in !
- 3 The waters are troubled,  
The angel still waits ;  
He pauses in peril  
Who halts and debates :  
Give over your faltering,  
Your struggles within ;  
The waters are troubled :  
Step in, O step in !

*J. E. Rankin, D. D.*

## INVITATION.

### **1285** *Not Far from the Kingdom.*

- 1 NOT far, not far from the kingdom,  
Yet in the shadow of sin ;  
How many are coming and going,  
How few are entering in !

#### CHORUS.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,  
Yet lingering still at the gateway ;  
O wait not to get nearer,  
But enter while you may.

- 2 Not far, not far from the gateway  
Where voices whisper and wait ;  
But fearing to enter in boldly,  
They linger still at the gate.
- 3 They catch the strains of the music  
That floats so sweetly along ;  
Though knowing the song they are singing,  
Yet joining not in the song.
- 4 They're in the dark and the danger,  
They're in the night and the cold,  
Though Jesus is longing to lead them  
So kindly into his fold.

*English.*

### **1286** *There's Room for You to Anchor.*

- 1 THERE's room for you to anchor  
Within the port of rest,  
Where tempests all are over,  
And calms no more molest ;  
How sweet to weary voyagers,  
This precious promise given :  
There's room for you to anchor  
Safe in heaven !

#### REFRAIN.

There's room, there's room ;  
There's room, there's room.  
There's room for you to anchor  
Safe in heaven.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 There's room for you to anchor ;  
The ship is waiting now,—  
The ship of God's preparing,  
O ask not Why nor How.  
His boundless love and mercy  
No tongue can ever tell,—  
If you but trust his promise,  
All is well.
- 3 The same dear friends shall meet us  
That we have loved below ;  
The same sweet voices greet us  
As in the long ago.  
Then hush ! ye murmuring waters,  
Ye tempests, cease to blow !  
I almost hear the music  
Soft and low.
- 4 O heaving, swelling billows,  
Bear onward to my home !  
Beyond these dreary headlands  
I see its shining dome.  
There, there my fainting spirit  
No more for rest shall sigh ;  
'T is there I hope to anchor  
By and by.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1287

*Something for Jesus.*

- 1 THEY brought their gifts to Jesus,  
And laid them at his feet,  
And love for this dear Saviour,  
Made every offering sweet ;  
Good deeds and words of kindness,  
Help for the poor of earth,  
And not a gift among them  
Was thought of little worth.

#### CHORUS.

Wouldst bring a gift to Jesus,  
That he would count most sweet ?  
Say, " Lord, my heart I give thee,"  
And lay it at his feet.

## INVITATION.

- 2 Apart from other givers  
A poor wayfarer stood,  
He saw the gifts they offered,  
The poorest counted good ;  
And he was filled with longing,  
A gift, though poor, to bring ;  
Alas ! all empty-handed  
He stood before the King.
- 3 "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow,  
"I know how kind thou art,  
Take all I have to give thee,  
My sinful, wayward heart."  
Then Jesus answered softly,  
"Count not the gift as small,  
Though all of them are precious,  
Thine is the best of all."

*Eben E. Rexford.*

### 1288 *Lift ! Brother, Lift !*

- 1 WHEN the cross seems hard to carry,  
Lift ! brother, lift !  
O'er the burden never tarry,  
Lift ! brother, lift !

#### CHORUS.

- Lift the cross and clasp it tighter,  
Lift ! brother, lift !  
Lifting makes the burden lighter,  
Lift ! brother, lift !
- 2 Duty's call is self-denying,  
Lift ! brother, lift !  
Half the battle lies in trying,  
Lift ! brother, lift !
- 3 When the evil seems the strongest,  
Lift ! brother, lift !  
Lift the hardest, lift the longest,  
Lift ! brother, lift !

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1289 *I am Coming to the Cross.*

- 1 I AM coming to the cross,  
I am poor, and weak, and blind ;  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.

## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

- I am trusting, Lord, in thee,  
O thou Lamb of Calvary !  
Humbly at thy cross I bow,  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,  
Long has evil reigned within ;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,  
Friends and time and earthly store ;  
Soul and body thine to be,  
Wholly thine forevermore.
- 4 In thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied ;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

*Rev. Wm. McDonald.*

### 1290

*Come, Sinner, Come !*

- 1 WHILE Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, sinner, come !  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, sinner, come !  
Now is the time to own him,  
Come, sinner, come !  
Now is the time to know him,  
Come, sinner, come !
- 2 Are you too heavy laden ?  
Come, sinner, come !  
Jesus will bear your burden,  
Come, sinner, come !  
Jesus will not deceive you,  
Come, sinner, come !  
Jesus can now redeem you,  
Come, sinner, come !
- 3 O hear his tender pleading,  
Come, sinner, come !  
Come and receive the blessing,  
Come, sinner, come !  
While Jesus whispers to you,  
Come, sinner, come !  
While we are praying for you,  
Come, sinner, come !

*Will E. Witter.*

## INVITATION.

### 1291 *Lead Them to Thee.*

- 1 LEAD them, my God, to thee,  
     Lead them to thee,  
     These children dear of mine,  
     Thou gavest me ;  
     O, by thy love divine,  
     Lead them, my God, to thee ;  
     Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
- 2 When earth looks bright and fair,  
     Festive and gay,  
     Let no delusive snare,  
     Lure them astray ;  
     But from temptation's power,  
     Lead them, my God, to thee ;  
     Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
- 3 E'en for such little ones,  
     Christ came a child,  
     And through this world of sin  
     Moved undefiled ;  
     O, for his sake, I pray,  
     Lead them, my God, to thee ;  
     Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.
- 4 Yea, though my faith be dim,  
     I would believe  
     That thou this precious gift  
     Wilt now receive ;  
     O, take their young hearts now,  
     Lead them, my God, to thee ;  
     Lead them, lead them, lead them to thee.

*Anon.*

### 1292 *My All to Thee.*

- 1 I BRING my sins to thee,  
     The sins I cannot count,  
     That all may cleansed be,  
     In the once-opened Fount :  
     I bring them, Saviour, all to thee ;  
     The burden is too great for me.
- 2 I bring my grief to thee,  
     The grief I cannot tell ;  
     No words shall needed be,  
     Thou knowest all so well :  
     I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
     O suffering Saviour ! all to thee.



## BIBLE SONGS.

3 My joys to thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven :  
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,  
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My life I bring to thee,  
I would not be my own ;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine, ever thine alone.  
My heart, my life, my all, I bring  
To thee, my Saviour and my King.  
*Frances R. Havergal.*

### 1293 *What Can I Do for Thee?*

1 I HEAR thy voice, O Lord,  
It tells me of thy love !  
How thou, to save lost man,  
Didst leave thy home above ;  
Thy glory thou didst leave for me ;  
What shall I leave for thee ?

2 And thou didst suffer much,  
And shed thy precious blood  
To save me from my sins,  
Thou blessed Lamb of God !  
Yes, thou didst give thy life for me ;  
What can I do for thee ?

3 'T was all that I might have  
Salvation, full and free :  
Rich are the gifts indeed,  
That thou hast brought to me,—  
Yes, thou hast brought rich gifts to me ;  
What shall I bring to thee ?

4 I'll bring my heart, dear Lord ;  
'T is all that I can do ;  
Though vile, I pray that thou  
Wilt cleanse it through and through :  
Yes, I'll forsake my sins for thee—  
My Saviour, help thou me.

*F. A. Blackmer.*

## INVITATION.

**1294**

*Shall I Let Him In ?*

- 1 CHRIST is knocking at my sad heart ;  
     Shall I let him in ?  
     Patiently pleading with my sad heart ;  
     O, shall I let him in ?  
     Cold and proud is my heart with sin,  
     Dark and cheerless is all within ;  
     Christ is bidding me turn unto him ;  
     O, shall I let him in ?
- 2 Shall I send him the loving word ?  
     Shall I let him in ?  
     Meekly accepting my gracious Lord,  
     O, shall I let him in ?  
     He can infinite love impart,  
     He can pardon this rebel heart ;  
     Shall I bid him forever depart,  
     Or shall I let him in ?
- 3 Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door,  
     Yes, I'll let him in.  
     Gladly I'll welcome him evermore ;  
     O, yes, I'll let him in.  
     Blessed Saviour, abide with me,  
     Cares and trials will lighter be ;  
     I am safe if I'm only with thee,  
     O blessed Lord, come in !

*H. R. Palmer.*

**1295**

*What Hast Thou Done for Me ?*

- 1 I GAVE my life for thee,  
     My precious blood I shed,  
     That thou might'st ransomed be,  
     And quickened from the dead ;  
     I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
     What hast thou given for me ?  
     I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
     What hast thou given for me ?
- 2 My Father's house of light,  
     My glory-circled throne,  
     I left for earthly night,  
     For wanderings sad and lone ;  
     I left, I left it all for thee,  
     Hast thou left aught for me ?  
     I left, I left it all, etc.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell ;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for me ?  
I've borne, I've borne it all, etc.

*Frances R. Havergal.*

### 1296

*Like as a Father.*

- 1 LIKE as a father pities his child,  
So the Lord pities the sinner defiled ;  
Waiteth in kindness,  
Pities our blindness,  
Longeth to welcome, though often reviled.
- 2 Like as a father when we believe,  
Merciful still, he will gladly receive ;  
Listens to hear us,  
Blesses to cheer us,  
Pities whenever his Spirit we grieve.
- 3 Like as a father, ever the same,  
He hath created, and knoweth our frame ;  
Watcheth the straying,  
Guardeth the praying,  
Bids us to trust in his almighty name.
- 4 Like as a father, constant is he,  
God in compassion regardeth our plea ;  
In need he cometh,  
Precious his promise :  
Father in heaven forever to be.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1297

*Are You Ready ?*

- 1 SOON the evening shadows, falling,  
Close the day of mortal life ;  
Soon the hand of Death appalling  
Draws thee from its weary strife.

CHORUS.

Are you ready ? Are you ready ?  
'Tis the Spirit calling, why delay ?  
Are you ready ? Are you ready ?  
Do not linger longer, come to-day.

## INVITATION.

- 2 Soon the awful trumpet sounding  
Calls thee to the Judgment throne ;  
Now prepare ; for love abounding  
Yet has left thee not alone.
- 3 O how fatal 't is to linger !  
Art thou ready—ready now ?  
Ready, should Death's icy finger  
Lay its chill upon thy brow ?
- 4 Priceless love and free salvation  
Freely still are offered thee ;  
Yield no longer to temptation,  
But from sin and sorrow flee.  
*J. W. Slaughenhaupt.*

### 1298 *Are You Within the Fold To-night ?*

- 1 THE golden light is fading  
Upon the mountains gray,  
And twilight's purple shading  
Falls o'er the dying day  
As to the fold for slumber  
The weary flock draws near :  
One hundred was the number,—  
Are there one hundred here ?

#### REFRAIN.

Are you within the fold to-night,  
The fold of Christ, the fold of light ?  
Are you within the fold to-night ?  
Are you within the fold ?  
The gentle Shepherd calls you now,  
With tearful eyes and saddened brow ;  
Wilt thou not come ? O come just now,  
There's room in Jesus' fold.

- 2 I'll count the dear ones over,  
The tender Shepherd said,  
My own warm fold shall cover  
Each lamb that I have led ;  
If one has wandered blindly  
Or willfully away,  
I'll seek it long and kindly,  
Nor wait till break of day.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 With tender, anxious glances,  
He counts them o'er with care,  
And vain his hopeful fancies,—  
But ninety-nine are there.  
Then forth into the shadows,  
All else by him forgot,  
He searches moor and meadows,  
And searching findeth not.
- 4 The midnight dews are falling,  
Yet through the mountains wild  
He seeks the lost one calling :  
“Come back, come back, my child ;”  
His voice is sad with pleading,  
His locks are damp and cold,  
His feet are torn and bleeding,—  
There 's one without the fold.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1299 *Who Is on the Lord's Side?*

- 1 WHO is on the Lord's side,  
Always true ?  
There 's a right and wrong side,—  
Where stand you ?

#### CHORUS.

Choose now, choose now :  
On the right or wrong side,—  
False or true ?  
Choose now, choose now :  
On the right or wrong side,—  
Where stand you ?

- 2 Thousands on the wrong side  
Choose to stand,  
Still 't is not the strong side,  
True and grand.
- 3 Come and join the Lord's side :  
Ask you why ?  
'T is the only safe side  
By and by.

*F. E. Belden.*

## SCRIPTURES, LAW, SABBATH.

**1300**

*Give Me the Bible.*

- 1 GIVE me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,  
To cheer the wanderer lone and tempest-tossed ;  
No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beam-  
ing,  
Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost.

CHORUS.

Give me the Bible,—holy message shining,  
Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.  
Precept and promise, law and love combining,  
Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

- 2 Give me the Bible when my heart is broken,  
When sin and grief have filled my soul with  
fear ;

Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken,  
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Saviour near.

- 3 Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten,  
Teach me the danger of these realms below ;  
That lamp of safety o'er the gloom shall brighten,  
That light alone the path of peace can show.

- 4 Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal,  
Hold up that splendor by the open grave ;  
Show me the light from heaven's shining portal,  
Show me the glory gilding Jordan's wave.

*Priscilla F. Owens.*

**1301**

*Hold to the Helm.*

- 1 HOLD to the helm, sailor, when the skies are clear,  
Hold more firmly when the storms appear ;  
Begin the watch ere you leave the shores of  
youth,  
And always keep hold of the helm of truth.

CHORUS.

Hold to the helm, hold to the helm,  
Hold to the guiding helm of truth ;  
Hold to the helm on the sunny seas of youth,  
And all through the voyage let us hold to the  
truth.

- 2 Thousands have launched on the changeful sea  
of life  
Who have perished in the awful strife ;  
Thousands to-day flaunt a broad profession sail,  
But where is the helm for the fearful gale ?



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 Greater the danger, the broader flies the sail,  
Trusting this alone, you're sure to fail;  
Signal the life-boat before the waves o'erwhelm,  
And ask for the BIBLE, the guiding helm.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1302** *Stand by the Law. (Published by request.)*

- 1 STAND by the law once proclaimed from Sinai;  
Some its teachings and its force deny;  
What says the Saviour? now hearken and obey,—  
“Not one jot or tittle shall pass away.”

#### CHORUS.

Stand by the law, stand by the law:  
Jesus the law did magnify;  
Stand by the law if you hope to enter heaven;  
The law proves us sinners; through Christ  
we're forgiven.

- 2 Ten are its precepts,—consider them again,—  
Love to God, and love to fellow-men:  
*Four* point to God and the duty that we owe,  
And *six* our relation to mortals show.
- 3 Since by the law we are sinners proved to be,  
Christ has died that we may all be free:  
Free from the *death* which the broken law de-  
mands,  
But not from *obedience* to its commands.
- 4 Now if the law was unknown till Sinai,  
All were righteous who before did die!  
And, if its precepts by Christ were done away,  
There lives not a sinner on earth to-day!
- 5 All yearly sabbaths, and offerings the same,  
Lost their meaning when the Saviour came;  
But kill the *law*, and the *devil* goes to heaven!  
No need of a Saviour, or sins forgiven!

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1303** *Blessed are They that Do.*

- 1 HEAR the words our Saviour hath spoken,  
Words of life, unfailing and true;  
Careless one, prayerless one, hear and remember,  
Jesus says, “Blessed are they that do.”

## SCRIPTURES, LAW, SABBATH.

### CHORUS.

Blessed are they that do his commandments,  
Blessed are they, blessed are they ;  
Blessed are they that do his commandments,  
Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

2 All in vain we hear his commandments,  
All in vain his promises, too ;  
Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us,  
Blessed, O blessed are they that do !

3 They with joy may enter the city,  
Free from sin, from sorrow and strife,  
Sanctified, glorified, now and forever,  
They may have right to the tree of life.

*P. P. Bliss.*

### 1304 *Blessed are They that Do.*

1 Not one single jot or tittle—  
Hear the great Teacher say—  
From my Father's ten commandments  
Ever shall pass away.

### CHORUS.

Blessed are they, blessed are they,  
Blessed are they that do ;  
Blessed are they, blessed are they :  
Can it be said of you ?

Whosoever shalt \* exalt them,  
Teaching men so to do,  
Him will I \* exalt in heaven :  
Do you believe it true ?

2 They shall gain the golden city,  
Dwell on the earth made new,  
Who have kept the ten commandments,  
Owning the Saviour too.

3 They shall drink of life's pure river,  
Sorrow and sighing o'er ;  
Eat of life's fair tree forever,  
Never to hunger more.

4 Would you be among the number  
Jesus will honor then ?

Faith in him can only save you

Heeding the precepts ten. *F. E. Belden.*

\* Use "deny," after stanzas 2 and 4, in place of "exalt."

## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1305

*What Says the Bible?*

- 1 WHAT says the Bible, the blessed Bible?  
This should my only question be;  
Teachings of men so often mislead us,—  
What says the book of God to me?

CHORUS.

What says the Bible? few can tell;  
What says the Bible? study it well.  
Keep the commandments, the ten com-  
mandments,  
Look for the coming Saviour too.

- 2 Few ever study the law eternal,  
Few ever seek to know or do;  
Yet there are some who try to improve it,—  
Touching the fourth commandment too:

- 3 How will you answer at Jesus' coming—  
Ye who Jehovah's law construe?  
Can you reply, "I've kept the command-  
ments"?

Answer the question, each of you.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1306

*Go and Inquire.*

- 1 SEARCHING the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures,  
Seeking the Saviour day by day,  
Striving to learn the wondrous story,—  
What does the blessed Bible say?

CHORUS.

Go and inquire, the King commandeth,  
Ask of the Lord for me and thee;  
Knock at the open door of mercy,  
Where there is pardon full and free.

- 2 Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures,  
Seeking to know the heavenly way,  
Trying to reach the golden city,—  
What does the blessed Bible say?

- 3 Searching the Scriptures, the blessed Scriptures,  
Seeking the wanderers by the way,  
Trying to point a soul to Jesus,—  
What does the blessed Bible say?

*W. A. Ogden.*

## SCRIPTURES, LAW, SABBATH.

**1307** *Teach Me, O Lord the Way of Thy Statutes*  
(Anthem).

**1308** *To Obey is Better than Sacrifice.*

1 To obey is better than sacrifice, the Lord hath said ;

To hearken when he commandeth, than an offering made.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and he will be gracious,

Walk in the way of his commandments.

To obey is better than sacrifice, the Lord hath said ;

To hearken when he commandeth, than an offering made.

2 All ye who say, "There is naught to do since Christ doth save,"

Remember what he commands you in the Book he gave.

3 Remember only the *doers* of the word are blest ;  
'T is well to hear and believe it, but to *do* is best.

*F. E. Belden.*

**1309** *Ask for the Guide Book.*

1 Ask for the Guide Book, the Bible from heaven ;  
For our salvation its pages were given ;  
If of a truth you are seeking the way,  
Ask for the Guide Book, believe, and obey.

CHORUS.

Ask for the Guide Book, search the blessed Guide Book ;

Read it, heed it, on your upward way ;

Ask for the Guide Book, search the blessed Guide Book ;

Read your Bible every day.

2 Heed not the voices that bid you remain,  
Heed not the false guides who seek only gain ;  
Ask for the Guide Book,—its teachings are true,—

Heeding it daily will carry you through.

## BIBLE SONGS.

3 Thousands are traveling in death's downward way ;

Few walk the path that is narrow to-day :  
One ends in darkness, and one ends in light,—  
One is the wrong way, and one is the right.

4 Though you may teach that the Saviour has died,

Claim to be just, and appear sanctified,—  
Still, if the law of the Lord you deny,  
"Vain your profession," the Lord will reply.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1310

*Ask for the Old Paths.*

1 ASK for the old paths, by the prophets trod ;  
Ask for the old paths, leading up to God ;  
If you are traveling in a pathway new,  
'T is not the Bible that's guiding you.

CHORUS.

Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths ;  
Christ and the prophets trod the way before :  
Ask for the old paths, walk in the old paths,  
Leading away to the better shore.

2 Christ and the prophets traveled hand in hand ;  
Heeding the Bible, we with them must stand ;  
But when we walk with Custom for a guide,  
How soon to error we turn aside !

3 Then, being honest, search, and you shall find  
Christ by his teaching proves the law divine ;  
He by the prophets showed his gospel true ;  
So law and gospel we offer you.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1311

*The Faithful Three.*

1 LOOK upon the golden image,  
Hear the king's decree ;  
See the burning, fiery furnace,  
And the faithful three.

CHORUS.

Stand for the right wherever you may be,  
Trust in the Lord, like the faithful three.  
We will follow their example,  
Brave and faithful three,  
Bowing not before the image  
At the world's decree.

## SCRIPTURES, LAW, SABBATH.

2 'T was a heathen king's commandment  
Governed conscience then ;  
Yet how bravely for Jehovah  
Stood those noble men !

3 So when earthly creeds of error  
Bid you bend the knee,  
Turn and read the simple story  
Of the faithful three.

4 God is able to deliver  
As in days of old,  
All who walk the path of duty,  
Fearless, firm, and bold.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1312

*More to Do.*

1 WE love to tell the story ;  
Yet there is more to do ;  
For faith brings no salvation  
Without obedience too.

CHORUS.

Then tell the old, old story,  
And heed its precepts, too ;  
'T is well to tell the story,  
Yet there is more to do.

2 It is a precious story,  
And we believe it true ;  
But who of us can answer  
That this alone will do ?

3 Let *Faith* repeat the story,  
Let *Works* proclaim it true ;  
For they alone are blessed  
Who God's commandments do.

*E. B. Franklin.*

### 1313

*Jehovah's Rest.*

1 HOLY day, Jehovah's Rest,  
Of creation's week the best ;  
Last of all the chosen seven,  
Blessed of God, to man 't was given.



## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome ;  
Glad we hail its presence blest,  
'T is the great Jehovah's Rest.

2 First his six days' work was done,  
Then the Sabbath hour begun ;  
Thus he blessed the seventh day,  
Thus in resting we obey.

3 Thousands have his plan reversed,  
Resting now upon the first ;  
Search the Book, and you shall know  
There's no scripture tells them so.

4 All who speak the truth must say  
It was man who changed the day :  
In God's word no change appears  
Through the whole six thousand years !

5 Thus I searched ; and when I saw  
Only one great Sabbath law,  
Then I hastened to obey,—  
Plainly, 't was the only way.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1314**    *Open Thou Mine Eyes. (Anthem.)*

OPEN thou mine eyes that I may behold  
Wondrous things out of thy law, etc.

### **1315**    *Thy Word is a Lamp. (Sentence.)*

THY word is a lamp unto my feet,  
And a light unto my path, etc.

### **1316**    *Hear the Conclusion. (Anthem.)*

LET us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:  
Fear God and keep his commandments ;  
For this is the whole duty of man, etc.

### **1317**    *Are You Doers of the Word?*

1 ARE you doers of the word, O my brothers ?  
Are you keepers of the sayings of the Lord ?  
All in vain are your professions, O my brothers ?  
If you be not doers of the word.

## SECOND ADVENT.

### CHORUS.

Are you doers, are you doers ?

For our hearing without doing is in vain ;  
Christ has told us—will you heed it, O my  
brothers !—

We must do if the blessing we would gain.

2 Are you doers of the word, O my brothers ?

Are you walking in the footsteps of the Lord ?  
You are building on the quicksands, O my  
brothers !

If you be not doers of the word.

3 Are you doers of the word, O my brothers ?

Are you keeping the commandments of the  
Lord ?

Do not tell me of your feelings, O my brothers !

If you be not doers of the word.

4 Are you doers of the word, O my brothers ?

Are you looking for the coming of the Lord ?  
All in vain your expectations, O my brothers !  
If you be not doers of the word.

*H. R. Trickett.*

### 1318

*Christ Returneth.*

1 It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,  
When sunlight through darkness and shadow is  
breaking,

That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory  
To receive from the world his own.

### CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long

Ere we shout the glad song ?

Christ returneth, hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen, hallelujah ! Amen.

2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,  
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of mid-  
night

Will burst into light in the blaze of his glory,  
When Jesus receives his own.

3 O joy ! O delight ! should we go without dying,  
No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and no crying,  
Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into  
glory,

When Jesus receives his own.

*H. L. Turner.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

**1319**

*When the King Comes In.*

- 1 CALLED to the feast by the King are we,  
Sitting, perhaps, where his people be ;  
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
When the King comes in ?

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in, brother,  
When the King comes in !  
How will it fare with thee and me  
When the King comes in ?

- 2 Crowns on the head where the thorns have been,  
Glorified he who once died for men ;  
Splendid the vision before us then,  
When the King comes in.
- 3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show  
Things hidden long from both friend and foe ;  
Just what we are will each neighbor know,  
When the King comes in.
- 4 Joyful his eye shall on each one rest  
Who is in white wedding garments dressed ;  
Ah ! well for us if we stand the test,  
When the King comes in.
- 5 Endless the sad separation then,  
Bitter the cry of deluded men,  
Awful that moment of anguish when  
Christ, the King, comes in.
- 6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,  
So to await thee each in his place,  
That we may fear not to see thy face  
When thou comest in.

*J. E. Landor.*

**1320**

*He will Gather the Wheat in His Garner.*

- 1 WHEN Jesus shall gather the nations,  
Before him at last to appear,  
Then how shall we stand in the Judgment,  
When summoned our sentence to hear ?

CHORUS.

He will gather the wheat in his garner,  
But the chaff will he scatter away ;  
Then how shall we stand in the Judgment  
Of the great resurrection day ?

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour,  
The words, "Faithful servant, well done,"  
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,  
Be banished away from his throne?
- 3 He will smile when he looks on his children,  
And sees on the ransomed his seal;  
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty,  
As low at his footstool they kneel.
- 4 Then let us be watching and waiting,  
With lamps burning steady and bright;  
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding  
O may we be ready for flight!
- 5 Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven,  
In patience we wait for the time  
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,  
We'll bask in the presence divine.

*Harriet B. M. Keever.*

**1321**

*We Know not the Hour.*

- 1 WE know not the hour of the Master's appearing,  
Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing  
When he shall return,—'t is a promise most cheer-  
ing,—  
But we know not the hour.

CHORUS.

- He will come,—let us watch and be ready;  
He will come,—hallelujah! hallelujah!  
He will come in the clouds of his Father's  
bright glory,—  
But we know not the hour.
- 2 There's light for the wise who are seeking sal-  
vation,  
There's truth in the book of the Lord's Revela-  
tion,  
Each prophecy points to the great consumma-  
tion,—  
But we know not the hour.
- 3 We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps  
trimmed and burning,  
We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's re-  
turning,  
We'll sing and rejoice, every omen discerning,—  
But we know not the hour.

*F. E. Belden.*

**1322***He's Coming Soon.*

- 1 O CHRISTIAN ! have you heard it ?  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Though thousands have deferred it,  
 He's coming soon.  
 Let not thy heart grow weary,  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Morn follows midnight dreary,  
 He's coming soon.  
 Leave all earth's sinful pleasures,  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Lay up in heaven your treasures,  
 He's coming soon.
- 2 Does now thy heart believe it ?  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Do you with joy receive it ?  
 He's coming soon.  
 Prize not this world's possessions,  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Trust not to vain professions,  
 He's coming soon.  
 Work on, with zeal increasing,  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Pray always, without ceasing,  
 He's coming soon.
- 3 O day of joy and gladness !  
 He's coming soon ;  
 O day of gloom and sadness !  
 He's coming soon.  
 It may be night or morning,  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Do not reject the warning,  
 He's coming soon.  
 Are you prepared to meet him ?  
 He's coming soon ;  
 Can you look up and greet him ?  
 He's coming soon.

*F. E. Belden.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

### 1323 *Waiting and Watching.*

- 1 WE know not the time when He cometh,  
At even, or midnight, or morn ;  
It may be at deepening twilight,  
It may be at earliest dawn.  
He bids us to watch and be ready,  
Nor suffer our lights to grow dim ;  
That when he shall come, he may find us  
All waiting and watching for him.

#### CHORUS.

Waiting and watching,  
Waiting and watching ;  
Waiting and watching,  
Still waiting and watching for Thee.

- 2 I think of His wonderful pity,  
The price our salvation hath cost ;  
He left the bright mansions of glory  
To suffer and die for the lost.  
And sometimes I think it will please him,  
When those whom he died to redeem  
Rejoice in the hope of his coming  
By waiting and watching for him.
- 3 O Jesus, my loving Redeemer,  
Thou knowest I cherish as dear  
The hope that mine eyes shall behold thee,  
That I shall thine own welcome hear !  
If to some as a Judge thou appearest,  
Who forth from thy presence would flee,  
A Friend most beloved I'll greet thee,  
I'm waiting and watching for thee.

*S. M. H.*

### 1324 *When Thou Comest.*

- 1 WHEN thou comest in thy kingdom,  
Jesus, Lord, remember me,  
Thus the penitent thief entreated  
Christ, the Lord, on Calvary.

#### CHORUS.

Never in vain, never in vain,  
Faith inspires this wonderful strain.  
When thou comest in thy kingdom,  
Jesus, Lord, remember me.



## BIBLE SONGS.

2 When thou comest in thy kingdom,  
Sinful though my heart may be,  
Like the penitent thief, I pray thee,  
Jesus, Lord, remember me.

3 When thou comest in thy kingdom,  
Mounting upward to the skies,  
Like the penitent thief, I pray to  
Be with thee in paradise.

*W. A. Ogden.*

### 1325

*Even at the Door.*

1 THE coming King is at the door  
Who once the cross for sinners bore,  
But now the righteous ones alone  
He comes to gather home.

CHORUS.

At the door, at the door,  
At the door, yes, even at the door ;  
He is coming, he is coming,  
He is even at the door.

2 The signs that show his coming near  
Are fast fulfilling year by year,  
And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn  
Of heaven's eternal morn.

3 Look not on earth for strife to cease,  
Look not below for joy and peace,  
Until the Saviour comes again  
To banish death and sin.

4 Then in the glorious earth made new  
We'll dwell the countless ages through ;  
This mortal shall immortal be,  
And time, eternity.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1326

*Behold the Bridegroom.*

1 ARE you ready for the Bridegroom  
When he comes, when he comes ?  
Are you ready for the Bridegroom  
When he comes, when he comes ?  
Behold, he cometh ! behold, he cometh !  
Be robed and ready ; for the Bridegroom  
comes.

## SECOND ADVENT.

### CHORUS.

Behold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for  
he comes!

Behold the Bridegroom; for he comes, for  
he comes!

Behold, he cometh! behold, he cometh!

Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom  
comes.

2 Have your lamps trimmed and burning  
When he comes, when he comes;  
Have your lamps trimmed and burning  
When he comes, when he comes:  
He quickly cometh! he quickly cometh!  
O soul, be ready when the Bridegroom  
comes.

3 We will all go out to meet him  
When he comes, when he comes;  
We will all go out to meet him  
When he comes, when he comes:  
He surely cometh! he surely cometh!  
We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom  
comes.

4 We will chant alleluias  
When he comes, when he comes;  
We will chant alleluias  
When he comes, when he comes;  
Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh!  
Sing alleluia! for the Bridegroom comes.

*R. E. Hudson.*

**1327**

*Waiting.*

1 ONLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is flown,  
Till the night of death has faded  
From the heart once full of day,  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;  
For the summer time has faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly  
All the ripe hours of my heart ;  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the pearly gate,  
At whose portals long I've lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate :  
Even now I hear their footsteps,  
And their voices far away ;  
If they call me I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.
- 4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling  
Than I ever yet have seen,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
And the fields are ever green ;  
Waiting for my full redemption,  
When my Saviour shall restore  
All that sin has caused to wither  
On this dreary, mortal shore.

*Mrs. Frances L. Mace.*

### 1328

*The Year of Jubilee.*

- 1 O, GLORY to God ! it is coming again,  
'Tis the glad jubilee of the children of men ;  
Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glory, and sing,  
And join in the praises of Jesus the King.

#### CHORUS.

- Shout with the voice of triumph,  
Soon shall the saints be free ;  
Glory to the Lord ! hallelujah !  
Hasten the jubilee.
- 2 'Tis the glad antitype of that day long ago  
When the hosts of the Lord might not gather or  
sow ;  
When the minions of Israel from labor were  
free,  
And the land was to rest in the glad jubilee.

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 3 Yes, gladder by far is that rest by and by,  
When on wings like the eagle we mount to  
the sky ;  
We shall dwell evermore in that land of the  
blest,  
In that grand jubilee, in that sabbath of rest.  
*Mrs. L. D. A. Stuttle.*

### 1329 *What a Gathering That will Be !*

- 1 At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints  
are gathered home,  
We will greet each other by the crystal sea ;  
When the Lord himself from heaven to his glory  
bids them come,  
What a gathering of the faithful that will be !

#### CHORUS.

What a gathering, gathering,  
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee !  
What a gathering, gathering,  
What a gathering of the faithful that will be !

- 2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time  
shall be no more,  
We shall gather, and the saved and ransomed  
see ;  
Then to meet again together, on the bright, ce-  
lestial shore,  
What a gathering of the faithful that will be !

- 3 At the great and final Judgment, when the hid-  
den comes to light,  
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see ;  
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye  
blessed, to my right,"  
What a gathering of the faithful that will be !

- 4 When the golden harps are sounding, and the  
angel bands proclaim  
In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee ;  
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-  
ses and the Lamb,  
What a gathering of the faithful that will be !

*J. H. Kurzenknabe,*

## BIBLE SONGS.

**1330**

*Jesus is Coming Again.*

- 1 LIFT up the trumpet, and loud let it ring ;  
Jesus is coming again !  
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing ;  
Jesus is coming again !  
CHORUS.  
Coming again, coming again,  
Jesus is coming again !
- 2 Echo it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains ;  
Jesus is coming again !  
Coming in glory, the Lamb that was slain ;  
Jesus is coming again !
- 3 Sound it, old ocean, in each mighty wave ;  
Jesus is coming again !  
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave ;  
Jesus is coming again !
- 4 Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wondering  
throng ;  
Jesus is coming again !  
Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong ;  
Jesus is coming again !
- 5 Nations are angry,—by this we do know  
Jesus is coming again !  
Knowledge increases ; men run to and fro ;  
Jesus is coming again !

*Jessie E. Strout.*

**1331**

*Happy Day.*

- 1 SWEET promise,—“I will come again ;  
Go preach this gospel to all men ;”  
“Come quickly, Lord,” my soul doth say,  
“And bring that happy day.”

CHORUS.

- Happy day, O happy day !  
Happy day, O happy day !  
Come quickly, Lord, no more delay ;  
Come quickly, happy day.
- 2 The righteous dead shall then arise,  
With living saints ascend the skies ;  
And Satan in this vale of tears  
Be bound a thousand years.

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 3 The city bright shall then appear,  
The wicked then be raised to hear  
The Judge's awful sentence dire,  
And earth shall melt with fire.
- 4 Then shall it blossom as of old,  
In beauty glorious to behold ;  
And sin and death be found no more  
On that immortal shore.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1332** *When the King Shall Claim His Own.*

- 1 In the glad time of the harvest,  
In the grand millennial year,  
When the King shall take his scepter,  
And to judge the world appear,  
Earth and sea shall yield their treasure,  
All shall stand before the throne ;  
Just awards will then be given,  
When the King shall claim his own.
- 2 O the rapture of his people !  
Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod,  
With their hearts e'er turning homeward,  
Rich in faith and love to God.  
They will share the life immortal,  
They will know as they are known,  
They will pass the pearly portal,  
When the King shall claim his own.
- 3 Long they've toiled within the harvest,  
Sown the precious seed with tears ;  
Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens  
In the glad millennial years ;  
They will share the bliss of heaven,  
Nevermore to sigh or moan ;  
Starry crowns will then be given,  
When the King shall claim his own.
- 4 We shall greet the loved and loving,  
Who have left us lonely here ;  
Every heartache will be banished  
When the Saviour shall appear ;  
Never grieved with sin or sorrow,  
Never weary or alone ;  
O, we long for that glad morrow  
When the King shall claim his own.

*L. D. Santee.*



## BIBLE SONGS.

**1333**

*Come, Saviour, Come.*

- 1 O'ER all the land have the signs now appeared,  
Telling us soon our dear Saviour will come ;  
Long has the worn pilgrim watched, hoped, and  
feared,  
Waiting for that blessed hope; O come, Saviour,  
come.

CHORUS.

- Sound forth the tidings, long, loud, and clear ;  
Jesus is coming, and soon will appear ;  
All hearts respond as we long for our home,  
“Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour,  
come.”
- 2 Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars,  
Faithfully show that the great day is near ;  
Nations distressed by the rumors of wars,  
And the hearts of wicked men are failing for  
fear.
- 3 These, to the pilgrim, are omens of cheer,  
Toiling and sighing in life's gloomy way ;  
All, all proclaim that the Saviour is near,  
And the light is dawning of that soon-coming  
day.
- 4 Then let us rally, and fresh courage take ;  
Soon will we hear our dear Lord's loving voice;  
Those who will now all their errors forsake,  
Soon the pearly gates will enter;—sing and  
rejoice.

*W. C. Gage.*

**1334**

*Jesus Comes.*

- 1 WATCH, ye saints, with eyelids waking ;  
Lo ! the powers of heaven are shaking ;  
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning,  
Ready for your Lord's returning.

REFRAIN.

Lo ! he comes, lo ! Jesus comes ;  
Lo ! he comes, he comes all glorious !  
Jesus comes to reign victorious,  
Lo ! he comes, yes, Jesus comes.

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 Lo ! the promise of your Saviour,  
Pardoned sin and purchased favor,  
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory ;  
Haste to tell redemption's story.
- 3 Kingdoms at their base are crumbling,  
Hark ! his chariot wheels are rumbling ;  
Tell, O tell of grace abounding,  
Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
- 4 Nations wane, though proud and stately ;  
Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly ;  
Earth her latest pangs is summing :  
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
- 5 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading ;  
Now for you he's interceding ;  
Haste, ere grace and time diminished  
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

*Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.*

### 1335

*Nearer My Home.*

- 1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,  
Than e'er I've been before.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, nearer my home ;  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than e'er I've been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer my going home,  
Laying my burdens down,  
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,  
Wearing my starry crown.

*Phæbe Cary.*

### 1336

*Gleams of the Golden Morning.*

- 1 THE golden morning is fast approaching ;  
Jesus soon will come  
To take his faithful and happy children  
To their promised home.

## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

- O, we see the gleams of the golden morning  
Piercing through this night of gloom !  
O, we see the gleams of the golden morning  
That will burst the tomb.
- 2 The gospel summons will soon be carried  
To the nations round ;  
The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry,  
And the trumpet sound.
- 3 Attended by all the shining angels,  
Down the flaming sky  
The Judge will come, and will take his people  
Where they will not die.
- 4 There those loved ones who have long been  
parted,  
Will all meet that day ;  
The tears of those who are broken-hearted  
Will be wiped away.

*S. J. Graham.*

### **1337**      *How Shall We Stand in the Judgment ?*

- 1 THE Judgment has set, the books have been  
opened ;  
How shall we stand in that great day  
When every thought, and word, and action,  
God, the righteous Judge, shall weigh ?
- REFRAIN.  
How shall we stand in that great day ?  
How shall we stand in that great day ?  
Shall we be found before him wanting ?  
Or with our sins all washed away ?
- 2 The work is begun with those who are sleeping,  
Soon will the living here be tried,  
Out of the books of God's remembrance,  
His decision to abide.
- 3 O, how shall we stand that moment of searching,  
When all our sins those books reveal ?  
When from that court, each case decided,  
Shall be granted no appeal ?

*F. E. Belden.*

## SECOND ADVENT.

**1338**

*The Three Messages.*

1 THESE words said the Master, "I'm coming again,"

That with me my people forever may reign ;  
That they may be ready my coming to see,  
I send forth my angels with messages three.

CHORUS.

The Master is coming, he's coming for thee ;  
O haste to be ready thy Master to see !  
The Master is coming, he's coming for thee ;  
O haste to be ready thy Master to see !

2 The first with this message was sent through the land :

"Fear God, and give glory ; his Judgment's at hand ;

And worship the Maker of earth, sea, and sky,  
And the fountains of waters, who ruleth on high."

3 The second this message of woe did repeat :

"The church is not ready her Master to greet ;  
She's fallen, back-slidden, departed from Heaven,  
And her love to earth's kings has unlawfully given."

4 The third message follows, the last to be given,  
To point, once again, dying sinners to Heaven :

"If any the beast or his image adore,  
On him shall God's judgments abide evermore."

5 The law of the Father, the faith of the Son,  
Must be kept by the church all united as one ;  
The mark of rebellion refuse to receive,  
Be sealed with God's seal, and eternally live.

*G. W. Page.*

**1339**

*"Hold Fast till I Come."*

1 SWEET promise is given to all who believe,—

"Behold I come quickly, mine own to receive ;  
Hold fast till I come ; the danger is great ;  
Sleep not as do others ; be watchful, and wait."

REFRAIN.

"Hold fast till I come;" sweet promise of Heaven,—

"The kingdom restored, to you shall be given."

"Come, enter my joy, sit down on my throne ;  
Bright crowns are in waiting ; hold fast till I come."

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 We'll "watch unto prayer" with lamps burning  
bright;  
He comes to all others a "thief in the night."  
We know he is near, but know not the day,—  
As spring shows that summer is not far away.
- 3 Yes! this is our hope, 't is built on His word,—  
The glorious appearing of Jesus, our Lord;  
Of promises all, it stands as the sum:  
"Behold I come quickly, hold fast till I come."

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1340

*Only Waiting.*

- 1 I AM waiting for the morning  
Of the blessed day to dawn,  
When the sorrow and the sadness  
Of this changeful life are gone
- CHORUS.  
I am waiting, only waiting,  
Till this weary life is o'er;  
Only waiting for my welcome,  
From my Saviour on the other shore.

- 2 I am waiting, worn and weary  
With the battle and the strife,  
Hoping, when the warfare's over,  
To receive a crown of life.

- 3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,  
For a home of boundless love,  
Like a pilgrim looking forward  
To the land of bliss above.

- 4 Hoping soon to meet the loved ones  
Where the many mansions be,  
Longing for the happy welcome  
When my Saviour comes for me.

*W. G. Irvin.*

### 1341

*Waiting for Thee.*

- 1 I AM waiting for Jesus to welcome me home  
To the place he has gone to prepare,  
To the mansion of light and the robe, pure and  
white,  
To the harp and the crown for me there.

## SECOND ADVENT.

### CHORUS.

Waiting, waiting,  
I am waiting, dear Jesus, for thee ;  
Ever longing,  
All the beauties of heaven to see.

2 How I long to be roaming the blest fields of light,  
With the dear, loving children of God,  
And to sing the sweet song as we're marching  
along,  
Of redemption through Jesus' blood !

3 Roll along, then, sweet moments, and bear me  
away  
To my beautiful home in the sky,  
To the land of the blest, where I sweetly shall  
rest  
In the palace of Jesus on high.

*Joseph Garrison.*

### 1342

*Coming on the Cloud.*

1 HE is coming, yes, he's coming, with the holy  
angel band ;  
We rejoice to hear the message as it speeds by  
sea and land,  
When the gospel of the kingdom shall in all the  
world be preached  
For a witness to all nations, and its final tri-  
umph reached.

### CHORUS.

He is coming, coming, coming on the cloud,  
With a shout of triumph, and with trumpet  
loud ;  
All the dead shall hear his voice,  
All the righteous shall rejoice ;  
For he's coming in glory soon to reign.

2 He is coming, yes, he's coming with great maj-  
esty and power,  
While before and round about him fire and  
tempest shall devour :  
Yes, with more than pageant splendor as he  
rides upon the cloud,  
While the saints and holy angels shout with  
hallelujahs loud.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 He is coming, not in secret, but like lightning in the sky,  
With the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God most high.  
Then the dead in Christ will hear his voice and from their graves arise,  
And with all the living righteous they shall meet him in the skies.
- 4 He is coming, yes, he's coming; heaven and earth before him flee,  
But in all the new creation naught but righteousness shall be;  
Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed to shine,—  
When the Lord in dazzling glory reigns in righteousness divine.
- 5 He is coming! O what rapture! O what music to the ear!  
We anticipate his glory, and believe his kingdom near;  
We have waited for him patiently, and still our faith is strong,  
And we almost hear the angels shout "hosannas," loud and long.

*William Brickey.*

### 1343

*Shall We Stand at His Coming?*

- 1 SHALL we stand at His coming, His glorious coming,  
When the summer is over, and harvest is past?  
When the sheaves of his choosing he takes for his using,  
To the glorious kingdom forever to last?

#### CHORUS.

Shall we stand at His coming, His glorious coming,  
When he gathers the wheat to his garner above?  
When in glory descending, with the angels attending,  
He returns for his jewels, the price of his love?

## SECOND ADVENT.

- 2 When the Archangel's trumpet shall rend the  
broad heavens,  
And the millions who slumber immortal arise,  
Shall we stand with the holy, the meek and the  
lowly,  
Who in glory triumphant mount up to the  
skies ?
- 3 When the loud lamentation breaks forth from  
creation,  
That the day of God's wrath and his fury has  
come,  
Shall we join that sad chorus while death hovers  
o'er us ?  
Or in terror unbounded stand trembling and  
dumb ?
- 4 Then the hope of possession will not be profes-  
sion,  
For the lover of self will his motives behold ;  
Only they who, obeying, have toiled, striving,  
praying,  
Shall ascend with the saints to the city of gold.  
*F. E. Belden.*

### 1344 *Look for the Way-Marks.*

- 1 LOOK for the way-marks as you journey on,  
Look for the way-marks, passing one by one ;  
Down through the ages, past the kingdoms four,—  
Where are we standing ? Look the way-marks  
o'er.

#### CHORUS.

- Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic  
way-marks,  
Down through the ages, past the kingdoms  
four ;  
Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-  
marks ;  
The journey's almost o'er.
- 2 First, the Assyrian kingdom ruled the world,  
Then Medo-Persia's banners were unfurled ;  
And after Greece held universal sway,  
Rome seized the scepter,—Where are we to-day ?

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 Down in the feet of iron and of clay,  
Weak and divided, soon to pass away ;  
What will the next great, glorious drama be ?  
Christ and his coming, and eternity.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1345**      *Weighed and Wanting.*

- 1 WHEN the Judge shall weigh our motives  
For eternal gain or loss,  
Shall we stand as gold before him,  
Or as vile and worthless dross ?

#### REFRAIN.

Weighed in the balance of the Lord,  
Weighed, weighed, and wanting ;  
Weighed by the standard of his word,  
Weighed, weighed, and wanting.

- 2 Shall we hear the glad words spoken :  
“ Faithful servant,” and “ well done,”  
Or the dread and awful sentence,  
“ Thou art wanting,” sinful one ?

- 3 Shall we heed the Spirit's pleading,  
While for mercy we may call,  
Or delay till God's hand-writing  
Seals the final doom of all ?

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1346**      *Beautiful Valley of Eden.*

- 1 BEAUTIFUL valley of Eden,  
Sweet is thy noontide calm ;  
Over the hearts of the weary,  
Breathing thy waves of balm.

#### REFRAIN.

Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and blest,  
How often amid the wild billows  
I dream of thy rest, sweet rest !

- 2 Over the heart of the mourner  
Shineth the golden day,  
Wafting the songs of the angels  
Down from the far away.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 3 There is the home of my Saviour ;  
There, with the blood-washed throng,  
Over the highlands of glory  
Rolleth the great new song.  
*Rev. W. O. Cushing.*

### 1347 *Beyond.*

- 1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.

#### REFRAIN.

Love, rest, and home !  
Sweet, sweet hope !  
Lord, tarry not, Lord, tarry not,  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting.  
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,  
I shall be soon.
- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.

*Horatius Bonar.*

### 1348 *Safe within the Vail.*

- 1 "LAND ahead !" its fruits are waving  
O'er the hills of fadeless green,  
And the living waters laving  
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
When on that eternal shore ;  
Drop the anchor ! furl the sail !  
I am safe within the vail !

2 Onward, bark ! the cape I'm rounding ;  
See the blessed wave their hands ;  
Hear the harps of God resounding  
From the bright immortal bands.

3 Now we're safe from all temptation,  
All the storms of life are past ;  
Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
We are safe at home at last.

*Anon.*

### 1349

#### *Immanuel's Land.*

1 THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks ;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,—  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.  
Dark, dark has been the midnight ;  
But dayspring is at hand :  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
'Gainst storm and wind and tide ;  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning,  
From Immanuel's land,  
I hail the glory, etc.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp ;  
Now these lie all behind me ;—  
O for a well-tuned harp !  
O for the "hallelujah,"  
With yon triumphant band !  
Who sing where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land,  
Who sing where glory, etc.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

**1350** *The Half has Never been Told.*

- 1 I'LL sing you a song of a city  
Which mortals have never yet seen,  
I'll sing you a song of a country  
Whose valleys forever are green ;  
Whose murmuring streamlets and fountains  
The ransomed ones soon shall behold,  
The glorious light of whose mountains  
No tongue has ever yet told.

### CHORUS.

The half has never been told,  
The half has never been told ;  
O, wonderful kingdom of glory !  
The half has never been told.

- 2 I'll sing of those beautiful mansions  
The Saviour has gone to prepare ;  
I'll sing of the noontide of glory  
That lingers eternally there ;  
I'll sing of life's tree and life's river,  
I'll sing of the streets of pure gold :  
Though thousands have sung of these glories,  
The half has never been told.

- 3 I'll sing you a song of the loved ones  
We'll meet on those beautiful plains,  
Where sorrow and death cannot enter,  
Where friendship forevermore reigns ;  
I'll sing of the life that's unending,  
Of songs that shall never grow old,  
Whose heavenly harmonies blending,  
Are robed in beauty untold.

- 4 But hark ! there is something more precious  
Than all of these pleasures so rare,—  
The hope of beholding my Saviour,—  
The promise of knowing Him there  
Who trod the rough pathway before us  
Those portals of bliss to unfold—  
Who suffered and died to restore us :  
His love can never be told.

*F. E. Belden.*



## BIBLE SONGS.

**1351**

*Kingdom of Rest.*

- 1 I THINK of a home in the kingdom of rest,  
Where the loved of the Lord will abide ;  
'Tis a home which the glory of God doth illume,  
And nothing of ill can betide.  
There sorrow and tears are forever unknown,  
And joys never ending find room ;  
There the brow wears the impress of heavenly  
peace,  
And the cheek immortality's bloom.
- 2 O kingdom of rest ! would we taste of thy bliss,  
And share in the promised reward,  
We must carefully lift every cross that appears,  
And joyfully follow our Lord.  
Though the road lead through toiling and suffer-  
ing here,  
We must drink of the cup that is given ;  
Through much tribulation his chosen must pass,  
If they enter the kingdom of heaven.

*Mrs. M. T. Haughey.*

**1352**

*Shall We Know Each Other There ?*

- 1 WHEN we hear the music ringing  
In the bright celestial dome,  
When sweet angel voices, singing,  
Gladly bid us welcome home,  
To the land of ancient story,  
Where the dwellers know no care,—  
In that land of light and glory,—  
Shall we know each other there ?
- 1st. CHORUS.  
Shall we know each other ?  
Shall we know each other ?  
Shall we know each other ?  
Shall we know each other there ?
- 2 When the holy angels meet us,  
As we go to join their band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us  
In the glorious, happy land ?  
Shall we see the same eyes shining  
On us as in days of yore ?  
Shall we feel the same arms twining  
Fondly round us as before ?

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

### 2d. CHORUS.

We shall know each other,  
We shall know each other,  
We shall know each other,  
We shall know each other there.

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
And my weary heart grows light ;  
For the sweet immortal voices  
And the angelic faces bright,  
That shall sing with us the story  
Of redemption round the throne,  
Are with us the heirs of glory,  
And we'll know as we are known."

4 O ye weary, sad, and tossed ones !  
Droop not, faint not by the way ;  
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones  
In the land of perfect day.  
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,  
Murmur in my raptured ear ;  
Evermore their sweet song lingers,  
" We shall know each other there !"

W. M.

### 1353

*Sweet By and By.*

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar ;  
For our Father waits over the way,  
'To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

### CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,  
In the sweet by and by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest ;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer a tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of his love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

*S. Fillmore Bennett,*

## BIBLE SONGS.

**1354**

*We Shall Know.*

- 1 WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor  
From the beauty of the hills,  
And the sunshine, warm and tender,  
Falls in kisses on the rills,  
We may read love's shining letter  
In the rainbow of the spray; •  
We shall know each other better  
When the mists have cleared away.

### CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,  
Nevermore to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away.

- 2 If we err in human blindness,  
And forget that we are dust,  
If we miss the law of kindness  
When we struggle to be just,  
Snowy wings of peace shall cover  
All the plain that hides away,  
When the weary watch is over,  
And the mists have cleared away.
- 3 When the mists have risen above us,  
As our Father knows his own,  
Face to face with those that love us,  
We shall know as we are known;  
Far beyond the orient meadows  
Floats the golden fringe of day;  
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,  
Till the mists have cleared away.

*Annie Herbert.*

**1355**

*What a Meeting That Will Be !*

- 1 WHEN Jesus calls his jewels  
From every land and sea,  
And takes them home to glory,  
What a meeting that will be !

### REFRAIN.

We'll meet them in glory,  
Meet them in glory,  
Meet them in glory;  
What a meeting that will be !

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

2 We'll meet the friends departed,—  
The loved ones laid away ;  
Not one will be forgotten  
On the resurrection day.

3 We'll meet the kings and prophets  
Of ages long ago,  
And all the faithful martyrs  
Who bled for truth below.

4 We'll meet in all his beauty  
The One whom we adore,  
Who died that we, believing,  
Might live forevermore.

5 O, hope of all the faithful !  
With longing hearts we say,  
“Come quickly, blessed Saviour,  
And bring the promised day.”

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1356

#### *The Home Over There.*

1 OH, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints all immortal and fair,  
Will be robed in their garment of white.

#### REFRAIN.

Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.  
Over there, over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends soon shall rest ;  
Then away from my sorrow and care  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see ;  
And to bear me from earth over there  
The angels are coming for me.

*Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.*

## BIBLE SONGS.

**1357**

*Home of the Soul.*

- 1 I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,  
The far-away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
While the years of eternity roll,  
While the years of eternity roll;  
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 O, that home of the soul! in my visions and  
dreams  
Its bright, jasper walls I can see,  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
Between the fair city and me,  
Between the fair city and me;  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
Between the fair city and me.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever, is he,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever, is he,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 4 O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain;  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our  
hands,  
To meet one another again!  
To meet one another again!  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our  
hands,  
To meet one another again!

*Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.*

**1358**

*Forever with the Lord.*

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life for the dead is in that word:  
'T is immortality.  
Here in this body pent,  
Absent from him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

### CHORUS.

Nearer home, nearer home,  
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear !  
Ah, then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love ;  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.
- 3 And when the morn shall come  
That ends earth's night of pain,  
Through grace I shall escape the tomb,  
And life eternal gain ;  
Then knowing "as I'm known,"  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord !"
- 4 "Forever with the Lord !"  
Father, if 't is thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en now to me fulfill.  
Be thou at my right hand,  
Then I can never fail ;  
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,  
And in thy strength prevail.

*James Montgomery.*

### 1359

*Going Home.*

- 1 I'm going home ; the tidings come,  
And sweetly fall upon my ear ;  
A little longer here I'll roam,  
And then my Saviour will appear.

### CHORUS,

Hail ! happy day, hail ! holy rest,  
Hail ! angels, saints, and Saviour too ;  
I'm going home, ye sighs and tears,  
I bid you now a long adieu.

- 2 I'm going home ; this wilderness  
Grows brighter when my mind recalls  
The glorious mansions ready made,  
Within fair Zion's jasper walls.



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 I'm going home, and cold, pale death  
Has lost its terrors, since I know  
My long-lost friends shall meet me there,  
Where life's fair tree shall ever grow.
- 4 I'm going home, I'm going home,  
My heart leaps high while thus I sing ;  
O happy day ! it soon will come,  
And I shall see our glorious King.

*Anon.*

### 1360 *On Jordan's Stormy Banks.*

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

#### CHORUS.

- We will rest in the fair and happy land,  
Just across on the evergreen shore ;  
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb by  
and by,  
And dwell with Jesus evermore.
- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There Christ, the Sun, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his kingdom rest ?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

*Rev. Samuel Stennett.*

### 1361 *Beulah Land.*

- 1 THERE is a land of corn and wine,  
And all its joys will soon be mine ;  
There shines undimmed one blissful day,  
For earth's dark night has passed away.

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

### CHORUS.

O Beulah land ! sweet Beulah land !  
Upon thy hights I long to stand,  
And view the radiant, jasper sea,  
And mansions fair, prepared for me ;  
And find on that eternal shore  
My heaven, my home, forevermore.

- 2 My Saviour then will walk with me ;  
O sweet communion that will be !  
He'll gently lead me by the hand,  
In that celestial, happy land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze,  
Will come from ever-vernal trees,  
And flowers that never-fading grow,  
Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The zephyrs then will laden be  
With sounds of sweetest melody,  
As angels, with the ransomed throng,  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

*Edgar Poe.*

### 1362 *Shall We Gather at the River ?*

- 1 SHALL we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God ?

### CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

*Anon.*

### 1363

*They Shall Shine as the Sun.*

- 1 CHEER up, weary heart, with joy you may run  
The race that before you appears ;  
Of the righteous 't is said, they shall shine as the  
sun  
In the realm of eternal years.

#### CHORUS.

- They shall shine as the sun,  
All they who their Master obey ;  
They shall shine as the sun,  
With Jesus through endless day.
- 2 Stand firm, fainting heart, be brave in the right,  
The helmet of faith you should wear ;  
By the sword of his word and the power of his  
might,  
God will help you the cross to bear.
- 3 Sweet promise of God ! it rings in my ear  
Like music I cannot describe ;  
I may shine as the sun if I only draw near  
To the Lamb who on Calvary died.

*W. T. Giffe.*

### 1364

*Heaven at Last.*

- 1 ANGEL voices sweetly singing,  
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,  
News of wondrous gladness bringing ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

#### REFRAIN.

- Heaven at last, heaven at last ;  
O, the joyful story of heaven at last !  
Heaven at last, heaven at last ;  
Endless, boundless glory, in heaven at last.
- 2 On the jasper threshold standing,  
Like a pilgrim safely landing,  
See the strange, bright scene expanding ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

## REWARD OF SAINTS.

- 3 Softest voices, silver pealing,  
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,  
Happy hymns around us stealing;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !
- 4 Not a tear-drop ever falleth,  
Not a pleasure ever palleth,  
Song to song forever calleth ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !
- 5 Christ himself, the living splendor,  
Christ the sunlight, mild and tender ;  
Praises to the Lamb we render ;  
Ah, 't is heaven at last !

*Horatius Bonar, D. D.*

**1365**

*The Evergreen Shore.*

- 1 WE are joyously voyaging over the main,  
Bound for the evergreen shore,  
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,  
And never see death any more.
- CHORUS.  
Then let the hurricane roar,  
It will the sooner be o'er ;  
We will weather the blast,  
And we'll land at last  
Safe on the evergreen shore.
- 2 We have nothing to fear from the wind and the  
wave,  
Under our Saviour's command ;  
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are  
brave ;  
For Jesus will bring us to land.
- 3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander  
controls ;  
Nothing can baffle his skill :  
And his voice when the thundering hurricane  
rolls,  
Can make the loud tempest be still.
- 4 In the thick, murky night, when the stars and the  
moon  
Send not a glimmering ray,  
Then the light of His countenance, brighter than  
noon,  
Will drive all our terror away.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 5 Let the high-heaving billows and mountainous  
wave,  
Fearfully overhead break ;  
There is One by our side that can comfort and  
save,  
There is One who will never forsake.

*Anon.*

### 1366

#### *The Beautiful Hills.*

- 1 O THE beautiful hills where the saints will rest,  
When the Lord has made all things new ;  
Where we shall forget, in the smiles of God,  
The toils we have journeyed through.  
We have seen those hills in their brightness rise  
By the eye of faith below,  
And we've felt the thrill of immortal eyes  
In the night of our darkest woe.

#### CHORUS.

- Then sing of the beautiful hills,  
That rise from the evergreen shore ;  
O sing of the beautiful hills,  
When the weary shall toil no more.
- 2 The cities of yore that were reared in crime,  
And renowned by the praise of seers,  
Went down in the tramp of old King Time,  
To sleep with his gray-haired years ;  
But the beautiful hills rise bright and strong  
Through the smoke of old Time's red wars,  
As on that day when the first deep song  
Rolled up from the morning stars.
- 3 We dream of rest on the beautiful hills,  
Where the traveler shall thirst no more ;  
And we hear the hum of a thousand rills  
That wander the green glens o'er.  
We'll grasp the hands of the martyred ones,  
Who have braved the world's rude strife,  
And shout with them o'er the victory gained,  
And the crown of immortal life.

## FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling  
To our feet this load of ours ;  
The winds of spring to the valleys sing,  
And the turf replies with flowers,—  
And thus we learn on our wintry way  
That our Father rules as he wills ;  
And the breath of God on our souls shall play  
Till we reach those radiant hills.  
*J. G. Clark, Arr.*

### 1367

*Rest Yonder.*

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come ;  
Onward to it I am hastening,  
On to my eternal home.

#### REFRAIN.

There is rest yonder, there is rest yonder,  
There is rest in that happy land ;  
There is rest yonder, there is rest yonder,  
There is rest in that happy land.

- 2 In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day ;  
Every trace of sin's sad story—  
All the curse—has passed away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us  
By the streams of life along,  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain,  
Nevermore are sad and weary,  
Never, never sin again !

*Horatius Bonar.*

### 1368, 1369, 1370. *Shall We Meet?*

- 1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll ?  
Where, in all the bright forever,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?



## BIBLE SONGS.

### REFRAIN.

Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll ?

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er ?  
Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
By the fair, celestial shore ?
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine ?  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine ?
- 3 Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own ?  
Shall we know his blessed favor,  
And sit down upon his throne ?

*Horace L. Hastings.*

### 1371

#### *We Shall Meet.*

- 1 WE shall meet beyond the river,  
In that glorious land of bliss,  
Where the Son shall reign forever  
As the King of Righteousness ;  
We shall meet in yonder city,  
With its walls of jasper bright,  
We shall shout our songs of triumph,  
No more sorrow, pain, nor night.

### REFRAIN.

We shall meet in yonder city  
By and by, and by and by ;  
We shall sing our songs forever  
Round our Saviour's throne on high.

- 2 We shall meet with those departed  
From this world of sin and strife,  
Meet no longer broken-hearted,  
But with an eternal life.  
We shall meet and share the glory  
Of that countless, happy throng ;  
We shall tell redemption's story,  
Sing his praises, loud and long.

## FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 We shall meet with Christ our Saviour,  
Soon to come and take his own ;  
Then we'll share his blessed favor,  
And shall know as we are known ;  
O the joy, the exultation,  
Of the saints then truly his !  
O the glorious transformation,  
When we see him as he is !

*Mrs. E. W. Sawyer.*

### 1372 *Go Bury Thy Sorrow.*

- 1 Go bury thy sorrow ;  
The world hath its share :  
Go bury it deeply,  
Go hide it with care ;  
Go think of it calmly  
When curtained by night ;  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.
- 2 Go tell it to Jesus ;  
He knoweth thy grief ;  
Go tell it to Jesus ;  
He'll send thee relief ;  
Go gather the sunshine  
He sheds on the way ;  
He'll lighten thy burden ;  
Go, weary one, pray.
- 4 Hearts growing weary  
With heavier woe,  
Now droop 'mid the darkness :  
Go comfort them, go !  
Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blest ;  
Go give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.

*Anon.*

### 1373 *It is Well with My Soul.*

- 1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll ;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

#### REFRAIN.

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should  
come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—O the bliss of the glorious thought !—  
My sin—not in part, but the whole—  
Is nailed to his cross, and I bear it no more ;  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul !
- 4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be  
sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall  
descend ;  
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

*H. G. Spafford.*

### 1374

*Sometime.*

- 1 WHEN we lay our burdens down,  
Sometime, sometime ;  
When we take the harp and crown  
In that city of renown,  
We shall sing, sometime,  
Sometime, sometime.

#### REFRAIN.

- We shall sing, sometime,  
We shall sing, sometime,  
Where the heart is never sad,  
Where the dwellers all are glad ;  
In that happy, Eden clime,  
We shall meet, sometime.
- 2 We shall join the angel throng  
Sometime, sometime ;  
We shall raise a joyful song  
Through the endless ages long,—  
We shall sing, sometime,  
Sometime, sometime.
- 3 We shall see the city fair,  
Sometime, sometime ;  
We shall dwell forever there,  
Free from sorrow, sin, and care,  
In the glad sometime,  
Sometime, sometime.

## FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

4 We shall meet to part no more,  
Sometime, sometime ;  
On that blest immortal shore,  
Where the reign of death is o'er,  
We shall meet, sometime,  
Sometime, sometime.

5 In that bright, eternal day, —  
Sometime, sometime ;  
Tears shall all be wiped away,  
And we nevermore shall say,  
“We shall sing, sometime,”  
Sometime, sometime.

*F. E. Belden.*

### **1375** *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.*

1 SORROW and care may meet,  
The tempest cloud may lower,  
The surge of sin may beat  
Upon earth's troubled shore ;

#### REFRAIN.

God doth his own in safety keep ;  
He giveth his beloved sleep,  
He giveth his beloved sleep.

2 The din of war may roll  
With all its raging flight ;  
Grief may oppress the soul  
Throughout the weary night ;

3 In childhood's winsome page,  
In manhood's joyous bloom,  
In feebleness and age,  
In death's dark, gathering gloom ;

*T. C. Tildesley.*

### **1376** *\* She Sleeps Her Last Sleep.*

1 SORROWFUL mourner, silently weep ;  
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.  
Gaze on the form where beauty once bloomed ;  
Now in the dust it must be entombed.

#### 1st. REFRAIN.

Sorrowful mourner, silently weep ;  
Weep, for thy loved one sleeps her last sleep.

\* “He” or “she,” as desired.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 2 Bear her away, friends, to her last home ;  
Peacefully lay her down in the tomb.  
Lightly, tread lightly, round the low bed ;  
Sweetly now sleeps the beautiful dead.
- 3 Beautiful song-birds, sing round her grave ;  
Gently ye pine-boughs, over her wave ;  
Blow, ye soft breezes, sweet breath of spring ;  
Musical rill, your requiem sing.

### 2d. REFRAIN.

Soon shall we meet her, weeping no more,  
Meet her upon yon beautiful shore.

*E. C. Riggs.*

### 1377 “ *Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.*” (Sentence.)

### 1378

*Water, Pure Water.*

- 1 WATER, pure water, that sparkles so bright,  
Beautiful, fresh, and free !  
Falling from heaven like jewels of light,  
Falling for you and me ;  
Fresh from the bountiful Giver of all,  
Nothing so pure can be ;  
This is the song of the showers that fall  
Over the lake and lea :

### CHORUS.

Drink water, pure water,  
Drink water, pure water,  
Drink, drink, drink, etc.,  
Drink pure water.

- 2 Water, pure water, for young and for old,  
Poured by the hand divine ;  
Give me pure water so healthful and cold,  
Fill up this cup of mine ;  
Sweet is the breath of the blossoming spring,  
Kissed by the silver rain ;  
Gay is the song that the little birds sing  
Over the hill and plain :

## TEMPERANCE.

- 3 Water, pure water, yes, this is the song,  
This is the theme for you ;  
This is the drink for the youthful and strong,  
Pure as the morning dew.  
This is the gift from our Father's own hand,  
In every land 't is found ;  
This is the song of the temperance band  
Echoed the world around.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1379 *Sound the Battle Cry*

- 1 SOUND the battle cry,  
See ! the foe is nigh ;  
Raise the standard high  
For the Lord ;  
Gird your armor on,  
Stand firm, every one,  
Rest your cause upon  
His holy word.

#### CHORUS.

- Rouse, then, soldiers ! rally round the banner !  
Ready, steady, pass the word along ;  
Onward, forward, shout aloud Hosanna !  
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,  
Marching on we go,  
While our cause we know  
Must prevail ;  
Shield and banner bright,  
Gleaming in the light,  
Battling for the right,  
We ne'er can fail.

- 3 O thou God of all,  
Hear us when we call,  
Help us, one and all,  
By thy grace ;  
When the battle's done,  
And the victory won,  
May we wear the crown  
Before thy face.

*Wm. F. Sherwin,*



## BIBLE SONGS.

**1380**

*Ring It Out.*

- 1 RING it out ! ring it out on every hand ;  
Reformation has begun.  
Ring it out ! ring it out through all the land ;  
Victory is almost won.  
'T is war to the death with wine and beer,  
With ale and gin and whisky too ;  
Then join in our union, never fear,—  
Be earnest, faithful, firm, and true.

CHORUS.

- Ring it out ! ring it out !  
Let the reign of peace begin !  
Ring it out with a shout !  
Temperance is bound to win !
- 2 Ring the bells in the East and in the West ;  
Reformation has begun.  
All unite in the war-cry—do your best ;  
Let the work be grandly done.  
Then raise up the standard, swell the song,  
And press the foe on every field,  
Till justice shall triumph over wrong,  
And all the hosts of evil yield.
- 3 Ring it out ! ring it out in every home ;  
Reformation has begun.  
Let the young hear the call, let old age come,  
Every heart should join as one.  
Then labor at morn and work at noon,  
Nor rest when evening shadows fall ;  
For victory grand shall crown us soon,  
And truth and right shall reign o'er all.

*Mrs. E. P. Hakes.*

**1381**

*Key Note Song.*

- 1 THERE 's a battle song to sing,  
An alarm bell loud to ring ;  
There 's a drum-beat to be heard,  
And a nation to be stirred ;  
Strike the key-note, ring it out,  
Send it with a loyal shout,  
Send it with a loyal shout ;  
Loud and long, loud and long, loud and  
long ;  
Strike the key-note bold and strong,

## TEMPERANCE.

- 2 Think it not a skirmish light,  
'T is to be a nation's fight !  
Cities, towns, shall feel the stroke,  
Hills be darkened with the smoke,  
Horse and foot in battle heat  
Shall together clashing meet,  
Shall together clashing meet;  
Not in play, not in play, not in play ;  
It shall be a sturdy fray.
- 3 Hail ! Columbia, dare to be  
God's peculiar land and free ;  
Brothers, let the key-note ring,  
Mothers, pray, and children, sing ;  
Drive the traffic to the wall ;  
Prohibition ! shout it, all,  
Prohibition ! shout it, all ;  
Pray and vote ! pray and vote, pray and  
vote,  
And ring out a grand key-note !

*Dwight Williams.*

### **1382** *Yield not to Temptation.*

- 1 YIELD not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win ;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

#### CHORUS.

- Ask the Saviour to help you,  
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you ;  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.
- 2 Shun evil companions,  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nor take it in vain ;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh  
God giveth a crown,  
Through faith we shall conquer,  
Though often cast down ;  
He who is our Saviour,  
Our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

*H. R. Palmer.*

### **1383** *Look not upon the Wine.*

- 1 Look not upon the wine  
That sparkles in its flow,  
For death is slumbering there,  
Beneath its ruddy glow.  
No happiness it bringeth,  
At last it only stingeth ;  
It biteth, and it wringeth  
The heart with bitter woe.

#### CHORUS.

Look not upon the wine,  
O shun the glowing cup !  
A demon's arms entwine  
The souls of those who sup.

- 2 Behold the giant fiend  
Who laughs in mockery ;  
He binds the strongest heart,  
And boasts of victory.  
No human hand can sever  
His bands that loosen never  
Until the soul forever  
Rests in eternity.
- 3 Go thou, unveil his form,  
And bid the erring flee ;  
O lift the demon's mask,  
And let the tempted see.  
Implore them to awaken  
Ere happiness be taken,  
While fetters may be shaken,  
While yet they may go free.

## TEMPERANCE.

- 4 Lift up the tempted soul  
Now fallen in despair,  
Direct his thoughts above,  
To God, who heareth prayer.  
His arm in mighty power  
Can bid the demon cower,  
And in temptation's hour  
Will an escape prepare.

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1384

*Launch the Life-Boat.*

- 1 LAUNCH the life-boat ! see ; the ship is stranding !  
There are loved ones you may save :  
Launch the life-boat from the gospel landing !  
The storm is on the wave.

#### CHORUS.

Launch the life-boat ! launch the life-boat !  
Though the surges roar ;  
Launch the life-boat ! launch the life-boat  
From the gospel shore !

Wrecks of manhood on the rocks of evil,  
Wrecks of youth upon the shoals :  
Quickly launch the blessed gospel life-boat,  
And gather in the souls.

- 2 Oft beneath youth's mild and sunny waters  
Hidden shoals of danger lie ;  
Where's the pilot for our sons and daughters,  
To guide them safely by ?
- 3 Oft upon life's dark and stormy ocean  
Sturdy manhood's bark is tossed ;  
Where's the faith that stills the wild commotion  
Before a soul is lost ?
- 4 O for hearts to love as did the Master  
Those who sadly fail in life !  
O for willing hands that labor faster  
The fiercer grows the strife !

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1385

*Dare to be a Daniel.*

- 1 STANDING by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honor them, the faithful few,  
All hail to Daniel's band !

## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone !  
Dare to have a purpose firm !  
Dare to make it known !

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host  
By joining Daniel's band !
- 3 Many giants great and tall,  
Stalking through the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall  
If met by Daniel's band !
- 4 Hold the temperance banner high !  
On to victory grand !  
Satan and his host defy,  
And shout for Daniel's band !

*P. P. Bliss.*

### 1386

*Pure, Cold Water.*

- 1 PURE, cold water ! We would recommend cold water ;  
'T is the best of drinks for every son and daughter.  
On the valley, or the plain, or the mountain,  
There's no other drink compares with the fountain :  
Cold water, cold water ;  
There is health in pure, cold water,  
There is wealth in pure, cold water.  
Bear away your wine and beer, and your cider ;  
Nature's right to rule must never be denied her.  
We would recommend cold water, cold water,  
Cold water, cold water, cold water,—  
We would recommend the pure, cold water !

*F. E. Belden.*

### 1387

*Sleeping on Guard.*

- 1 OUT from the camp-fire's red glowing,  
Cheerfully shedding its light,  
On to the pickets we're going,  
For the long watches of night ;  
Let us be careful that slumber  
Press not our eyelids too hard,—  
Surely not one of our number  
Must be found sleeping on guard.

## TEMPERANCE.

### CHORUS.

Yes, sleeping on guard,  
Sleeping on guard,  
No ! surely not one of our number  
Must be found sleeping on guard.

2 Yonder Rum's camp-lights are burning ;  
Hark to the revelry there !  
Waiting the conflict returning,  
Scouts are abroad everywhere ;  
We must be watchful and ready,  
See every entrance is barred,  
Keeping our heads cool and steady ;—  
All is lost, sleeping on guard.

3 Our aim is vigilance ever,  
We can allow no defeat ;  
True-hearted soldiers will never  
Join in the coward's retreat ;  
Wary and watchful be keeping,  
Though the task be e'er so hard,  
Knowing what dangers come creeping  
When we are sleeping on guard.

*Arthur W. French.*

### 1388 *International Temperance Hymn.*

1 BRITANNIA, rouse thee ! queen Isle of the  
Ocean,  
And strike for the millions that boast of thy  
fame ;  
Columbia, answer with heart of devotion,  
And march to the strife in the Conqueror's  
name.  
Old land of the brave, thy flag on the wave,  
O long may it ride o'er thy enemy's grave !

2 Columbia, fresh as the glow of the morning,  
And strong in the race of the nations to run ;—  
A tyrant is rising, look well to the warning,  
And honor the name of thine own Wash-  
ington ;  
Young land of the free, let all the world see  
The rapture of freedom still dwelling in thee !



## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 And thou, Young Dominion ! crowned in earth's  
story,  
And bathed in the light of the Temperance  
Star,  
Dost shine as a bride in her coronal glory,  
Our sister-land, greeted and praised from afar ;  
Shout back o'er the sea, to the Queen of the Free,  
Victorious splendor still lingers o'er thee.
- 4 Britannia, hasten ! Columbia, speed thee !  
The wide world is waiting a new, holy song ;  
Be brave in the struggle, and onward God lead  
thee !  
Till jubilee cometh, exultant and long ;  
The waves of the sea shall chime with the  
free,—  
To God in the heavens the glory shall be.

*Rev. Dwight Williams.*

### **1389** *Raise the Standard High.*

- 1 RAISE the standard high,  
Sound the gathering cry,  
Let the evil kingdom fall ;  
With a purpose true,  
And a will to do,  
Sons of freedom, come ye all.

#### CHORUS.

- Raise the temperance standard high,  
Shout the mighty battle cry ;  
Let the evil kingdom fall,  
Sons of freedom, come ye all.
- 2 Over sea and land,  
With an iron hand,  
Has the monarch held his sway ;  
But his rule shall cease,  
And the reign of peace  
Usher in the golden day.
- 3 Let the right prevail,  
Let the evil fail  
In the conflict fierce and long,  
Till the land is free,  
And the victory  
Crowns the temperance army strong.

*F. E. Belden.*

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

**1390**     “ *Wine is a Mocker.*” (*Anthem.*)

**1391**     *The Temperance Call.*

- 1 HEAR the temperance call,  
Freemen one and all,  
Hear your country's earnest cry ;  
See your native land  
Lift her beckoning hand ;—  
Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.

### CHORUS.

Chase the monster from our shore,  
Let his cruel reign be o'er ;  
Chase the monster from our shore,  
Let his cruel reign be o'er.

- 2 Leave the shop and farm,  
Leave your bright hearths warm ;  
To the polls ! the land to save ;  
Let your leaders be  
True and noble, free,  
Fearless, temperate, good, and brave.

- 3 Hail ! our Fatherland,  
Here thy children stand,  
All resolved, united, true ;  
In the temperance cause  
Ne'er to faint or pause !  
This our purpose is, and vow.

*Anon.*

**1392**     *Peace, be Still !*

- 1 MASTER, the tempest is raging !  
The billows are tossing high !  
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness ;  
No shelter or help is nigh ;  
“ Carest thou not that we perish ? ”—  
How canst thou lie asleep,  
When each moment so madly is threatening  
A grave in the angry deep ?

## BIBLE SONGS.

### CHORUS.

“The winds and the waves shall obey my will  
Peace, be still !

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,  
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,  
No water can swallow the ship where lies  
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies ;  
They all shall sweetly obey my will ;  
Peace, be still ! peace, be still !  
They all shall sweetly obey my will ;  
Peace, peace, be still !”

2 Master, with anguish of spirit  
I bow in my grief to-day ;  
The depths of my sad heart are troubled ;  
O, waken and save, I pray !  
Torrents of sin and of anguish  
Sweep o'er my sinking soul ;  
And I perish ! I perish ! dear Master ;  
O hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,  
The elements sweetly rest ;  
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,  
And heaven 's within my breast ;  
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,  
Leave me alone no more ;  
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,  
And rest on the blissful shore.

*Miss M. A. Baker*

### 1393 *We Lay Us Down to Sleep.*

1 WE lay us calmly down to sleep  
When friendly night is come, and leave  
To God the rest ;  
Whether we wake to smile or weep,  
Or wake no more on time's fair shore,  
He knoweth best,  
He knoweth best.

### REFRAIN.

O Father, bless thy child to-night !  
We lay us down to sleep.

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

- 2 As sinks the sun in western skies  
When day is done, and twilight dim  
Comes silent on,  
So fades the world's most luring prize  
On eyes that close in deep repose  
Till wakes the dawn,  
Till wakes the dawn.
- 3 Why vex our souls with wearing care ?  
Why shun the grave, for aching head  
So cool and low ?  
Have we found life so passing fair,  
So grand to be, so sweet that we  
Should dread to go ?  
Should dread to go ?
- 4 Some other hand the task can take,  
If so it seemeth best,—the task  
By us begun ;  
No work for which we need to wake  
In joy or grief, for life so brief,  
Beneath the sun,  
Beneath the sun.

*Anon.*

### 1394 *Dream of Pilate's Wife.*

- 1 It was not sleep that bound my sight  
Upon that well-remembered night ;  
It was not fancy's fitful power  
Beguiled me in that solemn hour :  
But o'er the vision of my soul  
The mystic future seemed to roll ;  
And in the deep, prophetic trance,  
Revealed its treasures to my glance.
- 2 Before my wondering eyes there stood  
A vast, a countless multitude ;  
The hoary sire, the prattling child,  
The mother, and the maiden mild,  
The gladsome youth, and man of care—  
All tribes, all ages, mingled there ;  
And all, where'er I turned to see,  
In humble silence bent the knee.

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 As o'er the crowded scene I gazed,  
Against the lurid eastern sky  
I saw the shameful cross upraised,  
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.  
'T was He whom late with sorrowing mien,  
In Zion's streets I oft had seen ;  
And now in blood and agony,  
He turned a dying look on me.
- 4 Then softly from that gathering throng  
Arose the sound of solemn song ;  
And while I caught the swelling lay,  
The myriad voices seemed to say—  
“And we believe in Him that died,  
By Pontius Pilate crucified—  
That he shall come, when time is fled,  
To judge the living and the dead.”
- 5 I woke ; thou wast not by my side,  
I heard a loud, exulting cry ;  
I heard the scornful priests deride,  
The elders murmur, “Crucify !”  
O Pilate ! hadst thou marked my prayer,  
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,  
That deed of horror would not be  
A stain to thine—a curse to thee !
- 6 Our early days of joy are past ;  
Our youthful spring is withered all ;  
Afar from Rome our lot is cast,  
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul ;  
The thoughts that memory treasures yet  
Of other days, begin to flee ;  
But never shall my heart forget  
The Crucified of Galilee !

*Anon.*

### 1395

*Scatter Seeds of Kindness.*

- 1 LET us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path ;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

### CHORUS.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
Then scatter seeds of kindness;  
Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown !  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone !  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,  
Pressed against the window pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow ?  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now ?

4 Ah ! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions,  
Strewn along our backward track !  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by and by !

*Mrs. Albert Smith.*

## 1396

*Galilee, Sweet Galilee.*

1 O GALILEE, sweet Galilee,  
What memories rise at thought of thee !  
In mortal guise upon thy shore  
The Saviour trod whom we adore.

### CHORUS.

O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Thy blessed name will sacred be  
In every clime, on every shore,  
Till suns shall set to rise no more.



## BIBLE SONGS.

2 Thy waves which once his vessel bore  
Will sound his praise forevermore ;  
And from thy depths, beloved sea,  
We hear the call, " Come, follow me."

3 Through ages yet to come, thy name  
An homage true will ever claim ;  
'Tis hallowed ground where once he trod,  
The Prince of peace, the Son of God.

*Mrs. C. L. Shacklock.*

### **1397** *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

1 ONWARD, Christian soldiers !  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go !

#### CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers !  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee ;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory !  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

4 Crowns and thrones have perished,  
Kingdoms ruled and waned,  
But the church of Jesus  
Constant has remained.  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that church prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
That can never fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people !  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song ;  
Glory, praise, and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

### 1398

#### *Nearer Home.*

1 O'ER the hill the sun is setting,  
And the eve is drawing on ;  
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,  
For another day is gone.  
Gone for aye, its race is over,  
Soon the darker shades will come ;  
Still 't is sweet to know at even,  
We are one day nearer home.

#### CHORUS.

Nearer home, nearer home,  
Nearer to our home on high,  
To the green fields and the fountains  
Of the land beyond the sky.

2 One day nearer, sings the sailor,  
As he glides the waters o'er,  
While the light is softly dying,  
On his distant native shore.  
Thus the Christian on Life's ocean,  
As his light boat cuts the foam,  
In the evening cries with rapture,  
"I am one day nearer home !"

## BIBLE SONGS.

- 3 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim  
Hails the setting of the sun ;  
For the goal is one day nearer,  
And his journey nearer done.  
Thus we feel, when o'er Life's desert,  
Heart and sandal-worn we roam ;  
As the twilight gathers o'er us,  
We are one day nearer home.
- 4 Nearer home ! yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's house on high,—  
To the green fields and the fountains,  
Of the land beyond the sky ;  
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,  
And the lamps hang in the dome,  
And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're one day nearer home.

*Anon.*

### **1399** *The Lord in Zion Reigneth.*

- 1 THE Lord in Zion reigneth,  
Let all the world rejoice,  
And come before his throne of grace  
With tuneful heart and voice ;  
The Lord in Zion reigneth,  
And there his praise shall ring,  
To him shall princes bend the knee,  
And kings their glory bring.
- 2 The Lord in Zion reigneth,  
And who so great as he ?  
The depths of earth are in his hands,  
He rules the mighty sea ;  
Oh, crown his name with honor,  
And let his standard wave,  
Till distant isles beyond the deep  
Shall own his power to save.
- 3 The Lord in Zion reigneth,  
These hours to him belong ;  
Oh, enter now his temple gates,  
And fill his courts with song ;  
Beneath his royal banner  
Let every creature fall,  
Exalt the King of heaven and earth,  
And crown him Lord of all.

*Fanny Crosby.*

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

**1400**            *Union Anthem.*  
("Sound an Alarm," and "Sing to the Lord.")

**1401**    "*I Have Set Watchmen.*" (Anthem.)

**1402**    "*Great Is the Lord.*" (Anthem.)

**1403**    "*Behold, What Manner of Love.*" (Anthem.)

**1404**    "*Jerusalem, My Glorious Home.*" (Anthem.)

**1405**    *O Come, Let Us Sing!* (Chant.)

**1406**            *Solemn Thought.*

1 ONE sweetly solemn thought  
    Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I'm nearer to my parting hour  
    Than e'er I've been before.  
Nearer my Father's house,  
    Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
    Nearer the crystal sea.

CHORUS.

    My home, my home,  
    My beautiful heavenly home,  
    I am nearer my home to-day,  
    Than ever I've been before.

2 Nearer my going home,  
    Laying my burden down,  
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,  
    Wearing my starry crown.  
Father, perfect my trust,  
    Strengthen my feeble faith ;  
Support me when at last I stand  
    Upon the shore of death.

*Phæbe Cary.*

**1407**    "*His Mercy Endureth Forever.*" (Chant.)

**1408**    *Mount Olive.* (Chant.—Beatitudes.)

**1409**    *Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.*

1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,  
    I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
    I shall be soon.

## BIBLE SONGS.

### REFRAIN.

Love, rest, and home ! sweet home !  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon ;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,  
I shall be soon.

*Horatius Bonar.*

### **1410** *My Mother's Bible. (By Request.)*

- 1 THIS book is all that's left me now,  
Tears will unbidden start ;  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart ;  
For many generations past  
Here is our family tree ;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasped ;  
She, dying, gave it me.
- 2 Ah ! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear ;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill !  
Though they are with the silent dead  
Yet are they living still.
- 3 My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters, dear ;—  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear !  
Her angel face—I see it yet !  
What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group is met,  
Within the walls of home.

## SPECIAL SELECTIONS.

- 4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
When all were false I've found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy—  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

*Anon.*

1411

*The Lord's Prayer. (Chant.)*

1412

*Faithful Sentinel. (By Request.)*

- 1 AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,  
He hastened, the herald of mercy and truth ;  
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost ;  
Soon, alas ! was his fall ; but he died at his post.
- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest  
bloom,  
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb :  
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,  
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.
- 3 He wept not, himself, that his warfare was done :  
The battle was fought, and the victory won ;  
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved  
the most,  
“Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.”
- 4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse ;  
He asked not that fame should his merits re-  
hearse ;  
But he asked as a boon,—this he coveted most—  
That his brethren might know that he died at  
his post.
- 5 How can we the words of our brother forget ?  
Oh, no ! they are fresh in our memory yet ;  
And example so sacred shall never be lost,  
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

*Anon.*



## BIBLE SONGS.

### 1413      *The Burial of Mrs. Judson. (By Request.)*

- 1 MOURNFULLY, tenderly, bear on the dead,  
Where the warrior has lain, let the Christian be  
laid ;  
No place more befitting—O Rock of the sea !  
Never such treasure was hidden in thee.
- 2 Mournfully, tenderly, solemn and slow,  
Tears are bedewing the path as we go ;  
Kindred and strangers are mourners to-day,  
Gently, so gently, O ! bear her away.
- 3 Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow,  
Beautiful is it in quietude now :  
One look ! and then settle the loved to her rest,  
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.
- 4 So have ye buried her—up ! and depart,  
To life and to duty with undismayed heart :  
Fear not—for the love of the stranger will keep  
The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.
- 5 Peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God !  
The vale thou art treading, before, thou hast trod :  
Precious dust thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,  
And treasure as precious in the Rock of the sea !

*H. S. Washburn.*

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

(Excepting the First Stanza of Each Hymn.)

No.	No.	No.
Abide with me fr 542	All hail! the mo 1159	And if we early r 554
A brighter faith 139	All hail! ye bles 1090	And in that resur 796
Absent from thee 585	All hallowed be o 541	And in the great 1131
According to thy 812	All my little stre 458	And in thine arm 724
A cloud of witne 598	All needful grace 25	And Jesus bids t 1188
A country far fr 679	All over those pe 1006	And lest the sha 438
Acquaint thyself 419	All praise to Jesu 213	And lo! above th 938
A day of sweet r 246	All-seeing, power 384	And lo! with the 210
Admiring angels 1108	All that I am, ev 446	And, Lord, haste 1373
Admit him ere h 393	All that I have I 1223	And, Lord, when 444
A faith that shin 677	All the loving lin 1241	And now before h 354
A Father's chast 738	All the prophets 1153	And now Christ i 417
A Father's hand 89	All this for us th 284	And now while t 1274
A few more days 967	All this thou did 304	And one I saw, 667
A few more days, 806	All who dwell be 39	And see! the spe 324
A few more storm 817	All who love him 911	And shall we lon 113
A few more strug 817	All who speak th 1313	And the Prince of 847
Again my pardon 586	All yearly Sabba 1302	And there was o 667
A glance of Thine 59	All ye who say, T 1308	And thou didst s 1293
A gracious Savio 812	Almighty God, t 391	And though awhi 360
A guilty, weak, a 371	A'mighty God, t 648	And though our 686
A Hand almighty 759	Almighty Lord, t 174	And though these 942
A heart in every 645	Almighty power, 364	And though we s 1043
A heart resigned 645	Almost persuade 1283	And thou Young 1383
Ah, grace! into u 681	Along the city's 1261	And thus shall fa 941
Ah! how shall gu 384	Along the stream 334	And thus that da 1125
Ah! see, the gra 898	Although the vin 668	And thus the Son 348
Ah! these are of 596	Although they se 800	And, till we reach 1023
Ah! those little i 1395	A mansion in the 1054	And to his green 782
A humble, lowly, 645	Amazing grace! 1235	And true and fait 13
Ah! well do I re 1410	Amazing knowle 53	And what is man 657
Ah, we must leav 969	Ambition may sp 1008	And when at last 1272
Ah! when shall 779	A Minister of hol 343	And when before 1193
Ah! wherefore d 576	Among the moun 334	And when earth 110
Ah! whither sha 385	Among the saints 1023	And when from S 252
Ah! whither sho 514	Among the saints 28	And when he co 1281
Ah, who shall th 1266	Another angel fo 1187	And, when, imm 221
A land upon wh 978	An answer from 400	And when my ch 143
A land where sin 680	And are you not 1170	And when my Sa 796
A little child, th 284	And as we rise, 1080	And when my ta 749
A little flock!—s 1019	And, as we wait, 800	And when old ea 198
A little while,—o 788	And death, that s 302	And when our da 554
A little while, he' 788	And duly shall a 1045	And when our la 1035
A little while, 't 788	And every pang 673	And when our pil 710
All along the jou 1260	And every virtue 147	And when, redee 429
All in vain we he 1303	And faithful hea 806	And when that b 853
All, by the hand 951	And gracious Lo 449	And when that g 1100
All earthly tribul 493	And his that gen 147	And when the br 435
All glory and pra 1191	And if on earth a 1020	And when the las 694
All glory be to G 288	And if our fellow 1017	And when the las 1136
All glory be to hi 1072	And if something 744	And when the las 836
All glory to his h 343	And if thus fair a 936	And when the m 1358
All glory to the d 1281	And if to make o 230	And when thy p 60

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
And when we all 1170	At once he saw t 305	Beneath a numer 914
And when with r 517	Attended by all t 1336	Beneath his wate 91
And while we me 1099	Attending angels 982	Be not like the n 1236
And while we wa 881	At the door of fai 1220	Be of one mind; 264
And who are they 890	At the door..... 1325	Be ours the bliss, 648
And why should 779	At the great and 1329	Be our strength, 774
And yet guilty si 425	At the sign of tri 1397	Be our strength i 1061
Angels, in bright 888	A thousand ages, 56	Be patient, be p 1182
Angels of Jesus, 1212	Author and Guar 523	Beside him will 869
Angels shall gua 941	Author of faith! 1183	Be the banners s 1051
Angels sing on y 1212	A voice from the 779	Be this my joy, 65
Another angel fo 1187	Awake, for lo, no 692	Be this my one g 658
Another cry the e 789	Awake from thy s 1155	Be thou my Guar 543
A part from oth 1287	Awake, O God, m 553	Be thou my hidi 455
Are darkness and 64	Awake our souls 144	Be thou my patt 301
Are there no foes 599	Awake ye! awak 1166	Be thou my shiel 834
Are there no wor 1234	Away from Sata 940	Be with me in th 214
Are we weak and 535	Away toward the 909	Beyond my high 1021
Are you doers of 1317	Awed by a mortal 625	Beyond the bloo 1247
Are you ready? 1297	A whispered wor 1048	Beyond the bloo 1409
Are you to heavy 1290		Beyond the flight 957
Are you within t 1298	Bane and blessin 130	Beyond the frost 1347
Arise, arise good 834	Bankrupt 'neath 464	Beyond the parti 1347
A robe fair and s 1271	Barren although 668	Beyond the parti 1409
Around this feeb 1077	Bear her away, f 1376	Beyond the river 1270
Arrayed in glori 950	Bearing only wor 1276	Beyond this vale 380
Art thou lonely, 851	Beautiful crowns 996	Blessed are they 1304
As a woman cou 829	Beautiful light w 996	Blessed are they 1303
As by the light of 638	Beautiful song, b 1376	Blessed Saviour, 299
A scrip on my ba 512	Beautiful throne 996	Blessings forever 105
As dew upon the 582	Beautiful trees f 996	Blest are the me 3
Ashamed of Jesu 101	Beautiful valley 1346	Blest are the me 205
As I cast earth's 1201	Because he loves 1108	Blest are the sou 3
Ask for the Guide 1309	Because I am the 644	Blest be the grief 930
Ask for the old p 1310	Be Christ our pa 309	Blest hour! for, 216
Ask of the Lord n 1273	Be earth, with all 572	Blest hour, when 216
Ask the Saviour 1382	Be Faith, which 1044	Blest is that tran 536
Asleep in Jesus! 924	Before His feet t 379	Blest is the man 392
As o'er a parched 756	Before my wonde 1394	Blest Jesus, com 639
As o'er the crowd 1394	Before our Fathe 1022	Blest Saviour, in 598
As once thou did 184	Before the ark of 345	Blest Saviour, w 1088
A soul inured to 651	Before the mour 1098	Blest Saviour, w 472
As our steps are 281	Before thy throne 12	Blest too is he w 1047
A spirit still pre 651	Before we place i 658	Blind unbelief is 74
As sinks the sun 1393	Before we quite f 674	Blow the trumpe 1245
As still drew nigh 1100	Be his kingdom 1065	Blow, watchmen 1148
As surely as he o 678	Behold him, all y 320	Bonds and stripe 661
As the seed, by b 1064	Behold his patie 70	Born, thy people 845
As the winged ar 567	Behold the bride 1326	Both now and ev 1130
As they offered g 299	Behold, the fair 1142	Both the winds a 1365
As through a gla 72	Behold the giant 1383	Bound upon the 335
As through the w 1087	Behold the morn 834	Bowed down ben 455
A suffering life b 302	Behold the Savio 332	Bow to the scept 397
As unto them of 33	Behold, they shed 332	Bread of our sou 187
As voyagers on t 994	Behold us while 463	Break off the yok 431
A sweet perfume 1361	Behold we fall be 362	Break through al 605
As welcome as th 756	Behold, what he 939	Breathe, O breat 165
As with joyful st 299	Behold your Lord 113	Bright, bright, s 831
As woods, when 699	Believing on my 442	Bright in that ha 1000
At his call the de 903	Beloved self must 372	Bright visions of 1003
At his presence n 411	Be mine the hap 805	Bring before us a 1118
At length the tru 1145	Be near and bles 542	Bringing in the s 1249
At midnight's se 813		Britania, hasten! 1388

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.		No.		No.	
Brother, you ma	1068	But why keep th	596	Closer with the	1199
Budding fig-trees	820	But will he prov	393	Clothed with our	356
Built by the wor	57	But will, indeed,	1134	Clouds and confl	827
Burdened with a	458	But with the wo	291	Cold mountains a	301
Burdened with s	444	By faith I see the	785	Cold on his cradl	298
Buried in sorrow	439	By faith we alre	841	Columbia, fresh	1388
But a better rest	243	By faith we cand	1175	Come, and begin	814
But a celestial v	368	By sin we are ex	213	Come and join th	1299
But a glorious da	964	By the grace of G	1180	Come and worshi	297
But all through t	1265	By thine all-aton	850	Come as the fire,	146
But art thou not	452	By thine inspiri	154	Come as the light	146
But, at this peac	1089	By thy divine, t	433	Come as the wind	146
But can no sover	363	By thy hands the	959	Come back! this	584
But chiefly thy c	82	By thy reconcilin	1027	Come, bless the L	215
But chief'tis joy	1020			Come, come, thou	819
But, dearest Lor	868	Called together b	1029	Come down from	1053
But drops of grie	322	Call forth my tho	214	Come, fill this ho	1129
But ere that trum	887	Call me away fro	572	Come, for all else	430
But far from that	1120	Call them in; th	1257	Come, for creati	814
But fixed for ever	174	Calvary's mourn	331	Come, for the cor	814
But God shall ra	382	Can a mother's t	587	Come, gracious L	575
But God well kn	207	Can aught, bene	373	Come, heavenly	785
But hark! there i	1350	Can sin's deceitf	387	Come, holy Comf	36
But he who mark	634	Can this be He w	884	Come, Holy Spir	151
But hush, my sou	977			Come, Holy Spir	144
But if you deter	1155	Can we, whose s	1055	Come, Holy Spir	1073
But if you still t	1269	Cast thy bread u	1064	Come home, com	1282
But if you trifle	423	Cast thy burden	722	Come into the ar	1278
But in the grace	107	Cease, cease ye v	927	Come in with po	8
But in the light	332	Cease, my soul,	837	Come, join the a	285
But lo! he leaves	287	Celestial dawn! t	925	Come, let us pra	537
But may our Sab	561	Celestial streams	979	Come, Light sere	155
But none of the r	1265	Chance and chan	92	Come, Lord and	815
But now, when e	583	Chase slumber fr	1254	Come, make your	62
But of all the foe	609	Chase the monst	1391	Come, my Redeem	1221
But our brief life	56	Cheerful they w	3	Come, O come, a	1243
But out of all, th	479	Cheer up, cheer	862	Come, plead thy	797
But O, when dou	734	Chief of sinners t	489	Come, saints, an	317
But Patience bid	798	Chief of ten thou	5	Come, set your f	983
But Peter said:	1096	Child of sin and	421	Come, sinner, co	1179
But right is righ	600	Child of sin and	422	Come spoil the s	814
But saints are lo	63	Children, let you	820	Come, tenderest	155
But saints who h	884	Children of God	742	Come then, my s	594
But should the s	736	Children our kin	648	Come, then, ye w	220
But sinners filled	910	Choose now.....	1299	Come, thou inca	36
But the Chief Sh	1019	Choose thou for	741	Come, thou Spiri	685
But there's a bri	967	Christ and the p	1310	Come to that hap	1000
But there's a po	520	Christ, by highe	293	Come where sacr	1166
But there's a rad	196	Christ, himself, t	1364	Come with thy h	141
But there's a voic	371	Christian cheer t	1140	Come, worship a	32
But these sounds	965	Christian, dry y	339	Come, ye blessed	907
But thine illustr	374	Christian, rouse	847	Comfort those w	15
But though earth	926	Christian, the an	508	Coming again, c	1330
But, though from	821	Christian, the sh	508	Command thy bl	475
But thou, O Chr	377	Christ is born, th	296	Conquering host	1246
But thy compas-	558	Christ, my Rede	950	Control my every	603
But thy soft hand	367	Christ shall come	900	Convert and send	1042
But to those who	903	Christ the bright	94	Convince us all o	151
But warm, sweet	312	Clad in raiment	997	Convince us first	402
But weaker yet t	65	Clothe me with t	590	Could I joy with	589
But what to thos	117	Clothe me with t	1198	Could my heart s	589
But, when we vi	84	Closer by thy sw	1199	Could we hope th	245
But while I am h	171	Closer to thee, m	1199	Create my natur	574

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
Crimes in every 410	Dread alarms sh 821	Farewell, my sou 955
Crown him the L 125	Drink water, pur 1378	Farewell, neighb 1150
Crowns and thro 1397	Duty's call is sel 1288	Farewell! until 9 5
Crowns on the h 1319		Farewell, ye drea 656
Crown the agoni 160		Far, far above th 733
Cut off our depen 767		Far, far and fro 1003
	Each care, each i 673	Far, far away, li 1212
Daily gifts of lov 37	Each eveningsho 49	Far off I stand w 429
Dare to be a Dan 1385	Each gift but hel 646	Far up the everla 980
Daring death th 1194	Each Sabbath sp 237	Father above, in 715
Dark brood the h 876	Each sorrow, tou 705	Father, fill our h 275
Darker clouds wi 410	Ear hath not hea 994	Father, forgive t 719
Daughter of Zion 1005	Earth anew, wit 1151	Father in heaven 249
Day by day his t 1265	Earth can now b 858	Father, in us thy 6
Day of calm and 240	Earth, from afar, 50	Father, mother, 1264
Day promised to 881	Earth has not th 867	Father, mother, 1150
Dear Comforter! 641	Earth is fleeing, 902	Father, remove t 326
Dearest sister, t 960	Earthly joys no l 502	Father, source of 43
Dear Lord, he cr 1287	Earth's mighty n 866	Father, we come 1277
Dear name! the 118	Earth's scoffs an 624	Father, we woul 144
Dear Saviour, let 9	Echo it, hill-tops 1330	Fearful dangers 162
Dear Saviour, let 398	E'en for such litt 1291	Fear not, brethr 482
Dear Saviour, th 1008	E'er since by fait 1107	Fear not, I am 761
Death itself shall 1002	Endless the sad s 1319	Fear not, said he 288
Death with his w 619	Endue thy creat 1130	Fear not to enter 45
Deep are his cou 875	Enrich us always 261	Feast after feast 1122
Deep horror then 365	Enslaved of Rom 415	Feebly now they 1242
Deep in unfatho 74	Enthroned amid 61	Few ever study t 1305
Deep regret for f 588	Ere a tear had di 1192	Fierce and long 1247
Deep unto deep 745	Ere long, and Je 427	Fight the fight, O 617
Deep waters cros 1349	Ere sin was born 287	Filled with delig 1360
Delay not, delay 418	Ere we reach the 1362	Firm as his thro 637
Deny thyself, an 361	Eternal are thy 23	First his six 242, 1313
Dependent on th 647	Eternal truth an 103	First, the Assyri 1344
Depend on him; t 516	Eternity, with al 78	First the dead in 900
Descend, Celesti 253	Events with pro 790	First will I tell h 1226
Descend, Celesti 254	Ever in the ragin 722	Five bleeding wo 359
Descend, descend 1079	Ever let thy grac 468	Floods of everlas 1161
Descending with 883	Ever since Creat 241	Fly, lingering m 680
Despairing madn 303	Ever thus in God 95	Fly, lingering m 1142
Despised and rej 427	Ever present, tru 778	Follow to the jud 331
Did ever mourne 697	Every day and e 280	Foolish fears and 588
Did I meet no tri 713	Every eye shall n 903	For each assault 584
Didst thou, dear 1109	Every hour, ever 1198	For, ever on thy 308
Direct our wayw 262	Every human tie 1025	Forever from thy 47
Dispensing good 629	Every island, se 911	Forever with the 1358
Distracting thou 6	Every vile affect 1028	For every thirsty 396
Divine Instructo 175	Exalt our low de 155	Forget not thou h 672
Does earth attrac 920	Exert thy might 1221	Forgive me, Lord 543
Does now thy he 1322		Forgive the sacri 197
Do good, O Lord, 755	Faint not, Christ 607	Forgive thou us, 432
Do sickness, feeb 706	Fain would I lea 431	Forgive us, for o 432
Do this, he said t 1098	Fain would I mo 250	For God has ma 691
Do Thou, midst t 505	Fain would we st 803	For good is the L 46
Do thou the secr 344	Fairer than the s 459	For her my tears 1021
Do trials unexpe 792	Faith eats the br 1110	For he's had an 1184
Doubt him not, h 533	Faith eats the br 1111	For his truth and 40
Doubt his love n 1280	Faith is the rain 689	For Jesus, too, w 224
Down from the s 375	Faith lifts the va 682	For love of God c 636
Down in old Jor 1092	Faith now behold 1163	For me the cross 1093
Down in the feet 1344	Faith sees the br 927	For my selfishnes 591
Down through th 289	Faith shows the 671	For on that night 1096
Draw near to us 1100	Farewell, dreare 1150	For right is right 1047
	Farewell, mortal 656	For that blest m 715



# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
For the grandeur 94	Give us this day 1411	Had I the pinion 798
For the love of G 93	Give us thy grac 1277	Hail, brethren, h 1179
For them that H 177	Give us within t 260	Hail! Columbia, 1381
For thine own co 590	Glad tidings! gla 871	Hail! glorious mo 692
For this let men 1034	Glory to God! the 292	Hail! happy day, 1359
For though myst 717	Go and dwell wit 904	Hail! our Father- 1391
For thou, within 471	Go and inquire, 1306	Hail, Prince of li 289
For thy countless 43	God calling yet, 390	Hail, Prince of lif 126
For thy providen 94	God doth his ow 1375	Hail! redeeming 823
For thy rich, thy 94	God, from on hig 1012	Hail, source of li 150
For you I am pra 1271	God is able to de 1311	Hail! the heaven 293
Four and twenty 1161	God is in heaven 50	Hallelujah, Ame 1169
Frail children of 97	God is our streng 31	Hallelujah! hark 901
Freed from every 906	God is our sun, h 25	Hallelujah! thine 1191
Freed from this 943	God of Israel, hig 860	Happy day! happ 793
Free from anger 1027	God of Sabbaths, 245	Happy day, O ha 1331
Friend of the frie 697	God of our feeble 35	Happy the home 552
Friends and hom 1059	God pities all ou 527	Hark! from the 286
Friends fondly c 619	God reigns on hi 71	Hark! how he gr 323
From age to age 306	God's covenant s 198	Hark! how the c 127
From busy scene 5	God's holy will s 975	Hark! I hear the 1264
From death to li 150	God's law in all i 348	Hark! the tidings 1157
From desert wast 995	God, the everlast 160	Hark! the trump 904
From earth his f 623	God, the everlast 606	Hark! the wonde 341
From every place 24	God, through hi 145	Hark! through t 234
From heaven ang 883	God thy God wil 857	Hark! what swee 285
From heaven he 307	Go forth and mi 595	Hastening to see 1174
From his glorious 407	Go forward, Chr 613	Hasten, mortals! 296
From his hands, 1156	Going by, going 1241	Hasten, sinner, t 409
From his high th 353	Going forth with 1249	Hasten the time 1263
From marble do 10	Go, labor on; you 1036	Haste thee on fr 499
From morn till n 75	Good, when he g 730	Has thy night be 857
From my back th 464	Go out in the br- 1248	Hast thou impart 139
From night to da 364	Go thou, unvail 1383	Have I long in s 495
From sin and de 912	Go tell it to Jesu 1372	Have we trials a 535
From sorrow, toil 1022	Go tell the sinful 1050	Have you no wor 515
From the bitter c 958	Go to the garden 326	Have your lamps 1326
From thee that I 486	Go to the hungry 1038	Health, and ever 44
From the low-be 310	Go to the rude, t 1050	Hear him, y e dea 114
From the third h 982	Go to thy peacef 954	Hear, Lord, and 571
From thy gracio 16	Go to thy rest; a 954	Hear our earnest 163
From thy house 18	Go where the sic 1044	Hear the call! O 1246
From vanity tur 201	Grace he offers f 1156	Hearts growing a 1372
Fulfill in us thy 2	Gracious Lord w 243	Hear us, great Sh 569
Full of immortal 947	Grant that all m 15	He asked not a s 1412
Full of joyful ex 907	Grant us before t 1074	Heaven above ca 41
Fully in my life 720	Grant us hearts, 1062	Heaven at last, h 1364
	Grant us thy tru 52	Heavenly Father 490
	Grateful praise m 41	Heavenly Guide f 164
	Great Creator! w 248	Heaven's bliss is 659
Gethsemane can 1104	Greater the dang 1301	Heaven unfolds i 341
Gethsemane can 327	Great God, how i 78	Heavings of eart 1330
Gird thy heavenl 615	Great God, mine 172	He bids us build 1017
Give glory to the 556	Great God, what 910	He bows his grac 529
Give joy or grief, 984	Great is our Lor 63	He breaks the cr 114
Give me a calm, 643	Great is their pe 205	He came in tong 147
Give me a will to 570	Greatness unspe 55	He comes and th 861
Give me, O Lord 14	Great Shepherd 471	He comes, of hell 760
Give me on thee 584	Great Shepherd 7	He comes sweet i 147
Give me the Bibl 1300	Great Sun of rig 169	He comes, the br 894
Give me thy cou 539	Green pastures a 743	He comes! the Co 816
Give them freely 1064	Guarding thy sl 969	He comes, the pr 894
Give us ourselve 402	Guard the helple 1051	He comes to chan 880
Give us this day 521	Guide us in the 501	He comes to set u 912



# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.		No.		No.	
He comes to ushe	894	Here I raise my	503	His comforts bear	735
He cometh, come	870	Here I see the fa	1176	His counsels and	696
He could not aro	1274	Here is the patie	1187	His enemies with	875
He counsels thee	787	Here let the grea	1131	His every word o	76
He crowns thy li	90	Here let the mou	1129	His eye is fixed o	1184
He'd have us rea	1262	Here let thy holy	1132	His eyes of living	899
He died! the eart	332	Here let thy love	1136	His fearful drops	1125
He died to wash	356	Here light, desce	181	His goodness sta	91
Heed not the voi	1309	Here may our un	1126	His lips, as a fou	134
He ever lives abo	359	Here may the lis	1126	His locks with de	787
He feeds in past	759	Here may the pr	1137	His love will not	354
He fills the poor	90	Here may the sin	1137	His love within u	148
He formed the de	32	Here may thine e	1126	His mercy is my	1237
He formed the st	63	Here may thine h	1132	His mission now	787
He gives himself	354	Here mercy's bo	388	His name dispell	1281
He's prepared th	1172	Here mines of kn	181	His name shall b	290
He hears the leas	763	Here saints in pa	789	His name yields	506
He hears the unc	20	Here see the Bre	420	His own soft han	982
He hides himself	600	Here's love and g	317	His perfect wors	203
He hung its star	1133	Here, then, I dou	690	His pierced hand	338
He, in the days o	351	Here the Redeem	175	His power increa	290
Heir of the king	866	Here the wicked	1140	His power subdu	88
Heir of the same	672	Here to his altar	13	His presence oft	1071
Heirs of the sam	1018	Here we come th	244	His promise, cov	666
He is able, he is	1149	Here we feel our	534	His saints shall c	332
He is coming, no	1342	Here we meet an	1176	His sovereign po	19
He is coming, O	1342	Here we supplica	16	His voice, as the	134
He is coming, ye	1342	Here would I fee	1122	His voice comma	582
He is coming, co	1342	He saw me plung	120	His voice we hea	1082
He is fitting up m	1002	He saw me ruine	110	His wondrous wo	90
He is waiting, he	1149	He shall reign fr	901	His word our la	852
He is waiting to	1184	He shall speak, a	902	His work my ho	627
He is weary and	1184	He sleeps in Jesu	920	His work perfor	355
He knows the fra	354	He's now upon h	497	Hither come; for	408
He leads me to th	762	He spake, and li	1032	Ho! all ye heavy	1269
He left his own m	1101	He speaks, and l	114	Hold fast that ri	865
He lived, his Sav	920	He sprinkles wit	360	Hold fast till I c	1339
He lives, all glor	337	He strengthens m	780	Hold the temp'ra	1385
He lives, and gra	337	He taught the so	1088	Hold to the helm	1301
He lives forever,	317	He teaches their	693	Hold up thy light	1037
He lives to bless	337	He tells us we're	98	Holy day that m	240
He'll come, all tr	792	He that is holy t	355	Holy Ghost, nom	490
He'll shield you	1035	He, the mighty K	294	Holy Ghost, with	158
He looks and ten	134	He was a true an	1101	Holy, holy, holy!	99
Helpless I am, an	1272	He wept not, hi	1412	Holy Spirit, all d	158
Help us thy trut	765	He wept that we	456	Holy Spirit, love	161
Help us to worsh	1	He who came do	349	Holy Spirit, pow	161
Hence, gloomy d	127	He who for men t	347	Holy Spirit, pow	158
Hence may all ou	1028	He who has help	708	Home, home, blis	832
He points us to h	307	He will bless you	1149	Home, home, iet	832
He raiseth the fa	782	He will come, let	1321	Home, home, rest	832
Here are afflictio	618	He will gather th	1320	Home, home, the	832
Here are my choi	178	He will gird thee	722	Hoping soon to m	1340
Here are they wh	859	He will save you,	1149	Hosanna to the L	1082
Here be thy prai	1132	He will smile wh	1320	Hosanna to the	268
Here disease inv	1176	He with earthl	92	How beauteous n	557
Here fierce tempt	618	High as the heav	88	How beautiful, h	79
Here fix my rovi	527	Higher than the	1268	How blessed are	1040
Here have we se	1112	High Heaven, th	435	How blessed here	949
Here I give my a	1289	High is thy powe	55	How blessed, the	644
He reigns! ye sai	62	High lifted on th	381	How blest are th	1006
Here I grieve the	1176	His adorable will	510	How blest are w	179
Here in this vale	872	His blood he offe	355	How blest the so	1081
Here in thy court	28	His body broken	1125	How blest the vo	1081

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
How blest, who t 210	I asked again: e 1147	I have no skill th 58
How bright the v 982	I asked the warr 1147	I have the keys o 949
How can a soul c 444	I ask thee for a t 744	I know I shall see 1203
How can my soul 646	I ask thee for the 744	I know not where 1238
How can we the 1412	I bid you all my g 399	I know not why h 1238
How careful, then 891	I bow before thy 1272	I know this clean 328
How charming is 1040	I bring my grief t 1292	I know there's a 1203
How doth thy wo 208	I can do all things 633	I know this stain 968
How do thy merc 58	I cannot, dare not 751	I laid me down a 746
How dread are th 79	I cannot live with 574	I lay my body d 538
How dreadful wa 382	I charge my thou 640	I lay my griefs on 461
How faithful doe 1173	I choose the path 202	I lay my wants on 461
How far may we 400	I come, I wait, I 229	I leave it all with 1222
How far that hea 438	I delivered thee 587	I'll bring my hea 1293
How gentle is th 89	I do not ask that 64	I'll count the dear 1298
How glorious was 382	I'd rise superior 806	I'll follow then m 1093
How good thou a 75	I'd sing the char 123	I'll go to Jesus t 398
How happy all t 28	I'd sing the prec 123	I'll hear the aliel 1159
How happy are o 1040	If aught should t 707	I'll look to the cr 1217
How happy the p 840	If but my faintin 716	I'll make your gr 1032
How I long to be 1341	I fear no foe, with 568	I'll see all Israel 1159
How kind are thy 71	If earthly parent 167	I'll sing of those 1350
How large his bo 527	I felt his love, th 451	I'll sing you a s 1350
How long, O grac 833	I feel the blest m 968	I'll soon be at h 1356
How long, O Lor 815	I fe'er I go astray 762	I long to be like J 461
How long, O Lor 1152	If envy rules the 1234	I long to rest in t 3
How long shall m 571	If he is mine, let 703	I long to see thy 806
How long shall t 802	If he is mine, then 703	I love by faith to 519
How many hearts 681	If he our ways sh 384	I love in solitude 519
How many poors 1155	If he wills that d 1228	I love the Lord: 522
How mildly on t 938	If he wills that I 1228	I love thine earth 226
How much is mer 28	If I go I'll come a 333	I love thy church, 1021
How much of gri 921	If ill-will or envy 1124	I love to meet a 897
How oft of thy d 427	If I may rest my 751	I love to tell the s 1204
How rich, how s 704	If in thy path som 1196	I love to think on 519
How rich the gra 367	If once I wander 202	I love to wait, an 795
How rich thy bou 86	If on the wings of 75	I'm a traveler, ca 616
How shall I best 235	If our love were 93	I'm a traveler to 616
How shall I the d 464	If pains afflict or 516	I'm going home, a 1359
How shall mortal 133	If Satan tempts o 706	I'm going home, I 1359
How shall pollute 59	If to the right or 486	I'm going home; t 1359
How shall we sta 1337	If thou hast work 1272	I'm happy, I'm h 511
How short are all 725	If thou shouldst 716	I'm weary of hopi 864
How sweetly now 212	If thou shouldst 729	I'm weary of lovi 864
How sweet the w 230	If we are his disc 1113	I'm weary of sigh 864
How sweet to be 230	If we err in hum 1354	I'm willing to be 493
How sweet to hai 231	If we knew the b 1395	In all my ways t 58
How swift to sav 756	If wounded love 707	In all our Maker 61
How terrible thy 27	If you are too wea 1070	In a look there's 1217
How well thy ble 170	If you cannot cro 1069	In childhood's w 1375
How will my hea 887	If you cannot be 1069	In danger's hour 748
How will my lips 115	If you cannot in 1070	In each event of 81
How will you an 1305	If you faint not y 1052	In early days thei 1074
How would my f 1183	If you have been 1236	In earth's dark h 1148
Ho ye, needy; co 412	If you have not g 1070	I need not tell t 683
	I glory in infirm 633	I need thee, preci 462
	I go, he said, to 1152	I need the heart 462
I am not worthy 1121	I heard the song 1145	I need the Holy 462
I am resting, sw 1200	I heard the voice 450	I need the love of 462
I am trusting, L 1289	I hear thy voice; 1121	I need thy presen 568
I am waiting, onl 1340	I hear thy word i 191	In every joy that 81
I am waiting, wo 1340	I have a Father; 1271	In every land be 23
I am wayward, I 1230	I have long with 457	In every pang th 347

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
In heaven and e 48	I smite upon my 429	Jehovah is God, 46
In heaven the ra 289	Is my name writ 1205	Jerusalem I long 1159
In him, who all o 124	Is not thy grace 140	Jerusalem the glo 999
In holy contempl 742	Is there a blissful 986	Jesus all the day 469
In it all is light 1367	Is there a heart t 443	Jesus, assist, nor 214
In our joys and i 660	Is there hearts s 1215	Jesus, be thou m 839
In our sickness a 533	Is there no kind, 922	Jesus calls us! by 660
In panoply of tru 592	Is this the consec 726	Jesus calls us fro 660
In paradise, with 106	Is thy burdened 711	Jesus conquered 614
In patient hope t 328	I suffered much f 1295	Jesus, descended 321
In penitential gr 569	Is your heart war 1244	Jesus died, yet li 820
In prayer, in effo 1077	It bids you turn t 397	Jesus hail! enth 358
In prayer my sou 583	It died ere its ex 928	Jesus hail! whos 132
In realms of clou 48	It died to sin, it 928	Jesus, hear our h 272
In robes of judgm 875	It floateth like a 195	Jesus, how glorio 376
In self-forgetting 1112	It gives the burd 524	Jesus, I hang upo 350
In solemn midni 517	It guides us far f 689	Jesus in love will 478
In tears and trial 699	It hallows every 690	Jesus in whom b 696
In that blessed la 425	I think of his wo 1323	Jesus is passing 1279
In that bright, et 1374	I think of my ble 1203	Jesus is worthy 112
In that bright w 680	It is a precious 1312	Jesus lives and r 1180
In that eternal d 987	It is enough, alth 796	Jesus, my all in 753
In that pure hom 992	It is his will that 1262	Jesus, my heart's 344
In that world of l 844	It is not for me to 512	Jesus, my Lord, I 637
In the ark the we 458	It is not so, but s 600	Jesus, my Sheph 118
In the cross of Ch 130	It is well with m 1373	Jesus, my streng 442
In the dust I leav 1216	It makes the wou 118	Jesus, our living 527
In thee I place m 732	It may be at mid 1318	Jesus, our only j 117
In the furnace G 1025	It points us to a 680	Jesus paid it all 1193
In the garden, o'e 1091	I trust in thee, m 1195	Jesus, Saviour ar 465
In the midst of a 783	It shows the prec 676	Jesus shall ever r 1160
In the midst of o 1059	Its joys can now 638	Jesus shall reign 975
In the new-made 1091	Its sacred hour, 221	Jesus, the faithf 1206
In the sweet-by-a 1353	Its skies are not 978	Jesus, the Lord, 529
In the thick mur 1365	It speaks of him 221	Jesus, the name 114
In the tomb beho 333	Its richness, swe 184	Jesus, thou art a 165
In the world a th 609	It sweetly cheers 176	Jesus, thou King 835
In this reanimat 923	It tells me of a p 430	Jesus, thou sourc 889
In those dark rea 927	It was my guide, 365	Jesus, thy blood, 362
In thy blest name 1138	It was the Savio 334	Jesus, thy fair c 868
In thy pavilion t 477	It was thy love t 579	Jesus, thy feast 1098
In thy promises 1289	I've seen thy glo 476	Jesus, thy word, 175
In thy strength 272	I've stood beside 949	Jesus, 'tis he who 1269
In thy vineyard l 601	I've wrestled on t 1349	Jesus, to thee I y 1093
Into temptation l 521	I want a godly f 651	Jesus, to thee w 406
Into the harbor o 507	I want a sober m 651	Jesus, we come a 392
In trouble and in 454	I want my name 493	Jesus wept! and 313
In us Abba Fathe 166	I was clinging, n 1208	Jesus wept! thos 313
In vain the trem 170	I was not ever th 777	Join, all ye rans 129
In vain thou stru 683	I will be their de 653	Joined in one bo 1077
In want my plen 753	I will not fear, th 746	Joy and gladness 997
In weakness and 1128	I will not let thee 484	Joy, behold the S 1194
In yonder realms 839	I will sing his po 1220	Joy comes each f 692
I rest beneath thy 58	I will sing of Jes 1192	Joy cometh in th 1233
I rise to walk in 1235	I woke, thou wast 1394	Joyful his eye.. 1319
I saw him in the 1145	I would, but thou 431	Joyful in hope m 350
I saw his face, th 451	I would forever s 107	Joyfully on earth 43
Is crucified for m 320	I would not have 744	Joy, joy, sound it 831
I see immortal sa 984	I would not mur 739	Joy of the comfo 420
I see the new cre 1235	I would not sigh f 627	Joy to the earth, 886
I sigh from this b 1177	I yield my heart 540	Judgment comet 902
I sing the goodne 83	I yield myself to 545	Judge not the Lo 74
Is it a Sabbath s 561		Just as I am, and 428

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
Just as I am, poor 428	Let me go, why s 504	Listen to the won 296
Just as I am, tho' 428	Let me never fro 159	Listen to thy sor 615
Just as I am, thou 428	Let not conscienc 412	Living only to th 41
Just as I am, thy 428	Let not earth's p 1076	Lo! another ang 859
Just as the eagle, 621	Let not sorrow di 608	Lo! glad I come, 436
Just beyond ther 1264	Let not the foe of 190	Lo! he comes, lo! 1334
Just such as I, t 706	Let not this life's 190	Lo! his triumph 336
	Let not thy heart 695	Lo, in the desert, 1004
Keep me in the n 1230	Let others seek e 1008	Lo! Jesus, who i 405
Keep me, Saviour 1230	Let peace within 227	Lonely I no longe 1030
Keep the eye sing 866	Let sickness blas 919	Long as we live, 104
Keep the helm st 1206	Let sinners beag 232	Long have we ro 754
Keep thou our li 262	Let sorrow's ru 496	Long I've wande 464
Keep your altars 1244	Let that love whi 163	Long, long, we h 831
Keep your windo 1227	Let the envenom 631	Long, long, she h 808
Kind Shepherd o 763	Let the false rapt 172	Long my heart h 1289
Kingdoms at thei 1334	Let the halt, and 426	Long since, our 345
Kingdoms now a 1140	Let the high-hea 1365	Long they've toi 1332
King of glory, re 132	Let them approa 562	Long thy exiles 858
Kneeling, humbl 1237	Let the organ join 39	Long, too long in 856
Knowledge, alas! 674	Let the right pre 1389	Long was to be h 808
	Let these earthly 273	Look by faith to 1172
	Let these, O God, 206	Look down in pi 305
	Let the sweet hop 643	Look far beyond 1143
Large are the m 714	Let the trumpet's 39	Look for the way 1344
Launch the life- 1384	Let the vain wor 1097	Look not on earth 1325
Lead on, dear Sh 116	Let the world de 499	Look not upon th 1383
Lead us, Lord, w 342	Let this my every 526	Look to the cross 1273
Lead us to God, o 136	Let those refuse 30	Loose all your ha 336
Lead us to holinc 136	Let thronging m 1033	Lord by thy Spir 1049
Leave all thy sin 1273	Let thy good Spi 143	Lord! can a feeb 372
Leave the shop a 1391	Let thy Spirit on 242	Lord, decide the 589
Leave to his sove 733	Let thy ten words 200	Lord, from natur 956
Leaving all his e 94	Let us devote this 249	Lord, from thine 1139
Let all creation j 112	Let us for each o 1027	Lord give me suc 677
Let all who would 1108	Let us hail the jo 860	Lord, grant us al 187
Let all your lam 810	Let us not, O Lo 162	Lord grant us al 1319
Let cares like a w 1232	Let us take up th 479	Lord, hear the p 549
Let distant clime 22	Let us then with 1027	Lord, help us by 981
Let doubt then, a 512	Let your eyes to h 830	Lord, I am blind 576
Let earth and all 250	Let your hearts n 608	Lord I believe; a 675
Let everlasting t 180	Let youth in its f 426	Lord, I believe; b 675
Let every kindre 111	Life and peace to 159	Lord, I believe t 1107
Let every tearful 1233	Life's ills withou 702	Lord, I believe th 346
Let every tongue 76	Lift him up in all 1252	Lord, I believe w 346
Let every tongue 218	Lift him up, the 1252	Lord! I come to t 531
Let Faith arise, a 933	Lift him up, this 1252	Lord, I desire wi 639
Let faith, assiste 1079	Lift the cross and 1288	Lord, in thy gra 266
Let faith each m 577	Lift the eye, Chr 617	Lord, in thy love 225
Let Faith exalt h 939	Lift the voice! L 1067	Lord, it is my ch 587
Let Faith repeat 1312	Lift the voice like 1067	Lord, I was dead 437
Let faith transee 726	Lift up the tempt 1383	Lord, I was deaf: 437
Let gentle Patien 922	Lift up thy bleed 378	Lord, I was dum 437
Let goodness and 783	Lift up your hea 792	Lord, I will not l 490
Let good or ill be 732	Light is beaming, 854	Lord, I would cla 749
Let him that hear 405	Light of the lonel 868	Lord, keep us saf 554
Let him who feels 377	Light of the worl 171	Lord, lead us to t 310
Let his ransomed 38	Like Abram hast 636	Lord, let my hea 543
Let Jew and Gen 376	Like a mighty ar 1397	Lord, let not all 361
Let me among th 897	Like as a father 1296	Lord, let us in o 552
Let me at the thr 1275	Like lightning's f 1319	Lord, let us put 947
Let me but know 624	Like the dew, thy 166	Lord, make me u 178
Let me enter the 1008	Like the seed in 956	Lord, my sins, th 1205
Let me go, I cann 1264	List again; the l 1140	Lord, now indee 1193
Let me go where 504		



# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
Lord of all life, b 52	May we receive h 266	My lips with cour 211
Lord of all world 249	May we thy law o 664	My lips with sha 434
Lord of every lan 94	May Zion's good 1016	My longing heart 1159
Lord of glory, no 491	Meanwhile may I 804	My Lord, before t 944
Lord, on thee our 15	Meek and humbl 822	My Lord, ifindee 506
Lord, plant us al 1073	Meet again—how 953	My neighbors I w 1189
Lord, send a bea 669	Meet again when 953	My parents I wis 1189
Lord, should my 304	Me for thy comin 804	My rapturous sou 806
Lord, teach our h 12	Memorial of creat 213	My Saviour, as t 740
Lord, this bosom 96	Men die in darkn 1036	My Saviour bids 453
Lord, thou hast h 1265	Men of worldly, l 767	My Saviour is n 1356
Lord, thou hast 437	Men who are faith 1263	My Saviour, let t 650
Lord, thy comma 539	'Mid keen reproa 309	My Saviour then 1361
Lord, thy glory f 95	'Mid the darts of 838	My sin, O the bli 1373
Lord, thy sure m 100	'Mid the homes of 1051	My sister I wish 1189
Lord, till I reach 536	'Mid the ransom 1009	My Song and my 1195
Lord, 'tis not ou 1133	Might I enjoy the 25	My soul! ask wh 528
Lord, we accept, 388	Mightiest kings h 824	My soul is enkin 1185
Lord, we believe 1078	Mighty to redeem 610	My soul is strivin 1142
Lord, we thus re 1117	Mighty to save, . 1213	My soul obeys th 371
Lord, we would t 228	Mindful of thy ch 826	My soul would th 986
Lord, what can I 85	Mine is an unch 587	My sovereign Lor 344
Lord, what is lif 966	Mine to chide me 192	My times are in t 737
Lord, what is wo 86	Mine to comforti 192	My thoughts, bef 53
Lord, whence are 1265	Mine to tell of joy 192	My trusty counse 203
Lo, such the chil 647	More and more le 1029	My willing soul 238
Lo, the promise o 1334	More simple and 1127	
Lo, the scene of v 1063	Mortals, your ho 300	Nations are angr 1330
Lo, the scene of v 1256	Mount up the hig 1053	Nations wane, th 1334
Loud hallelujahs 735	Mournfully, tend 1413	Naught have we t 1085
Loud may the tro 51	Move, and actuat 1031	Near after distan 1211
Love is a golden 1014	Much forgiven, m 460	Nearer home, nea 1398
Love, rest, and h 1347	Much of my time 538	Nearer home! yes 1398
Love suffers long 686	Must I be carried 599	Nearer is my sou 856
Love, thine ima 1028	My crimes, thoug 434	Nearer is my Fathe 952
Loving Saviour t 1216	My dying Saviou 1103	Nearer my Fathe 1335
Low at his feet l 45	My ear with sacr 209	Nearer my going 952
	My Father read. . 1410	Nearer my going 1335
Make me to walk 201	My Father's hous 597	Nearer my going 1406
Make our souls as 565	My Father's hous 1295	Nearer my home, 1335
Make us all in th 483	My Father's hous 1358	Nearer thee, near 1231
Make us of one h 1027	My feeble mind s 652	Needful art thou 366
Many a soldier in 622	My feet shall trav 115	Needful is thy m 366
Many days have 582	My foe, when hu 631	Needful thy pres 366
Many giants grea 1385	My God, I cry wi 204	Ne'er let thy glor 1134
Many mighty m 1385	My God! I long, 209	Ne'er of thy lot c 738
Many the sorrow 863	My God, thy nam 739	Ne'er think the v 601
Mark but that ra 915	My grace its glor 698	Never in vain, n 1324
Marks of grace I 458	My gracious Mast 114	Never let the wor 767
Marriage supper 838	My guilt appeare 204	Never of Provide 621
Master, the terror 1392	My heart dissolv 328	Never will he th 160
Master, with ang 1392	My heart grows 472	Night falls, but s 938
May erring minds 1139	My heart is fixed 26	Night her solemn 564
May faith and h 4	My heart shall tr 219	Night soon will b 1166
May faith grow fi 1139	My heart with ra 237	Night unto night 548
May feeling hear 765	My hopes of heav 204	Nipped by the w 919
May grace each i 541	My Jesus shall be 122	No cloud those re 988
May our light be 502	My joys to thee I 1292	No I must maint 532
May the gospel's 244	My life I bring to 1292	No lack thy perfe 1128
May the great tr 258	My life I would a 555	No; let the world 657
May thy rich gra 684	My life, my blood 1034	No more a lily a 1019
May thy will, not 721	My life, my joy, 116	No more fatigue, 223
May we live in v 281	My lifted eye wi 81	No more in thoug 653

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
No more let sin a 886	Now if the law w 1302	O! could I reach 798
No more shall bo 892	Now incline me t 457	O could we make 989
No more shall ye 867	Now in heaven h 820	O day of joy and 1322
No more they mee 916	Now in this tranq 551	O depth of mercy 1270
No mortal can w 120	Now is the sowin 1267	O do not suffer h 760
No other rule by 168	Now let the trum 34	O do thou alway 584
No poverty there 425	Now let the worl 225	O enter his gates 46
Nor alms, nor de 429	Now live in peac 264	O'er a faithless, 1051
Nor ask when, ov 1057	Now, Lord, I wo 470	O'er all my daily 776
Nor bleeding bir 362	Now may the Ki 254	O'er all those wi 1360
Nor fraud nor de 425	Now may we hea 259	O faint not in th 1038
Nor let the good 691	Now met to prais 218	O Father bless t 1393
Nor let these ble 142	Now, now, throu 831	O Father come i 1127
Nor pain, nor gri 917	Now, O Lord, ful 1242	O Father deign t 1128
Nor shall thy spr 169	Now on wings of 1157	O Father, in who 932
Nor sin nor sorro 993	No words can tel 536	O Galilee, sweet 1396
Nor time, nor dis 356	Now rest, my, lon 435	O God to whom I 690
No rude alarm of 223	Now satisfied; fo 898	O fill my soul wi 448
Nor will our day 544	Now soon will sh 808	O fill thou every 154
Nor would I drop 729	Now the fight of 614	O, for a strong a 663
No slacker grows 811	Now the happy t 906	O for hearts to lo 1384
No slightest touc 987	Now the Holy Sp 1280	O for that power 401
No sorrow there s 692	Now the light of 844	O for the bliss of 835
No spot on this e 513	Now the song of 911	O for the death o 948
No strength of o 98	Now the third an 1187	O for the living f 31
No suffering, wh 745	Now the third an 789	O, for thine own, 445
Not all our groan 381	Now to our eyes 153	O for this love le 375
Not a tear-drop e 1364	Now we thank th 280	O for those humb 448
Not earth's fair p 14	Now we're safe fr 1348	O for thy fragran 1160
No temple made 360	Now while pardo 1172	Of more esteem t 203
Not far from hom 1147	Now while the gl 84	Oft beneath yout 1384
Not far, not far f 1285	Now will we bles 89	Often to Marah's 766
Not forever by st 1061	Now with joy we 44	Oft he has called 423
Not for selfish pr 1058	No ye souls who 606	Oft our services 273
Not for worlds w 1215		Oft tempests hav 808
Nothing but leav 1266		Oftimes the tem 872
Nothing good for 1192	O arm me with t 603	Oft upon life's d 1384
Nothing save Jes 632	O Beulah land! S 1361	O generous love! 329
Nothing ye in ex 399	O, bid this trifli 540	O give me, Lord, 644
Not in the name 11	O bleeding Lamb 1213	O give us hearts 308
Not life itself, w 476	O blessed hope t 918	O give us wisdo 228
Not many rich or 1019	O blessed hope! 1125	O glorious morni 942
Not many years 794	O blessed Saviou 349	O God, how exce 47
Not now on Zion 24	O blessed work f 1258	O God, let all m 548
Not so our eyes w 391	O, bless the Lord 90	O God, we praise 569
Not such a Sabb 232	O bless this sacr 1087	O guilty sinner, 423
Not the most per 185	O bless us as we, 1	O hail, happy da 1165
Not to my wish b 758	O blest assuranc 478	O happy day! th 793
Not to the fiery p 1089	O bliss for which 653	O happy day! wh 793
No tranquil joys 807	O brother, be fai 509	O happy, happy 1041
No treasures so e 208	O brother! is you 1244	O happy, happy 681
Not walls nor hil 755	O brother, whats 1262	O happy servant 810
Not what I feel o 383	O build on the R 1210	O hasten, Lord, t 222
Not yet do pilgri 352	O change these w 373	O hear his tende 1290
Not yet may vict 352	O Christ, forgive 878	O hear the faithf 787
No voice can sin 117	O Christ, thou a 1138	O hear us, then, 530
Now bending o'e 969	O Christ, thou K 338	O heavenly Dove 1209
Now comes the w 1211	O clothe their wo 1033	O heaving, swell 1286
Now destroy the 826	O come, and ma 415	O holy cross! fro 324
Now, from the th 433	O come, come aw 1166	O holy Lord! upli 319
Now he stands b 333	O come: e'er life 454	O hope of all the 1355
Now he who died 332	O come in the po 1127	O hope of every c 117
Now I am thine, 202	O, come, my Sav 806	O how benevolen 629
Now I am thine, 28	O come, thou bri 234	O how can words 77



# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
O how fatal 'tis t 1297	O may thy saint 236	Open, ye gates! 973
O how I fear thee 79	O may thy spirit 546	O pillar of fire, p 1219
O how pleasant, 860	O may we all be 818	Oppressed with g 388
O how shall we s 1337	O may we all, w 70	O raise our thou 144
O how sweet it w 1357	O may we die to 1072	Order my footste 201
O how unlike th 680	O may we gaze u 642	O righteous nati 973
O, if my soul, w 229	O may we ne'er f 356	Or he deserts us i 600
O, I shall be sati 968	O may we still m 193	Or if, on joyful w 655
O it will be but l 872	O may we tread t 974	Or worn by slow 919
O Jesus, ever wi 108	O may we treasu 1043	O sacred day of p 212
O Jesus, Friend 1050	O mercy! O merc 908	O Saviour! dear 1153
O Jesus, let me e 212	O might I hear t 76	O Saviour, help t 474
O Jesus, Lord of 27	O my joyful song 1220	O Saviour, in thi 579
O Jesus, my love 1323	O my soul! and s 1115	O send thy light 186
O Jesus, my Red 1195	On a wild and st 1194	O send thy Spiri 201
O Jesus, my Sav 864	Once a sinner, n 532	O send us thy Sp 255
O Jesus, my Sav 511	Once did the ski 284	O shouldst thou f 463
O Jesus, thou ar 416	Once his voice, i 820	O shun the world 636
O joyful day, wh 883	Once on the ragi 365	O sinners, the he 1274
O joy, O delight, 1318	Once they were 995	O slight not the 424
O kingdom of res 1351	Once was he offe 343	O soldiers in the 595
O King of mercy! 890	On Christ, the so 666	O solemn though 214
O Lamb of God, 188	O near to the Ro 1207	O sometimes how 1207
O lead me to the 764	One day nearer s 1398	O Son of God, ex 250
O leave it all wit 1222	One day within t 238	O stand not idly 1253
O lend us the po 1124	One more day's w 1258	O sweet abode of 977
O let me ever he 122	One only hope I 403	O sweet and bles 998
O let me think h 304	One word from t 1121	O sweet and bles 999
O let them sprea 1042	On him with rap 679	O sweetest hour o 1237
O let the same p 547	On him the weig 368	O teach us, as w 179
O let these earth 225	Only thee conten 720	O tears, and sin, 870
O let thy fear wi 758	Only thee, only t 1215	O, tell me, Lord, 703
O let thy grace i 85	Only waiting till 1327	O tell me the pla 779
O let thy love m 321	On me thy pro <sup>vi</sup> 73	O tell of his migh 97
O let thy rising b 557	O no! till life itse 103	O that an angel's 198
O let thy spirit t 570	On the banks of o 1154	O that beautiful 1205
O let us help rep 217	On thee alone m 110	O that bright w 1001
O let us seek for 182	On thee alone ou 2	O that each from 510
O let us still pro 1041	On thee, on thee 1086	O that each in th 510
O like the sun m 539	On thee we fling 718	O that home of t 1357
O list the glad vo 1209	On thee we hum 1042	O that in me the 578
O long-expected 223	On the jasper thr 1364	O that it now fro 578
O look with pity 761	On the lone mou 530	O that men woul 38
O Lord, accept t 950	On the margin of 1362	O that our heart 1041
O Lord and Mast 312	On the wings of h 469	O that our thoug 215
O Lord Jesus, ho 1318	On this benighte 585	O that with yond 111
O Lord, regard t 983	On thy dear Son 1183	O that with yond 1229
O lovely attitude 393	On thy word our 162	O the anguish of 407
O make them lov 549	On us he spent h 447	O the depth of lo 1192
O make thy chur 195	Onward! Christi 1397	O the height of Je 489
O may all enjoy t 157	Onward, bark! th 1348	O then aloud, in j 20
O may I ever kee 839	Onward marchin 1246	O then arise and 367
O may I learn th 603	Onward speed th 1060	O then lift him u 1252
O may I, Lord, d 731	Onward then! no 849	O then, my soul, 738
O may I soon be 839	Onward, then, y 614	O then, on faith's 669
O may my soul w 191	Onward then ye 1397	O then repent, er 880
O may my spirit 106	Onward we go, f 1212	O then that thy 210
O may our arden 21	On wheels of lig 286	O then to the Ro 1207
O may our symp 670	On wings of love 670	O the rapture of 1332
O may our willin 443	O, on that day, t 877	O there'll be glor 1174
O may the infue 258	Open now the cr 773	O there the loved 1171
O may the prosp 988	Open now the cr 1218	O the rich depth 119
O may these hea 175	Open the hearts 149	Other refuge hav 770
O may these tho 53	Open the window 1223	Other refuge hav 1225
O may thy know 1049		

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.		No.		No.	
O the sunlight, b	1216	O what are all m	984	Proclaim him Ki	63
O the sweet won	107	O what a scene w	325	Promised, pledge	164
O think what vas	401	O what is life? 't	966	Prophets have sp	873
O thou bright Ki	1100	O what is tribula	870	Prostrate I'll lie	398
O thou God of al	1379	O what needless	1208	Protect me from t	756
O thou great God	573	O when his wisd	62	Pure is the land	990
O thou heir of he	711	O when shall tha	559	Put all the armor	602
O thou long-expe	856	O where is this m	400	Put all thy beaut	1012
O thou, my Savi	698	O who like thee,	302		
O to be brought t	728	O who's like my	511		
O to grace how g	503	O who would bea	705	Raised on devoti	61
O trust in self no	1278	O why is thine a	1213	Raise the temper	1389
O 'twere hard th	1200	O wisest love! th	329	Redeemed, and s	1203
O 'twill be joy, b	622	O wondrous lam	168	Redeemed, redee	1203
O 'twill be parad	1001	O wondrous Lord	302	Refining fire, go	578
Our aim is vigila	1387	O wondrous powe	357	Rejoice in hope a	709
Our arms are we	1366	O work in earne	1253	Rejoice when care	709
Our compass is t	1170	O wretched state	889	Relief alone is fo	381
Our contrite spir	577	O write thy word	224	Religion bears ou	628
Our dearest joys,	650	O ye weary, sad,	1352	Remember, Lord	140
Our early days of	1394			Remember only t	1308
Our eyes shall th	836	Pain or sickness	1002	Remember thee a	1104
Our Father, God	914	Paschal Lamb, b	358	Renew each sacr	1102
Our faith adores	1097	Pass me not, O g	495	Renouncing ever	626
Our faith, and lo	185	Pass me not, O H	495	Rest for my soul	431
Our flesh and sen	628	Peace be within	1137	Rest for the feve	946
Our glad hosann	894	Peaceful be thy s	960	Rest is sweet to p	1200
Our God shall wi	1233	Peaceful the voy	1206	Restraining pra	515
Our great Exam	1102	Peace is on the w	564	Return, O Holy	581
Our hearts, if Go	582	Peace on earth, g	296	Return, O wande	395
Our heavenly Fa	1018	Peace to our bret	267	Revive our droop	151
Our heavenly Fa	167	Peace to thy boso	1413	Revive us again;	1191
Our humble grat	1	Perhaps he will a	398	Ring it out.....	1380
Our life as a drea	510	Permit them to a	1075	Ring the bells in	1380
Our lives throug	78	Pilgrims, on! th	848	Rich promise to a	865
Our Lord and Sa	1106	Pilgrims, on! w	848	Rise from thesee	1076
Our midnight is	52	Pillar of fire thro	187	Rise, Lord, and h	583
Our mourning is	505	Place on the Lord	612	Rise, rise thou g	819
Our only care an	253	Plant thy heave	826	Rise, touched wi	393
Our prison is thi	813	Pleased with the	440	Riven the rock fo	766
Our quickened so	369	Plenteous grace w	1225	Rivers are glidin	620
Our restless spiri	108	Plenteous grace w	770	Rivers to the oce	837
Our rising passio	173	Poor sinner, I wis	1189	Rocks and storms	1348
Our Saviour did	252	Poor sinners are	1188	Roll along then s	1341
Our sins were lai	1111	Poor though I am	697	Round each habi	1007
Our songs of pra	1141	Praise him ye wh	40	Rouse then soldi	1379
Our sorrows and	327	Praise, my soul,	96	Rule thou in eve	1221
Our souls are in	757	Praises for thy lo	37		
Our souls—on the	463	Praise the Fount	278	Sad, sad, the rea	1267
Our sun is sinki	560	Praise the God of	42	Sad to his toil he	1046
Ours to sow the s	1061	Praise the Lord, f	42	Safe am I if thou	1198
Our works as filt	791	Prayer is the bur	525	Safe in thy sanct	745
Over sea and lan	1389	Prayer is the sim	525	Safe with the ran	800
Over the heart of	1346	Prayer makes the	515	Sages, leave your	297
Over there, over	1356	Pray for help, Ch	1263	Saint after saint	815
O voice of mercy	430	Preserved by wo	182	Saints, before th	297
O wake thy slumb	833	Press on never d	1240	Saints lift your h	881
O wait, meekly w	1196	Press onward, th	1270	Saints on earth l	841
O watch, and fig	601	Prevent, prevent	897	Salvation! let th	439
O watch and pra	1254	Prevent us, lest	261	Sanctify us, Lord	483
O we long to be t	1153	Priceless love an	1297	Save from our m	1277
O we see the glea	1336	Prince of life! to	491	Save us in the pr	767
O what a blessed	679	Prisoners of hope	550	Saviour, at thy f	721
O what a joyful	757				

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No.	No.	No.
Saviour, hasten t 132	Should all the fo 170	Soon from us the 563
Saviour! I long 766	Should coming d 496	Soon He comes! 844
Saviour, let thy 135	Should earth aga 1232	Soon He who one 332
Saviour, may our 564	Should I, to gain 657	Soon, on a cloud 1054
Saviour, may th 276	Should my tears 1114	Soon shall end th 1242
Saviour, of souls, 649	Should persecuti 695	Soon shall my ey 786
Saviour parted fr 340	Should swift dea 566	Soon shall ocean 821
Saviour, Saviour 1275	Shout with the v 1328	Soon shall our d 736
Saviour, we wea 1261	Shout, ye little fl 482	Soon shall the ni 1110
Say, shall we yie 298	Show me what I 531	Soon shall the tr 946
Say, sisters, will 1180	Show us some tok 9	Soon shall we hea 266
Seal of truth and 164	Shun evil compa 1382	Soon shall we see 129
Searching the Sc 1306	Signs in nature o 830	Soon shall we m 270
Searcher of heart 453	Signs in the sun 1333	Soon shall we m 1376
Search for us the 166	Since by the law 1302	Soon the awful t 1297
Seasons and mon 69	Since from his b 120	Soon the Saviour 407
Season of rest! t 544	Since I can say t 102	Soon to that city 715
Securely hid from 632	Since I, who was 815	Soon we'll reach 1362
See, at thy throne 585	Since nothing go 1193	Soon we pass this 1367
See, from his hea 315	Since thou art ou 113	Soon will he rule 886
See, he lifts his h 340	Sing, all ye rans 27	Soon will my pilg 231
See him bear the 333	Sing, O sing, ye 1002	Son of God in ma 295
Seeking earth's p 1276	Sing the Son's a 480	So pilgrims on th 476
Seek we, then, th 1066	Sing we then ete 480	So shall his prese 582
Seek yemy face! 477	Sing we, then, in 1026	So shall my walk 581
See me, Saviour 590	Sing we, too, the 480	So shall that cur 887
See redemption, 911	Sinner, dost thou 880	So shall you shar 1044
See slumbering m 1174	Sinners, come, w 1334	So, though our 'p 709
See, the banner 1157	Sinners whose lo 111	Souls, for the ma 659
See, the dead ris 1004	Sinners whose lo 1229	Soul, then know t 499
See the earth in t 1157	Sinners, wrung w 297	Sound forth the 1333
See, the heaven i 340	Sin's deceitfulne 591	Sound it for the h 1245
See, the Lord ap 904	Sister, then we h 961	Sound it in the h 1245
See the Lord in g 903	Slain in the guilt 470	Sound it loud ov 1245
See the righteous 906	Slain to redeem 104	Sound it, old oce 1330
See the sign in h 1157	Sleep, dear sister 958	Sorrow and fear 690
See the signs ful 1152	Smile on my mo 547	Sorrowful mourn 1376
See the streams o 1007	So blooms the hu 919	So when earthly 1311
See where rebelli 594	So come with yo 1248	So when in silen 694
Send some messa 15	So every heaven- 699	Sowing good seed 1259
Send us thine illu 163	So fast eternity c 553	Sowing in tears t 1259
Serene I lay me d 555	Soft descend the 1063	Sowing in the su 1249
Set the prize befo 711	Soft descend the 1256	Sowing the seed 1250
Shake off the ban 1011	Softest voices, si 1364	Sown in the dark 1250
Shake off the dus 1011	Softly within tha 972	Sow thy seed, be 1063
Shall God invite 391	So have ye buried 1413	Sow thy seed, be 1256
Shall guilty fears 585	So Jesus looked o 670	Sow to the Spirit 1259
Shall I send him 1294	So Jesus slept; G 917	Speak gently; 't 687
Shall I to soothe 625	Sole self-existing 60	Speak gently to t 687
Shall they hosan 387	So let us labor on 1261	Speak thy pardo 159
Shall we be of the 1278	So long thy powe 777	Speak to my war 750
Shall we hear fro 1320	So may the vain, 1018	Speed thy comin 822
Shall we hear the 1345	So may the words 206	Spirit divine, at 146
Shall we heed the 1345	Some build on th 1210	Spirit of grace, O 227
Shall we know ea 1352	Some other hand 1393	Stand by the law 1302
Shall we meet in 1368	Sometimes a floo 1239	Stand firm, faint 1363
Shall we meet, sh 1368	Sometimes a sha 1239	Stand for the rig 1311
Shall we meet wi 1368	Sometimes 'mid s 749	Stand like men! 1247
Shall we stand a 1343	Some will betray 1123	Stand like the br 1240
Shall we thy life 327	Son of God, in m 295	Stand up; stand 611
Sheaves after so 1211	Soon as the even 68	Startled shepher 295
Shepherds in the 297	Soon as the morn 583	Stay not, O stay 866
Short death and 972	Soon as we draw 362	Steadfast then, i 1058
		Still faithful to o 811

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No.		No.		No.	
Still let the barr	66	Teach us to know	569	The day of reapp	972
Still, O Lord, our	1028	Tell how he come	300	The days of my e	1177
Still onward urge	124	Tell me not of ga	1030	The dead in Chri	910
Still restless nat	59	Tell of his wondr	76	The dearest idol	581
Still, still, rest o	831	Tell, O tell us, ar	854	The deepest reve	29
Still the Spirit li	564	Tempt not my so	656	The dew of heave	80
Still through the	291	Ten are its prece	1302	The dictates of t	54
Still we wait for	850	Ten thousand th	77	The din of war m	1375
Strange we never	1395	Ten thousand wo	649	The dust of time	168
Stripped of each	690	Thankful I take t	750	The dying thief r	1107
Strive we, in affe	1026	Thanks for merc	567	The earth shall q	899
Strong to meet th	1379	Thanks we give,	283	The earth shall s	441
Strong were thy	1005	That bears unmo	677	The evening clou	926
Stupendous scen	898	That eye is fixed	520	The evil of my f	446
Subdue the powe	145	That gate ajar st	1270	The eye that roll	303
Such a joy may	1115	That heavenly in	142	The faith of Jesu	217
Such is the Chris	915	That he, the Hig	1113	The faith that wo	689
Such was our Lo	311	That hope the so	673	The Father hear	359
Suffer no more to	652	That law shall st	213	The fearful soul	361
Sun of our life, t	52	That man may la	634	The feeling heart	7
Sun, moon and s	82	That peace whic	727	The fell disease o	761
Sun, moon and s	169	That power is pr	520	The fields are all	1248
Supported by his	152	That power we tr	67	The first bold ap	1155
Supremely good	763	That precious we	177	The first with thi	1338
Sure as thy truth	1021	That rich atonin	528	The fitful starlig	334
Sure I must fight	599	That sacred stre	51	The flowery spri	69
Surely thou cans	1183	That spirit whic	140	The friends I lov	624
Sweet as home to	413	That sweet comf	469	The gift which h	1017
Sweet be thy rest	970	That tender hear	311	The glorious sky,	80
Sweet bonds that	1177	That thou for us	188	The glory, the gl	908
Sweet book! in t	171	That unchangea	1357	The God of glory	982
Sweet day of rest	237	That voice from	688	The gospel shine	983
Sweet day! thine	231	That we may thu	223	The gospel summ	1336
Sweetest note in	1281	That will be a ha	1180	The grace of Chr	268
Sweet hour of pr	518	That will not mu	677	The graves of all	935
Sweet, in the con	701	The angels leave	287	The graves will b	853
Sweet is the day	219	The answering h	292	The grave yields	888
Sweet is thy spee	115	The arrow is flow	510	The half has nev	1350
Sweetly each, wi	1028	The atonement o	1103	The hand that ga	180
Sweetly may we	1031	The barren rocks	352	The healing of th	312
Sweet name, dear	1228	The battle once o	1202	The heavenly ba	288
Sweet on his faith	701	The battle's almo	602	The heavenly ho	220
Sweet on this da	239	The battle soon	604	The heaven wher	646
Sweet promise of	1363	The birds, witho	93	The high and lo	979
Sweet the time, e	480	The blessings of	550	The highest plac	121
Swell loud the gl	1165	The Bridegroom	853	The hill of zion y	30
Swift on the wing	794	The brightest thi	650	The hopes that h	174
Swift through th	289	The burdened he	377	The hour has co	1123
Swift to its close	568	The calm retreat	523	The humble supp	524
Swift to my rescu	652	The cause of thy	1240	Their bodies in t	948
		The chosen three	334	Their daily want	693
		The church from	195	Their hatred and	929
Take his easy yo	413	The cities of yore	1366	Their streaming	1013
Take Jesus for th	1254	The city bright s	1331	Their works of pi	177
Take me as I am	1272	The cleansing st	1235	The Jewish pries	355
Take, then, O Lo	575	The clouds whic	7	The joy of all wh	121
Take to thee thy	826	The counsels of r	181	The Judgment! t	908
Take up thy cry	389	The coward peer	809	The kingdom tha	741
Teach all the nat	1032	The creature of t	85	The King himsel	238
Teach me this fle	543	The crowd of car	681	The King of that	1010
Teach me to live	528	The daily minist	345	The last call of m	424
Teach them to so	1033	The darkness of	446	The law of the F	1338
Teach us in ever	736	The day approac	893	The least and fee	759
Teach us, O Lord	634	The day of mercy	403	The lesson taugh	1227



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	No.		No.		No.
The light of smil	691	Then let our hum	351	Then with thee m	501
The light of truth	1095	Then let our pow	1111	Then you shall c	423
The living saints	916	Then let our son	30	The patient soul,	640
The long-appoint	789	Then let the fear	809	The pity of the L	88
The Lord beheld	522	Then let the hope	926	The plague, and	874
The Lord builds	63	Then let the hur	1365	The precious jew	102
The Lord in Zion	1399	Then let the last	935	The present we s	401
The Lord is beco	784	Then let these fl	934	The pride we hav	1124
The Lord is comi	885	Then let the visi	573	The purchase of t	1112
The Lord is comi	879	Then let this hop	918	There all, both s	951
The Lord is comi	882	Then let us be w	1320	There all our grie	987
The Lord is King	62	Then let us earn	529	There all the fru	983
The Lord is my l	1197	Then let us hope	682	There angel hosts	994
The Lord is our S	784	Then let us lawf	757	There are sandy	768
The Lord, our Sa	885	Then let us open	33	There as we gaze	642
The Lord will co	884	Then let us rally	1333	There at my Sav	485
The Lord will pr	1202	Then let us sit b	320	There by his Fa	1076
The love, and th	861	Then linger not i	394	There earthly tro	951
The love of Chris	1034	Then, mourning	692	There endless sp	1163
The Master is co	1338	Then mourn we n	967	There every sight	870
The men that lov	546	Then, my soul, i	533	There faith lifts	945
The midnight de	1298	Then, O Lord of	282	There for me the	457
The mighty Conq	937	Then, O my soul,	726	There fragrant fl	945
The mighty For	119	Then on let us pr	1185	There, generous	991
The mighty God	593	Then praise to Je	1106	There his triump	336
Themore I trium	646	Then ransomed t	948	There, if thy spir	523
The mossy old gr	1169	Then rouse thee,	1054	There in a nobler	1107
The mountains i	1133	Then save me fro	470	There in the tabe	207
The mountains i	384	Then scatter see	1395	There is a cheer	688
The power of int	484	Then shall I see a	219	There is a dark a	700
Then all the scoff	624	Then shall I see t	937	There is a day of	691
Then, as we wou	199	Then shall it blo	1331	There is a great	363
Then be his path	13	Then shall new l	556	There is a gulf t	700
Then, being hon	1310	Then shall our h	9	There is a homef	945
Then blessed be	728	Then shall the L	892	There is a home o	488
Thence he arose,	935	Then shall wars	824	There is a land,	1003
Then come, no m	1274	Then, should the	663	There is a lovely	688
Then come to Ch	1214	Then sing of the	1366	There is an arm	520
Then come while	1278	Then softly from	1394	There is a place	514
Then come with	1141	Then tell the old	1312	There is a scene	514
Then entering th	1019	Then the earth w	1158	There is a stream	51
Then, fail this ea	805	Then the glory to	902	There is a world	957
Then Father, the	658	Then the hope of	1343	There is no secret	702
Then fear not, y	867	Then though tho	731	There is rest yon	1367
Then felt my sou	204	Then thro' eterni	103	There is the city	620
Then give, dear	725	Then to that wor	270	There is the hom	1346
Then hail ! blesse	1181	Then to thy cour	540	There is the thro	998
Then hail the gla	251	Then to thy task	1253	There is welcome	93
Then hail ! thou s	227	Then, waiting br	795	There Jesus Chri	1001
Then help me to	724	Then weigh thys	896	There joys unsee	669
Then he talks of	1184	Then we will wai	800	There let the way	655
Then if thou thy	272	Then whate'er th	1198	There'll be no so	985
Then in clear da	305	Then what my th	929	There life's unfa	1001
Then in the glori	1325	Then, when amo	1077	There, like an E	714
Then in the glori	200	Then, when our	137	There living wat	993
Then is my stren	536	Then, when the	823	There must a Me	348
Then kneel at m	1227	Then when the g	1045	The reproach of	661
Then learn of hi	326	Then who would	1020	There, says the S	473
Then learn to sco	1047	Then will he own	637	There shall each	266
Then leave me n	477	Then will I take	1226	There shall I ba	1232
Then leave us no	803	Then will I tell t	436	There shall no d	719
Then let each est	1024	Then, with angel	17	There shall saint	271
Then let good wo	852	Then, with my w	655	There's light for	1321
Then let my faith	944	Then with our sp	145		

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
There's no other 1228	The trumpet sou 816	This hope cheers 513
There's not a pla 83	The trumpet sou 885	This is just why I 1239
There's no time f 1241	The types and fig 318	This is my blood 1123
There's room for 1286	The veil is rent, 318	This is my body 1098
There's the city t 1150	The vineyard of 1041	This is my Son, J 1092
There sweeps no 978	The want of sight 662	This is the grace 674
There the glorion 340	The watchmen jo 1040	This is the hidde 109
There the glory i 1150	The waters are t 1284	This is the way I 436
There the Lamb, 846	The ways of reli 1155	This lamp, throu 176
There the Lamb, 1367	The way the holy 436	This life to toil is 1057
There, there on a 514	The weak be stro 979	This precious tru 70
There those loved 1336	The whole creati 888	This sleeping dus 934
There we'll meet 1169	The winds and th 1392	This weary life w 925
There we shall se 87	The winds breat 938	This will I do for 1226
There, we with a 869	The wings of eve 22	This will proclai 631
There, with thy b 462	The work is begu 1337	This world can n 380
The righteous de 1331	The works of God 80	This world of car 618
The rolling sun, t 169	The world, arran 232	Those bodies that 939
The Sabbath day 252	The world's desi 812	Those who made 913
The Sabbath to t 251	The world shut o 109	Thou art a port p 246
The saints of God 895	The world was r 1236	Thou art gone to 971
The saints, then i 853	They are saved f 1157	Thou art my ever 115
The same dear fr 1286	They bid him loo 1184	Thou art my Ho 1195
The Saviour bids 801	They catch the s 1285	Thou art my Pilo 785
The Saviour, pro 912	They closed the 1145	Thou art my refu 449
The Saviour will 427	They die in Jesus 943	Thou art our Mak 233
These, and every 588	They of My fulln 644	Thou art the glor 102
These are the sw 229	They're in the da 1285	Thou art the Life 168
The second this 1338	They saw him on 126	Thou art the Life 370
These, though w 45	They saw the sta 995	Thou art the Mig 36
These through fi 997	They say green fi 1010	Thou art the refu 724
These, to the pilg 1333	They see the Sav 974	Thou art the Tru 370
These walls we t 1131	They shall drink 1304	Thou art the Wa 370
The shield of fai 487	They shall find r 392	Thou awful Judg 891
The shout is hea 972	They shall gain t 1304	Thou bearest the 463
The signs that s 1325	They shall shine 1363	Thou callest met 526
The solemn mom 349	They stand, thos 998	Thou canst fit me 465
The songsters in 1145	They tell the triu 379	Thou canst not t 1045
The Son of God a 252	They will carry t 1188	Thou canst save 1231
The Son of God i 456	They with joy m 1303	Thou comest in t 284
The soul by faith 690	The zephyrs then 1361	Thou didst mark 1094
The soul once bo 1152	Thine armor is d 604	Thou dying Lam 1107
The soul that on 781	Thine earthly Sa 223	Though cast dow 959
The sovereign wi 869	Thine forever! L 723	Though clouds m 782
The Spirit and B 426	Thine forever! Sa 723	Though dark are 1154
The Spirit breat 180	Thine image, Lo 528	Though desolatio 805
The Spirit calls t 414	Thine inward te 138	Though destructi 566
The Spirit, like s 369	Thine inward wi 150	Though faith ma 931
The Spirit wroug 438	Thine utmost me 586	Though high abo 31
The sprinkled bl 357	Think how kind, 712	Though hope see 931
The statutes of t 203	Think it not a sk 1381	Though I have gr 574
The stranger's e 1412	Think of Calvary 711	Though I have o 1215
The summer's su 1145	Think of the won 1282	Though I lavish 685
The sun is up, th 1170	This awful God i 87	Though I meet w 494
The sweetest son 921	This blessed hope 799	Though in paths 752
The terror and t 594	This day, which 228	Though I should 873
The testimonies o 202	This earth, with 885	Though like a wa 655
The thanks I owe 523	This faith shall e 671	Though lions roa 662
The third messa 1338	This glorious ho 1022	Though long the 718
The thorn and th 512	This heavenly ca 215	Though many fo 678
The threatening 374	This holy day Je 221	Though my heart 1220
The time draws n 895	This holy day let 551	Though nature w 936
The trumpet long 909	This holy rest to 217	Though now uns 678



# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
Though numerou 110	Through the mid 605	Thy tokens we w 874
Though rocks an 785	Through the val 783	Thy truth uncha 108
Though Satan sh 1373	Through tribulat 974	Thy voice ordain 59
Though snares a 665	Through whatsoe 724	Thy walls are all 981
Though sorrows 921	Thou truest frien 1410	Thy waves which 1396
Though the night 566	Thrust in your s 1053	Thy way is best, 930
Though the road 494	Thus do these wi 1071	Thy willing serv 654
Though the way 1008	Thus drawn near 241	Thy will was in t 1128
Though thou lea 494	Thus dust to dus 930	Thy word is ever 183
Though thouan 852	Thus God descen 1083	Thy word is rich 196
Though to-day w 959	Thus if the night 538	Thy word I've hi 209
Though to Jorda 494	Thus I searched; 1313	Thy word, O God 189
Though vine nor 742	Thus living with 1320	Thy work alone, 383
Though we are g 257	Thus may the Sa 235	Thy work is done 970
Though we hear 274	Thus may thy wo 184	Till of the gloriou 799
Though you have 467	Thus may we abi 279	Till then I would 118
Though you may 1309	Thus may we eac 135	Till then, nor is 101
Thou givest me t 764	Thus might I hid 322	Till then thy ser 29
Thou God of love 141	Thus onward stil 811	Till we leave this 277
Thou hallowed s 235	Thus shall they g 944	Time has nearly 825
Thou hast bought 721	Thus shall we be 628	Time's dark tide 965
Thou hast helped 532	Thus spake the s 288	'Tis a chart that 194
Thou hast promi 775	Thus, strong in 592	'Tis a fountain e 194
Thou Holy God p 29	Thus through the 1081	'Tis a heaven be 469
Thou knowest, L 449	Thus to the Lord 746	'Tis a pearl of pr 194
Thou Man of grie 726	Thus when eveni 774	'Tis but a little 817
Thou my one thi 459	Thus will the ch 1023	'Tis but in part I 72
Thou O Christ ar 770	Thus will my wa 804	'Tis by the death 374
Thou O Christ ar 1225	Thus would I live 109	'Tis done, the gre 435
Thou our Saviou 610	Thus would I pro 1223	'Tis done, the pre 323
Thousands are tr 1309	Thus would my r 555	'Tis faith that po 377
Thousands have 1313	Thy blessed pro 1109	'Tis finished! all 318
Thousands have 1301	Thy body, broke 1104	'Tis God's all-a 598
Thousands on th 1299	Thy bountiful ca 97	'Tis he adorned 438
Thousands voices 410	Thy bounty ever 82	'Tis he forgives 90
Thou shalt range 1151	Thy chosen temp 227	'Tis he supports 548
Thou shalt see m 587	Thy counsels all 191	'Tis he that work 152
Thou spreadest t 545	Thy faith is wea 695	'Tis Jesus' blood 378
Thou strictly ha 210	Thy foes might h 308	'Tis joy to think 1020
Thou the Spring 1275	Thy garden and 981	'Tis like a field w 189
Thou treadest on 594	Thy glorious eye 626	'Tis like the sun 183
Thou who didst c 156	Thy God, insulte 403	'Tis mercy, merc 445
Thou who hast gi 80	Thy grace first m 446	'Tis midnight, an 314
Thou who hast tr 702	Thy grace, O God 387	'Tis not for prese 2
Thou, whose all- 563	Thy grace with g 947	'Tis not to seek t 551
Thou, whose al- 156	Thy kingdom co 975	'Tis only in the 786
Thou wilt redeem 265	Thy Lord, before 941	'Tis ours to sow t 657
Thou wilt sleep, 961	Thy love a rich r 1038	'Tis pleasant as t 1015
Thrice blessed, b 1143	Thy love so full, 580	'Tis prayer supp 516
Thrice blest is he 1047	Thy love the pow 81	'Tis sin, alas! wi 575
Thrice hail, happ 1165	Thy needful help 717	'Tis the glad ant 1328
Thrice happy mo 816	Thy nature; gra 645	'Tis the hope tha 1228
Thrice holy! thi 49	Thy name salvat 11	'Tis there all the 1006
Through ages ye 1396	Thy noblest won 169	'Tis there, with t 498
Through all eter 77	Thy power is in t 75	'Tis thine the pa 373
Through all the 573	Thy power uneq 60	'Tis thine to clea 151
Through changes 267	Thy precepts ma 183	'Tis thine to soo 145
Through Christ, 380	Thy righteous w 916	'Tis to my Savio 627
Through faith we 798	Thy saints in all 599	'Tis vain within 1
Through heaven 909	Thy sceptre well 976	To David's glori 912
Through many d 441	Thy sinless mind 630	To-day, as then, 1269
Through paths of 303	Thy teachings m 153	To-day attend hi 32
Through the dese 131	Thy tender heart 377	To-day shall Chr 292
	Thy throne etern 78	To-day the Savio 414

# FIRST LINES OF STANZAS.

No.	No.	No.
To each the soul 1013	Turn, turn us mi 386	We are traveling 482
To each thy sacr 6	Turn us with gen 154	Weary, helpless, 1194
Together let us s 760	'Twas a heathen 1311	Weary of wander 807
Together let us w 1141	'Twas all that I 1293	Weary pilgrim, l 1151
Together oft they 1013	'Twas by watch 615	We ask not, Fath 727
Together to their 895	'Twas Christ, t 1096	We bless thy nam 213
To heaven, the p 120	'Twas grace that 441	We bring them, L 1075
To him, enthron 104	'Twas sown in w 946	We dream of rest 1366
To him I owe my 120		Weep not as thos 918
To him that o'er 1382	Unchangeable, a 55	Weep, O my soul 878
To him who reig 112	Undaunted to th 592	We exalt thee, w 295
To him who suffe 104	Unnumbered com 77	We feel the adve 1175
Toiling early in t 1058	Until, released fr 642	We feel the resur 679
Toil on, faint not 1036	Until the trump 1125	We fight not agai 602
Toil on, nor dee 1196	Unto the hopes b 704	We follow thee, o 799
To Jesus Christ I 807	Unto us a child i 294	We hail thy brig 1165
To meditate thy 211	Unworthy we cry 1209	We have a house 947
To me has been b 1271	Up and ever at o 1058	We have found t 854
To my enlighten 138	Up and take thy 605	We have heard o 1010
Tones of thunder 838	Uphold us with t 550	We have nothing 1365
Too soon we rise 1122	Upon the battle-fi 530	We have not rea 560
To others let me 631	Up to the hills w 546	We have one hop 1099
To our benighted 148	Upward still to p 768	We hear the voic 933
To our bountiful 1353	Us into thy prote 760	We humbly bese 1209
To pray and wait 818		Weighed in the b 1345
To shelter the di 406	Vain are all the 133	We join to sing t 247
To songs of prais 239	Vainer still the h 1066	We laid them do 815
To speak our doo 896	Vain, sinful man 10	We laugh to scor 760
To spread the ra 309	Vain the stone, t 342	Welcome and pre 229
Tossed on time's 862	Vainly we offer e 298	Welcome, welco 240
To that bright, b 624	Vainly with rock 338	Welcome, welco 1313
To that cross I c 1208	Vessels of mercy 1011	Well may you ha 865
To thee I tell my 734		Well might the h 443
To thee my trem 116	Waiting and wat 1323	Well might the s 322
To thee shall age 24	Waiting for a bri 1327	Well pleased the 440
To thee we gladi 1072	Waiting, hoping, 1340	Well, the delight 123
To thee we now c 260	Waiting, waiting 1341	We'll bear the co 1173
To the Lord their 38	Wait, then, my s 48	We'll build on th 1210
To them the cross 121	Walk in the ligh 635	We'll crowd thy 19
To them the priv 693	Wan reaper in th 1057	We'll gird our loi 496
To thy benign, i 49	Wash me, and m 1103	We'll gladly exch 1171
To thy sure love, 54	Was it for crimes 322	We'll live in ten 1262
Touched by the q 454	Wasting all your 1276	We'll meet them 1355
Touched with a s 351	Watch and pray, 1255	We'll range the 492
Touch with thy 584	Watch for thou t 615	We'll tarry by th 1214
To us, O Lord, th 56	Watchman, see t 842	We'll trust thee a 1219
To us remains, n 1039	Watchman, tell u 828	We'll watch and 1321
To us the light of 136	Watchmen, hail 842	We'll watch unto 1339
To waste these S 561	Watch, 'tis your 810	We live, we die: 932
To watch and pr 137	Water, pure wat 1378	We long to hear t 802
To what a stubb 386	Water the sacred 1043	We long to hear t 815
To you, in David 288	Water with heav 149	We long to meet 8
Tread in his step 1090	We accept of thy 1231	We love thy nam 1080
Trespases in wo 460	Weak as I am, y 698	We love to sing a 497
Trials make the 713	Weak as you are 678	We may sleep, b 963
Trials must and 713	Weak is the effor 118	We meet at thy c 473
True 'tis a straig 593	Weak though we 353	We meet the grac 11
Truly blessed is 534	Weak, unworthy 1116	We offer thee the 761
Trusting only in 1275	We are going ho 1006	We patient pray, 791
Trust in him who 1246	We are in the ti 843	We praise thee fo 263
Truth! how sacr 277	We are sinful; c 166	We praise thee, O 1191
Truth! O trusty 606	We are thine, do 775	We praise thee, o 255
Turn to the Lord 1308		Were half the bre 515

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No.		No.		No.	
Were not the ten	199	When all I am I	109	When that illust	599
Were these tried	995	When all the po	208	When the amaze	338
Were the whole r	315	When at last I ne	769	When the angel	1329
We rise with him	1084	When black the	700	When the apostl	769
We seek the trut	4	When by afflictio	807	When the Archa	1343
We shall all with	1158	When by earth's	710	When the Chief	259
We shall greet th	1332	When chilling de	748	When the Conqu	1167
We shall have a	1158	When danger ho	1219	When the evil se	1288
We shall join the	1374	When darkness s	666	When the foe's d	1167
We shall know a	1354	When doubts dis	65	When the golden	1329
We shall meet hi	904	When drooping p	718	When the holy a	1352
We shall meet to	1374	When, each can f	1014	When the King c	1319
We shall meet w	1371	When earth looks	1291	When the loud la	1343
We shall see him	1158	Whene'er becalm	785	When the mists	1354
We shall see the	1374	Whene'er I feel t	325	When the morn o	958
We shall sing on	1353	Whene'er the an	629	When the pangs	313
We shall sing so	1374	Whene'er to call	143	When the sky ab	772
We share our mu	1022	When fainting u	325	When the solemn	905
We sink beneath	1080	When first before	708	When the storm i	772
We soon shall se	799	When first to the	1217	When the sun of	130
We speak of its f	505	When free from e	1014	When the trump	1167
We take the brea	1110	When gladness w	81	When the weary	827
We taste thee, O	108	When God is ml	350	When the woes o	130
We tell him all o	89	When God's own	170	When the world i	1167
We thank thee fo	224	When grace has	219	When thou come	1324
We trust thy sac	1086	When he applies	447	When through fie	781
We've met in lov	474	When he comes,	820	When thy soul is	772
We've no abiding	977	When here, O Lo	1135	When toiling in	710
We wait to see ou	802	When here thy m	1135	When tossed upo	992
We want the trut	199	When I appear in	122	When to the cros	1104
We who were all	1105	When in his ear	113	When trouble, li	110
We will all go out	1326	When I review m	385	When weary with	1214
We will rest in t	1360	When I tread the	773	When we asunde	1022
We will tell the p	1175	When I tread the	1218	When we behold	319
We will trust thy	280	When Jesus bids	936	When we disclos	577
What a gatherin	1329	When Jesus has	1271	When we see a p	963
What do we here	8	When life sinks a	98	When we think h	1024
Whate'er events	732	When love, in on	1014	When will the tr	889
Whate'er in me	442	When mid-day's	517	Where all our toi	1041
Whate'er pursuit	626	When Moses stoo	515	Where all things	559
Whatever fills the	874	When most I feel	1237	Where are the br	1234
Whatever thy da	1240	When my dim re	65	Where are the re	1248
What glory then	682	When my pilgri	1114	Where'er I turn	73
What is it keeps	453	When night is da	776	Where'er the wo	190
What is my bein	627	When not e'en fr	696	Wherever he ma	743
What is the repo	245	When on the su	752	Wherever in the	744
What, is there th	596	When on thine o	968	Where is that spi	140
What is wordly p	1201	When our days o	778	Where no fruit a	1059
What language s	330	When our earthl	533	Where no wintry	958
What of truth we	277	When our work o	565	Where streams of	1015
What peaceful h	581	When, O, when,	481	Where the night	1260
What says the B	1305	When penitence	378	Where the rich g	1172
What strange su	1105	When poor and h	670	Where the tears	1009
What, then, is h	625	When Sabbaths h	236	Where will the si	913
What though in l	716	When sad with c	1136	Whether in suns	1239
What though in s	68	When Satan app	98	While flowers are	530
What though the	508	When Satan's w	747	While he affords	762
What though the	792	When sense with	747	While here a str	597
What though the	809	When shall I rea	991	While here in th	1177
What though the	1055	When shall I rea	1360	While his high p	34
What though the	485	When shall I see	102	While I am a pil	531
What though the	622	When shall love	270	While in faith w	1117
What though wa	851	When shall the t	933	While in grateful	534
What thou, my L	330	When shriveling	877	While in sweet c	1118
What! to be bani	889	When soft the de	542	While in thy hou	12
What troubles ha	479	When sorrowing	707	While Jesus is c	424
What truth and l	301	When sorrow sw	378		

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No.	No.	No.
While Jesus is o 602	With him, I on Z 840	Yea, bring him in 87
While life's dark 684	With him sweet 665	Yearly in our co 962
While many spen 547	With his preciou 131	Yea though my f 1291
While on earth o 17	With holy kiss, w 1120	Yea, though the 57
While our days o 283	Within that bosom 579	Ye call me Lord a 1101
While our prayer 37	Within these wal 1134	Ye chosen seed of 111
While pilgrims h 667	Within these wal 973	Ye daughters of 134
While place we s 1039	Within the tent's 207	Ye dwellers in th 946
While the foe be 860	Within thy circli 53	Ye fearful saints 74
While the herald 1065	Within thy prese 764	Ye feeble saints, 1233
While the souls o 1069	Within thy sacr 171	Ye little flock wi 1075
While this thorn 273	With joy I accept 1166	Ye men of earth, 884
While they arou 129	With joy we brin 562	Ye mortals, mark 556
While thou bring 241	With joy the cho 289	Ye seraphs who s 21
While through th 138	With joy we in h 1071	Yes, every secret 891
While we hear th 18	With joy we tell 1097	Yes gladder by fa 1328
While we journey 1024	With kind regard 967	Ye shall be happ 1096
While we praise 242	With longing eye 71	Ye shall be mine 492
While we seek su 244	With meek subm 717	Yes he will come 795
While we thus w 1116	With mine and n 923	Ye sinners, come 396
Whither should m 466	With my burden 531	Ye sinners seek h 887
Who by the close 67	With my lamp w 856	Yes I open this p 1294
Who can behold t 59	With pitying eye 375	Yes let it go, one 649
Who can tell the 900	With power he v 976	Yes let men rage 625
Who has love so 1280	With prayer and 604	Yes my earth, wo 1352
Who his advent 411	With purple robe 332	Yes sleeping on g 1387
Who is like God? 20	With rapture sha 72	Yes, the prize sh 855
Who is this Jesu 1269	With sacred awe 29	Yes this is our h 1339
Who is this King 336	With shining fac 306	Yes, we'll gather 1362
Wholly thine, wh 1201	With sweet delig 236	Yes, we shall me 969
Who may share t 500	With tender anx 1298	Yes, whosoever 405
Whosoever shall 1304	With that blessed 858	Yet, again we ho 960
Who so strong as 1247	With thee conver 526	Yet, a third and 859
Who suffer with t 1143	With thee, in the 269	Yet does one sho 893
Who, who would 1178	With thee to lead 724	Yet faith may tri 937
Who would not w 915	With thee when 269	Yet he found me 1268
Who would reject 1108	With them let us 379	Yet I may love th 79
Why art thou cas 481	With those who i 26	Yet I mourn my 589
Why do they shu 596	With thy righteo 466	Yet, Lord, bring 232
Why do they, the 596	With understand 193	Yet, Lord, forgiv 197
Why faint, my so 100	With what griefa 964	Yet, Lord, where 734
Why should my f 725	With wicked spir 602	Yet men would f 185
Why should my p 572	With winged spe 797	Yet Mercy calls 580
Why should this 91	With what joyful 843	Yet mighty Lord 21
Why should we b 1109	With whom dost 54	Yet not one anxi 914
Why should we d 730	Wondrous honor 1062	Yet save a tremb 434
Why should we t 1282	Word of the ever 187	Yet stay, the vis 876
Why shrinks my 944	Words of battle c 1247	Yet this my soul 64
Why vex our sou 1393	Work and wait, 1253	Yet the seed upra 956
Wicked spirits g 847	Work and watch 1251	Yet these, new-r 919
Wide as the worl 19	Work, for the ni 1056	Yet we come in C 1085
Wide it unvailc 676	Work is abundan 1263	Ye wheels of nat 794
Wildly the storm 507	Work on, despair 1048	Yet when bowed 1196
Wilt thou not bid 586	Work till the su 1251	Ye who are of de 339
Wisdom, and zea 137	Work with a hea 1251	Ye who, forsakin 128
Wisdom its dicta 173	Worn and weary 1398	Ye whose sins ha 1236
With all my pow 198	Worship, honor, 358	Ye who the world 415
With boldness, t 347	Worthy is he that 105	Yet why, dear Lo 66
With bounding s 303	Worthy the Lam 112	Yonder Rum's ca 1387
With calm and t 603	Wouldst bring a 1287	You call me Lord 1096
With cheerful fee 1073	Would ye to the 838	Your lofty theme 23
With contrite hea 761	Would you be a 1304	Your willing ear 399
With faith in thy 1079	Would you kneel 1227	Youth on length 962
With harmony th 1016	Would you offer u 1227	You who by the t 1052
With harps and 909		
With hearts and l 1043	Yea, amen! let a 905	Zion enjoys her 51
	Yea, and before 87	Zion, the desolat 799



# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Abide with me! Fast f	568	And wilt thou, O eter	1131
According to thy grac	1104	Angels, from the real	297
Acquaint thyself qui	419	Angels! roll the rock	341
A day of awful grande	893	Angel voices sweetly	1364
A few more years sha	817	Another day is gone,	559
Afflicted saint, to Chri	695	Another six days' wor	215
Again our earthly car	7	Anywhere, dear Savio	1260
Against the God that	368	A parting hymn we si	1112
Again the day returns	249	A pilgrim through thi	311
A glory gilds the sacr	180	Are vain desires withi	640
A glory in the word w	179	Are we almost there?	1184
Ah! guilty sinner, rui	423	Are you Christ's light	1244
Ah! how shall fallen	384	Are you doers of the	1317
Ah! whither should I	453	Are you ready for the	1326
Ah! why should doub	663	Arise, my soul, arise,	359
Alas! and did my Sav	322	Arise, ye mourning s	799
A little while, our Lor	788	As drowsy earth is dr	789
All hail the power of	111	As Jesus died, and ro	895
All hail the power of	1229	Ask for the Guide Boo	1309
All praise to our redee	1017	Ask for the old paths,	1310
All praise to thee, eter	284	Ask not to be excused	1243
All that I was, my sin	446	Asleep in Jesus! bless	924
All things are ready ..	404	As oft, with worn and	706
All things are thine; n	1128	As pants the wearied	100
All ye nations, praise-	40	As the hart, with eage	481
All you that are wear	426	As the sweet flower th	928
Almighty Father, ble	263	As through this chang	623
Almighty God, thy w	190	As time rolls on amid	251
Almost persuaded no	1283	As when in silence ve	142
A lovely infant sleeps	936	As with gladness men	299
Amazing grace! how	441	A thrilling cry, we he	1148
Am I a soldier of the	599	At the sounding of th	1329
Am I a soldier of the	1144	At thy command, O L	1097
Am I my brother's ke	1234	Author of good! to th	758
Among the mountain	334	Awaked from sin's de	433
An angel's voice now	1187	Awake! Jerusalem, a	1011
And art thou, graciou	657	Awake, my heart, aris	438
And is the gospel pea	629	Awake, my heart, my	214
And is there, Lord, a	986	Awake my soul in joy	110
And must I be to Ju	891	Awake, my soul, in jo	1168
And must I part with	649	Awake, my soul! lift	594
And must this body di	950	Awake, my soul! stre	598
And though our bodie	1041	Awake, ye saints, and	794
And will the Judge...	887	Away from his home	1412

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Away my unbelieving	668	Brethren, let us walk	1024
Away with our sorrow	841	Brethren, while we soj	609
		Brightest and best of	298
Baptized into our Savi	1076	Britania, rouse thee!	1388
Baptize us anew, with	1209	Broad is the road that	361
Beautiful valley of Ed	1346	Brother pilgrim, be n	830
Beautiful Zion, built..	996	Brother, you may wor	1068
Before Jehovah's awf	19	Builder of mighty wor	1138
Before the heavens w	287	Buried beneath the yi	1071
Before the throne of	352	Buried with Christ! y	1084
Begin, my tongue, so	76	Burst, ye emerald gat	1161
Behold a Stranger at t	393	By Christ redeemed, i	1125
Behold God's own exa	1108	By cool Siloam's shad	647
Behold how sweet, ho	918	By faith in Christ I w	665
Behold I come! the S	797	By living faith we no	343
Behold the Christian	592		
Behold, the day is co	888	Called to the feast by	1319
Behold, the expected	790	Call them in; the poor	1257
Behold the Lord of ea	1109	Calm on the listening	292
Behold the Saviour at	787	Can sinners hope for	387
Behold the Saviour of	323	Cast thy bread upon t	1064
Behold the throne of g	528	Cast thy burden on th	722
Behold the western e	938	Cast thy burden on th	1377
Behold what manner	1403	Cheer up, weary heart	1363
Behold, where, in a m	309	Cheer up, ye soldiers	622
Be joyful in God all ye	46	Chief of sinners thoug	489
Be patient, be patient,	1182	Child of sin and sorro	421
Be perfect; holiness p	264	Child of sin and sorro	422
Be merciful unto me,	449	Children of the heave	482
Be still, my heart! the	708	Christ, from whom all	1031
Be tranquil, O my sou	738	Christian brethren, e	274
Be with us, Lord, whe	261	Christian, seek not y	615
Beyond the smiling	1347	Christian, the morn b	862
Beyond the smiling	1409	Christian, thy warfar	508
Beyond the starry ski	126	Christian, wherefore y	712
Beyond this gloomy n	988	Christ is coming! let	858
Blessed are the poor i	1408	Christ is knocking at	1294
Blessed are they henc	916	Christ is risen, our Lo	342
Blessed Bible, how I l	194	Christ, the Lord, will	823
Blessed Jesus, heaven	459	Christ, who came my	1091
Blessed Jesus, meek	501	Choose ye his cross to	1090
Blessed Lord, how mu	1198	Church of the ever-livi	1019
Blest are the pure in	653	Closer to thee, my Fat	1199
Blest are the undefile	205	Closing Sabbath! Ah,	245
Blest be the tie that b	1022	Clouds of glory linger	822
Blest Comforter divin	154	Come, all ye saints, to	1163
Blest hour, when mort	216	Come, all ye saints of	127
Blest Saviour, we thy	1079	Come, and let us swee	1026
Bound upon the accur	335	Come and reign; com	1176
Break, break, eternal	819	Come, blessed Spirit,	138
Breast the wave, Chris	617	Come, dearest Lord, a	229



# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Come, Desire of natio	826	Dark brood the heave	876
Come, divine and pea	160	Dark is the hour whe	967
Come, gracious Spirit,	136	Dark was the night, a	326
Come hither, all ye w	392	Daughter of Zion, aw	1005
Come, Holy Ghost, in	155	Day of Judgment, da	903
Come, Holy Ghost, ou	149	Day of redemption!	863
Come, Holy Spirit, cal	139	Dear as thou wert, an	941
Come, Holy Spirit, co	151	Dear Lord, we would	228
Come, Holy Spirit, Do	1080	Dear Saviour, here we	802
Come, Holy Spirit, he	141	Dear Saviour, lead my	776
Come, Holy Spirit, hea	144	Dear Saviour, we wou	803
Come, humble sinner,	398	Deep are the wounds	363
Come join, ye saints,	124	Deign, Jesus, Lord, m	747
Come, let us anew, ou	510	Delay not, delay not,	418
Come, let us join our	112	Delightful day, best gi	213
Come, let us join our	356	Delightful work! you	648
Come, let us pray! 'tis	537	Depth of mercy! can	457
Come, let us sing the	104	Did Christ o'er sinners	456
Come, let us to the Lo	582	Dismiss us with thy	257
Come, Lord, and tarry	814	Does the gospel word	458
Come, my Redeemer,	1221	Down to the sacred wa	1088
Come, my soul, thy su	531	Draw near us to-day,	1124
Come, O my soul, in s	61	Drooping souls, no lo	1156
Come, O my soul, to C	332	Dust, receive thy kind	965
Come on, my partners	1143		
Come, O thou Travele	683	Each setting sun.....	896
Come, saith Jesus' sac	408	Early, my God, witho	476
Come, sound his prais	32	Earth to earth, and du	956
Come, Spirit, source	153	Equip me for the war,	603
Come, O thou all-vict	402	Erected high in heave	355
Come, thou beloved R	233	Ere mountains reared	56
Come, thou Desire of	9	Ere to the world again	258
Come, thou Fount of	503	Eternal Beam of light	750
Come, thou long-expe	845	Eternal depth of love	54
Come, thou almighty	36	Eternal Father; God	262
Come, thou soul-trans	157	Eternal God, celestial	26
Come to Jesus, come t	1149	Eternal Power, whose	50
Come to the living wa	399	Eternal Source of ever	69
Come unto me when s	714	Eternal Spirit, power	145
Come, weary souls wi	388	Eye hath not seen, ear	990
Come, ye disconsolat	420		
Come, ye sinners, poo	412	Fade, fade, each earth	656
Come, ye souls by sin	413	Faint not, Christian!	607
Come, ye that fear the	13	Faith adds new charm	676
Come, ye that know a	70	Faith is the polar star	689
Come, ye that love th	113	Far down the ages no	811
Come ye who love the	30	Farewell, all earthly	493
Coming Saviour, now	1117	Farewell! we meet no	955
Command thy blessin	475	Far from mortal cares	500
Cross, reproach, and t	661	Far from my thoughts	472
Crowded is your heart	1276		
Crown him with man	125		

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Far from the world, O	523	God is the refuge of hi	51
Father, hear the praye	1061	God moves in a myste	74
Father, hear thy hum	490	God of light and matc	41
Father, how wide thy	84	God of love that heare	767
Father, I know that al	744	God of mercy, God of	588
Father, I stretch my h	1183	God of my life, to the	66
Father of mercies, bo	1033	God of my life, to thee	697
Father of mercies, in	175	God of my life, whose	58
Father of mercies, sen	670	God of our salvation, .	281
Father supreme, whos	2	God of the morning, a	539
Father, we come to th	1277	God of the morning ra	35
Father, whate'er of ea	643	God of the prophet's p	1043
Fear not, little flock,	867	God of the universe, to	1136
Few in number, little	1052	God's holy law, transg	381
Fierce and wild the s	1194	God's law demands on	197
For a season called to	272	God's perfect law con	203
Forbid them not, the	1078	Go forth on wings of f	1050
For Caanan I've starte	1185	Go forward, Christian	613
Forever here my rest	1103	Go, labor on, while ye	1036
Forever with the Lord	1358	Go, messenger of peac	1038
Forgive us, Lord, to th	432	Go not far from me, O	745
For the mercies of the	273	Go, preach the gospel,	1032
Forth from the dark a	754	Go to dark Gethseman	331
Friend after friend de	957	Go to thy rest in peace	954
Friend and companio	969	Gracious Father, guar	843
From all that dwell be	23	Gracious Father, lend	17
From every stormy wi	514	Gracious God, ere we	271
From Greenland's icy	1055	Gracious Spirit, love d	159
From lips divine, like	704	Gracious Redeemer, s	584
From the lips of angel	295	Gracious Saviour, we	1094
From the table now	1119	Grant me within thy c	477
		Great God, attend whi	25
		Great God, how infinit	78
Gently, dear Saviour,	930	Great God, I own thy s	937
Give me the Bible, sta	1300	Great God, what do I s	910
Give to the winds thy	733	Great God, when I app	444
Giver and Guardian o	550	Great God, whose uni	976
Glad tidings! glad tid	871	Great God, with wond	178
Glorious things of the	1007	Great is the the Lord,	1402
Glory be to God above	1029	Great King of glory, c	1126
Glory, honor, praise,	37	Great Spirit, by whose	150
Glory to God on high!	129	Guide and guard us, O	280
Glory to thee, my God	543	Guide me, O thou grea	773
Go bury thy sorrow; t	1372	Guide me, O thou grea	1218
God bids his people o	1262		
God calling yet! shall	390	Hail glorious day! ere	796
God has said, Forever	774	Hail, happy day! thou	250
God, in the gospel of	173	Hail peaceful day! di	234
God is Love; his merc	92	Hail peaceful morn! t	235
God is my strong salv	612	Hail, sacred truth! w	186
God is our refuge and	57	Hail the day that sees	340
God is the name my s	59		

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Hail, thou bright and.	248	Holy day! Jehovah's.	1313
Hail, thou once despis	358	Holy, holy, holy, Lord	99
Hail to the brightness	1004	Holy Sabbath, sacred r	241
Happy the heart wher	674	Holy Spirit, faithful G	778
Happy the home when	552	Holy Spirit, fount of b	164
Hark! hark! hear the	831	Holy Spirit, lamp of li	166
Hark, hark! my soul,	1212	Holy Spirit, light divin	158
Hark! my soul, it is th	587	Holy Spirit, source of	163
Hark, sinner, while G	427	Holy Spirit, truth divi	161
Hark! ten thousand h	132	Home, home, beameth	832
Hark! that shout of ra	904	Hope of our hearts, O	868
Hark! the Archangel'	906	Hol' reapers of life's h	1053
Hark, the glad sound!	894	How beauteous are the	1040
Hark! the herald ange	293	How beauteous were t	302
Hark! the song of jubi	901	How blest are they wh	210
Hark! the voice of Jes	1069	How blest the childre	177
Hark! what mean tho	296	How blest the hour wh	1081
Haste, my dull soul, a	659	How blest the sacred t	1013
Hasten, Lord, the glori	824	How bright a day was	232
Hasten, Lord, the pro	825	How can we see the ch	549
Hasten, sinner, to be	409	How charming is the p	14
Haste, traveler, haste!	394	How cheering is the C	680
Have I need of aught,	1215	How far from home? I	1147
Hear the glorious proc	1157	How firm a foundation	781
Hear the temp'rance c	1391	How gentle God's com	91
Hear the words our Sa	1303	How great thy wisdom	379
Hear what the voice fr	943	How happy are the lit	874
Heavy clouds are gath	410	How happy every chil	679
He dies! the Friend of	317	How helpless guilty n	373
Heed not the tempter's	636	How long, O Lord, our	833
He is coming, yes, he's	1342	How long, O Lord, sha	571
He has come! the Chri	294	How long shall Death,	933
Heir of the kingdom,	866	How long we've been	791
He leadeth me! O ble	749	How oft this wretched	580
He reigns, the Lord, t	875	How peaceful is the gr	951
Here, in thy name, Et	1135	How perfect is Thy wo	191
Here o'er the earth as	618	How pleasant, how di	3
Here, O my Lord, I se	1122	How precious is the b	176
Here, Saviour, we wou	1087	How prone are profess	1155
He's coming once agai	899	How sad our state by	371
He sleeps in Jesus, pe	920	How shall I follow hi	304
He that goeth forth wit	1063	How shall the young s	183
He that goeth forth wit	1256	How slender is life's s	342
High in the heavens, e	47	How sweet are the tidi	1169
His earthly work is do	360	How sweet, how heav	1014
Hol' idlers in the vine	1054	How sweetly flowed th	307
Hold to the helm, sail	1301	How sweet the hour of	915
Hold up thy light, O c	1037	How sweet the light o	544
Holy and reverend is t	29	How sweet the name o	118
Holy as thou, O Lord,	60	How sweet, to leave t	5
Holy Bible! book divi	192	How sweet to reflect o	1181
Holy day! Jehovah's.	242	How sweet upon this	230

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
How tedious and taste	506	In imitation, Lord, of	1102
How tender is thy han	89	In mercy, not in wrat	454
How vain are all thin	650	In the Christian's hom	1002
How vain is all benea	926	In the cross of Christ	130
		In the glad time of the	1332
I am coming to the cr	1289	In the resurrection m	1175
I am resting in the sh	1200	In these our days exal	1049
I am waiting for Jesu	1341	In the sun, and moon,	821
I am waiting for the m	1340	In the vineyard of our	1058
I ask not, Lord, for le	724	In thy house, while no	18
I bring my sins to the	1292	In vain we seek for pe	374
If God is mine, then p	703	I saw a way-worn trav	1145
If I in thy likeness, O	968	I saw one weary, sad,	667
If through unruffled s	736	I seek the mercy-seat	455
If 'tis sweet to mingle	276	I sing the mighty pow	83
If you cannot on the o	1070	Is not the way to heav	699
I gave my life for the	1295	Is this the kind return	386
I have a Saviour, he's	1271	It came upon the mid	291
I have set watchmen u	1401	I think of a home in t	1351
I heard a voice, the s	451	It is thy hand, my Go	739
I heard the voice of J	450	It may be at morn, wh	1318
I hear the Saviour say	1193	It was not sleep that b	1394
I hear thy voice, O Lo	1293	I want a principle wit	486
I know not why my Sa	1238	I will follow thee, my	494
I know that my Redee	350	I will never, never lea	772
I know that my Redee	337	I will sing of Jesus' lo	1192
I know that my Redee	923	I will sing you a song	1357
I lay my sins on Jesu	461	I would be, dear Savio	1201
I left it all with Jesus	1222	I would not live alwa	1178
I'll sing you a song of	1350		
I long to behold Him	840	Jehovah, God, thy gra	75
I love thee, I love the	511	Jerusalem, my glorio	1404
I love the Lord; he he	522	Jerusalem, my happy	981
I love the sacred book	171	Jerusalem the glorio	999
I love thine earthly Sa	226	Jerusalem the golden,	998
I love thy kingdom, L	1021	Jesus, and didst thou	443
I love to steal awhile	519	Jesus, and shall it eve	101
I love to tell the story	1204	Jesus, at thy comman	785
I'm kneeling at the cr	1237	Jesus calls us o'er the	660
I'm a lonely traveler	616	Jesus demands this he	575
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm	1150	Jesus died on Calvary	820
I'm but a stranger her	485	Jesus, engrave it on m	366
I'm going home; the	1359	Jesus, faithful to his	900
I'm not ashamed to o	637	Jesus, Friend of sinn	591
Imposture shrinks fro	193	Jesus! full of all com	466
I'm weary of staying;	864	Jesus, great Shepherd	760
I need thee, precious	462	Jesus, I my cross hav	499
In every trying hour	735	Jesus invites his saint	1110
In expectation sweet,	816	Jesus is passing,. . . .	1279
Infinite Love! what pr	367	Jesus, Lord, we look	1027
In grief and fear, to t	761	Jesus, lover of my sou	770
In heavenly love abidi	743	Jesus, lover of my sou	1224



# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Jesus made known th	934	Let us gather up the s	1395
Jesus, merciful and m	465	Let us hear the conclu	1316
Jesus, my Advocate ab	344	Let us keep steadfast	813
Jesus, my all, to heave	436	Let worldly minds the	638
Jesus, my all, to heave	1186	Lift him up, 'tis he th	1252
Jesus, my love, my ch	102	Lift the voice, and sou	1067
Jesus, my Lord, to the	1272	Lift up the trumpet, a	1330
Jesus, my Saviour, le	631	Lift your heads with	851
Jesus, my strength, m	651	Lift your heads, ye fri	855
Jesus, our Hope, our	800	Light after darkness	1211
Jesus, our Lord, make	8	Light of the world, sh	184
Jesus our Saviour say	873	Light of those whose	850
Jesus, Saviour of our	464	Like as a father pities	1296
Jesus, Saviour, pilot	769	Like shadows gliding	932
Jesus, thou joy of lov	108	Like sheep we went a	382
Jesus, the Lord of glo	353	Lo! an angel loud pro	859
Jesus, the very thoug	117	Lo! He comes; the Ar	907
Jesus, thine all-victor	578	Lo! He comes, with cl	905
Jesus, thy blood and	346	Lo, He cometh! count	911
Jesus, thy love shall	327	Lonely and weary, by	620
Jesus, thy word is my	188	Lone pilgrim, cease th	792
Jesus, to thee I now c	442	Long for my Saviour I	872
Jesus, we look to the	11	Long upon the mount	844
Jesus wept! those tea	313	Look for the way-mar	1344
Jesus, we thy promise	483	Look not upon the wi	1383
Jesus, where'er thy p	471	Look to the cross, sin	1273
Jesus, while our heart	959	Look upon the golden	1311
Jesus, who knows ful	529	Lord, at this closing h	267
Joyfully, joyfully, on	619	Lord, at thy feet we h	445
Joy to the world, the	886	Lord, at thy table we	1105
Just as I am, without	428	Lord, dismiss us with	283
		Lord, forgive me, day	460
Kind are, the words th	698	Lord, grant thy blessi	4
		Lord, how mysterious	64
		Lord, how secure my	204
Laborers of Christ, ar	1044	Lord, I believe; thy p	675
Lamb of God! to thee	491	Lord, I cannot let the	532
Lamp of our feet, wh	187	Lord, I care not for ri	1205
Land ahead! its fruits	1348	Lord, I hear of showe	495
Launch the life-boat!	1384	Lord, I was blind; I c	437
Lead, kindly Light, a	777	Lord, in humble, swe	1085
Lead them, my God,	1291	Lord, in the morning	546
Let all the heathen w	185	Lord, in the strength o	654
Let everlasting glories	170	Lord, in thy presence	1016
Let every lamp be bu	852	Lord Jesus, when we	319
Let me but hear my S	633	Lord, my weak thoug	65
Let me go where saint	504	Lord of all being, thro	52
Let others boast of we	181	Lord of glory! thou h	1062
Let others seek a hom	805	Lord of heaven and ea	44
Let party names no m	1023	Lord of hosts, how lov	16
Let plenteous grace d	1073	Lord of my life, O ma	547
Let thy Spirit, blessed	162	Lord of the harvest, h	1042

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Lord of the Sabbath a	212	My hope is built on n	666
Lord of the Sabbath, h	223	My Maker and my Kin	85
Lord, on this Sabbath	224	My opening eyes with	540
Lord! thou hast searc	53	My rest is in heaven,	512
Lord, thy children gui	768	My Saviour, as thou w	740
Lord, thy glory fills th	95	My Saviour, my almig	115
Lord, we are vile, and	362	My soul, be on thy gu	601
Lord, we come before	15	My soul is happy whe	795
Lord! when I all thin	646	My soul, repeat His pr	88
Lord, when my raptur	73	My soul, weigh not th	604
Lord! when we bend	577	My spirit on thy care	732
Lord, with glowing h	96	My times are in thy h	737
Lo! round the throne,	974	My times of sorrow a	729
Lo! the day of God is	1246		
Lo! the time hastens	1153	Nature, with all her p	21
Lo! what a glorious si	982	Nature with open vol	107
Lo! what a glorious si	1162	Nearer, my God, to th	655
Lo! what an entertaini	1015	Nearer thee and ever	1231
Love divine, all love e	165	Not all the nobles of t	693
		Not all the outward fo	369
Magnify Jehovah's na	38	Not far, not far, from	1285
Majestic sweetness sit	120	Nothing but leaves!..	1266
Make duty plain, O L	765	Not one single jot or t	1304
Maker of land and rol	1129	Not what these hands	383
Mark that pilgrim—lo	1140	Not worthy, Lord, to	1121
Master, the tempest is	1392	Now may the Lord, ou	259
May the grace of Chri	279	Now the shades of nig	565
Meekly in Jordan's h	1083	Now to the naven of t	756
Meet again when tim	953	Now to the Lamb that	265
'Mid scenes of afflictio	513	Now we have met in J	474
'Mid scenes of confusi	1177		
Mighty God, while an	94	O army of the living G	595
Morning breaks upon	339	O blessed Comforter,	143
Mortals, awake, with	289	O bless the Lord, my	90
Mournfully, tenderly,	1413	O blest are they that	949
Must Simon bear his c	1173	O blest are they who o	644
My blest Redeemer an	301	O bow thine ear, Eter	1132
My brother, I wish yo	1189	O brother, be faithful!	509
My days are gliding s	496	O come, let us sing un	1405
My faith looks up to t	684	O Christ! with each r	541
My former hopes are fl	385	O Christian, awake!	1240
My God, how endless	545	O Christian! have you	1322
My God, how wonderf	79	O Christian, idle all th	1253
My God, is any hour s	536	O Christian, on the bi	1206
My God, my Father,	716	O come, come away! f	1166
My God, my God, to t	452	O Comfort to the drea	415
My God, my King, thy	22	O could I find, from da	639
My God, permit me no	572	O could I speak the m	123
My gracious Lord, I o	627	O could our thoughts	669
My head is low, my he	579	O day of rest and glad	246
My heavenly home is	597		



# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
O deem not they are b	691	Once more, my soul,	548
O'er all the land have	1333	One more day's work	1258
O'er the distant moun	856	One precious boon, O	624
O'er the hill the sun is	1308	One sweetly solemn	952
O exiled Paradise, O h	1160	One sweetly solemn	1335
O for a closer walk wi	581	One sweetly solemn	1406
O for a faith that will	677	On Jordan's stormy b	991
O for a heart to praise	645	On Jordan's stormy b	1360
O for a thousand tong	114	Only waiting till the s	1327
O for that flame of livi	140	O now I see the crims	1235
O for that tenderness	448	On the high cliffs of J	1006
O for the death of tho	948	On the mountain's top	857
O for the robes of whi	835	On the shore beyond t	1264
Oft in danger, oft in w	608	On time's tempestuou	808
Of thy love some grac	282	On time's wide waste	1278
O Galilee, sweet Galil	1396	Onward, Christian sol	1397
O gift of gifts! O grac	681	Onward speed thy con	1060
O give thanks unto th	1407	Open the windows of	1223
O glory to God! it is c	1328	Open thou mine eyes	1314
O God, how great thy	55	O perfect law of the M	200
O God, my inmost sou	658	O sacred Head, once	330
O God, to thee we rais	717	O Saviour, may we nev	642
O hail, happy day, tha	1165	O sinner, heed the voi	397
O happy day! that bu	793	O sinner, mark thy fa	403
O happy day! that fix	435	O solemn thought! an	349
O holy book of truth d	168	O sometimes the shad	1207
O how divine, how sw	440	O speed thee, Christi	487
O how happy are they	469	O sweetly through the	994
O how I long to see th	1159	O tell me of heaven, s	1008
O how I long with Chr	804	O tell me, thou life an	779
O how I love thy holy	208	O that I could forever	109
O it is hard to work fo	600	O that my load of sin	431
O it is joy for those to	1020	O that the Lord would	201
O Jesus, full of grace,	586	O that thy statutes ev	211
O Jesus, my Redeeme	1195	O the beautiful hills w	1366
O Jesus, sweet the tea	328	O the bitter pain and	1268
O Jesus, thou art stan	416	O think of the home o	1356
O laden and weary,...	1202	O Thou in whose pres	134
O Lamb of God, still	786	O thou, my soul, forge	103
O land of rest, for the	807	O Thou that hearest p	167
O law of God! blest a	198	O Thou that hearest t	470
O let me walk with th	751	O Thou that hearest w	574
O lift up your heads..	865	O Thou to whom, in a	24
O Lord, how full of sw	1039	O Thou who driest the	705
O Lord of hosts, who	1130	O Thou who dwellest	1
O Lord, our heavenly K	86	O Thou whom we ado	812
O Lord, thy heavenly	626	O Thou whose mercy	731
O Love divine, that st	718	O Thou, whose own v	1139
O Love divine, what h	320	O turn, great Ruler of	570
O loving wisdom of ou	329	O turn ye, O turn ye!	417
Once in Jerusalem of	1120	Our blest Redeemer, e	147
Once more before we	266	Our children, Lord, in	1074

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Our days are as the gr	558	Rejoice, believer in th	678
Our Father, God, who	521	Rejoice in God alway;	709
Our Father in heaven,	255	Remark, my soul, th	553
Our Father who art in	1411	Rest for the toiling ha	946
Our God is love, and a	1018	Return, my roving he	573
Our heavenly Father c	527	Return, O wanderer, r	395
Our Lord is risen from	336	Ring it out! ring it ou	1380
Our Saviour bowed be	1082	Rise, my soul, and str	837
Our Saviour comes to	880	Rock of Ages, cleft fo	1114
Our Saviour, meek an	1096		
Out from the camp-fir	1387		
Out of the depths to T	726	Safely through anothe	244
Out on an ocean all bo	507	Saints of God, the da	1242
O weary pilgrim, lift y	1233	Salem's bright King, J	1092
O what a mighty chan	987	Salvation!—O, the joy	439
O what hath Jesus bo	984	Saviour, breathe an e	566
O what is life? 'tis lik	966	Saviour, I follow on, .	766
O when shall I see Je	836	Saviour, like a shephe	775
O where are the reape	1248	Saviour, my spirit lon	912
O where shall rest be f	380	Saviour of men, thy se	1034
O who, in such a world	673	Saviour of our ruined	1116
O who is this that com	1213	Saviour, Prince, enthr	590
O wondrous type! O v	306	Saviour, Saviour, be m	1230
O word of God incarna	195	Saviour, thy law we lo	1089
O worship the King, al	97	Say, brothers, will you	1180
O worship the Lord in	45	Scorn not the slightest	1048
		Searching the Scriptur	1306
Passed away from ear	964	See, brethren, see how	1179
Pass me not, O gentle	1275	See how the morning	555
People of the living G	1030	See Israel's gentle She	1075
Pilgrim, on! the day i	848	See the leaves around	962
Planted in Christ, the	1077	See! through his holy	324
Plunged in a gulf of..	375	Servants of God, in jo	20
Pour out thy Spirit...	137	Servants of Jesus, the	1263
Praise God, from who	256	Shall I, for fear of fee	625
Praise the Lord,—his	39	Shall man, O God of..	927
Praise the Lord! ye h	42	Shall this vile race of	364
Praise the God of all..	278	Shall we gather at the	1362
Praise to Him by whos	277	Shall we meet beyond	1368
Praise to thee, O dear	133	Shall we stand at His	1343
Praise to thee, thou gr	43	She hath passed death	958
Praise ye Jehovah's na	34	Shepherd divine, thou	748
Praise ye the Lord!—	63	Shout the glad tidings	300
Prayer is appointed to	516	Show pity, Lord; O Lo	434
Prayer is the breath of	524	Since all the varying s	730
Prince of peace, contr	721	Sing of Jesus, sing for	131
Pure, cold water! We	1386	Sing to the Lord, ye hi	1400
Prayer is the soul's si	525	Sing to the Lord, our	33
		Sinner, art thou still s	411
		Sinner, haste to merc	407
Raise the standard hig	1389	Sinner, the call obey,	406
Redeemed! how I love	1203	Sister, thou wast mild	960

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Sister, thou art sweetl	961	Sweet the moments, ri	534
Six days of toil and ca	237	Sweet the time, excee	480
Sleep not, soldier of t	605	Sweet was the time w	583
So fades the lovely, bl	922		
Softly and tenderly Je	1282		
Softly fades the twilig	564	Take my heart, O Fat	468
Softly now the light of	563	Take up thy cross, the	389
Soldiers in the holy st	606	Talk with us, Lord, th	526
Soldiers of Christ, ari	602	Teach me, O Lord, the	1307
Soldiers of the cross,	1051	Ten lepers were clean	1236
Soldiers of the cross,	614	That awful day will s	889
So let our lips and liv	628	The angel comes,—he	890
Sometimes a light sur	742	The angel of the Lord	1219
Son of God, thy people	829	The chariot! the chari	908
Soon the evening shad	1297	The chosen three, on	310
Soon will the heavenl	869	The Church has waite	815
Sorrow and care may	1375	The coming events of	861
Sorrowful mourner, si	1376	The coming King is at	1325
Sound an alarm, all ye	1400	The day is past and g	554
Sound, sound the trut	128	The day of rest once	222
Sound the battle cry,	1379	The day of wrath, that	877
Sowing in sadness thr	1259	The day, O Lord, is sp	560
Sowing in the mornin	1249	The glories of that he	798
Sowing the seed by the	1250	The God of love will s	914
Sowing to death or lif	1267	The God that made th	252
Sow in the morn thy s	1045	The God who rules on	87
Speak gently; it is be	687	The golden light is fa	1298
Speak often to each ot	492	The golden morning i	1336
Speed thy servants, Sa	1059	The great decisive da	913
Spirit divine, attend o	146	The great Physician n	1281
Spirit of life, and ligh	148	The harvest dawn is n	1046
Spirit of truth and lov	156	The head that once w	121
Stand by the law.....	1302	The heavenly treasure	757
Standing by a purpose	1385	The heavens declare	196
Stand up, and bless th	31	The heavens declare t	169
Stand up, my soul! sh	593	The home where chan	1196
Stand up! stand up fo	611	The Judgment has set	1337
Star of our hope! he'll	883	The last call of mercy	424
Still with thee, O my	269	The last lovely morni	853
Strait is the way, the	372	The light of Sabbath e	561
Submissive to thy wil	725	The living know that	929
Sun of my soul, O Sav	542	The Lord first empties	447
Sweet be thy rest, and	970	The Lord in Zion reig	1399
Sweet hour of prayer,	518	The Lord is coming, g	885
Sweet is the memory o	71	The Lord is coming! l	879
Sweet is the Sabbath	221	The Lord is coming! s	882
Sweet is the work, my	219	The Lord is King! lift	62
Sweet is the work, O	239	The Lord is my light;	1197
Sweet promise is give	1339	The Lord is my Sheph	780
Sweet promise, I will	1331	The Lord is my Sheph	783
Sweetly the holy hym	530	The Lord is our Sheph	784
Sweet rivers of redee	806	The Lord my pasture	752

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
The Lord my Shepher	762	The Saviour! O what	119
The Lord will come, b	884	These words said the	1338
The morning flowers	919	The spacious firmame	68
The morning kindles	338	The Spirit in our hear	405
The night is spent; th	898	The sprinkled blood is	357
The perfect world by	1133	The starry firmament	174
The praying spirit bre	652	The sun had set on...	1100
There are angels hove	1188	The sun rolls down th	551
There are lonely hear	1241	The swift declining da	556
There is a blessed hop	688	The tempter to my so	746
There is a book that a	80	The time is near whe	973
There is a city, fair an	993	The waters are troubl	1284
There is a dear and ha	325	The wonders of redee	354
There is a fold whenc	980	The world is very evil	834
There is a fountain fil	1107	They brought their gif	1287
There is a gate that st	1270	They dreamed not of	1274
There is a happy land	1000	They who seek the th	533
There is a house in he	345	Thine forever! God of	723
There is a King of glo	870	Thine, Lord, is wisdo	49
There is a land, a bett	1003	Think gently of the er	672
There is a land, a bett	1146	This book is all that's	1410
There is a land mine	978	This day the Lord has	225
There is a land of cor	1361	This groaning earth is	1171
There is a land of pur	989	This is not my place of	846
There is a line by us u	400	This is not my place of	1367
There is an ancient, b	182	This is my body, whic	1123
There is an eye that n	520	This is the day of sacr	220
There is an hour of ha	488	This rite our blest Re	1093
There is an hour of pe	945	This stone to thee, in	1134
There is a place of sac	992	Thou art gone to the g	971
There is a safe and se	759	Thou art my portion,	202
There is a world to co	1001	Thou art the Way; to	370
There is no name so s	497	Thou coming One, our	484
There is no sorrow, L	702	Thou dear Redeemer,	122
There is no work too	1113	Thou ever-present Aid	690
There is sunlight on	1216	Thou from whom wen	275
There is sweet rest fo	715	Though faint, yet pur	782
There'll be no night i	985	Though I should seek	348
There's a battle-song	1381	Though I speak with	685
There's a land that is	1353	Though love may wee	931
There's a wideness in	93	Though my sins were	1220
There's life in a look	1217	Though troubles assai	98
There's no other name	1228	Though we could spe	686
There's room for you	1286	Thou God of hope, to	664
There were ninety an	1265	Thou hidden Source o	753
The saints may rest w	925	Thou Judge of quick	818
The sands of time are	1349	Thou Refuge of my so	734
The Saviour bids us w	801	Thou Saviour of the si	377
The Saviour calls; let	396	Thou Shepherd of Isra	498
The Saviour comes, hi	881	Thou who on the cros	1115
The Saviour is coming	909	Throned on a cloud, t	892
The Saviour kindly ca	562	Through this dark val	621



# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.		No.
Thus far the Lord hat	538	Vain are the hopes the	376
Thus far we're spared	218	Vain were all our toil	1066
Thus in the quiet joy	972		
Thus one by one our l	921	Wait, O my soul, thy	48
Thy broken body, gra	1099	Wake! O my soul, and	285
Thy goodness, Lord, o	82	Walk in the light! so	635
Thy holy Sabbath, Lor	236	Watch and pray that	1255
Thy holy day's return	247	Watch, for the time is	1254
Thy home is with the	641	Watchman, blow the	1245
Thy kingdom come. T	975	Watchman, tell me, d	842
Thy law is perfect, Lo	206	Watchman, tell us of t	828
Thy presence, ever-liv	260	Watchmen on the wall	854
Thy presence, gracious	6	Watch, ye saints, with	1334
Thy way, O Lord, is i	72	Water, pure water, th	1378
Thy way, not mine, O	741	We all are yet alive, . .	479
Thy will be done! I w	719	We all, O Lord, have g	569
Thy word is a lamp u	1315	Weaned from this eart	632
Till he come! O let th	827	We are going home; w	1009
Time now is closing;	1174	We are joyously voya	1365
Time, thou speedest o	849	We are living, we are	847
'Tis a point I long to	589	Weary pilgrim, why. .	1151
'Tis by the faith of jo	662	We ask not for the wo	1106
'Tis down into the wa	1095	We bless thee for thy	727
'Tis faith that purifies	671	Weeping endures but f	692
'Tis finished! so the S	316	We have heard from t	1010
'Tis finished! the Mes	318	We know, by faith we	947
'Tis God's own Spirit	152	We know not the hou	1321
'Tis midnight; and on	314	We know not the time	1323
'Tis my happiness bel	713	We lay us calmly dow	1393
To-day the Saviour ca	414	Welcome, delightful m	254
Together let us sweetl	1141	Welcome, sacred day	243
To God, the only wise	268	Welcome, sweet day o	238
Toil on a little longer	682	Welcome, the Sabbath	253
To obey is better than	1308	Welcome, welcome, d	240
To praise our Shepherd	763	We lift our hearts to t	557
To the cross I long wa	1208	We'll build on the Ro	1210
To thee, my Shepherd	116	We'll tarry by the livi	1214
To thee this temple we	1137	We love to tell the sto	1312
To the kingdom promi	902	We may not climb the	312
To us a Child of hope	290	We may sleep, but no	963
Triumphant Zion, lift	1012	We praise thee, O God	1191
Truth is the gem for. .	199	We rear not a temple l	1127
'Twas a doleful night	1152	We're bound for the l	425
'Twas by an order fro	172	We shall meet beyond	1371
'Twas on that dark, th	1098	We shall see a light a	1158
'Twas wondrous dept	1101	We speak of the realm	505
		We stand in deep repe	463
Unconscious now in p	940	We've entered now on	217
Unshaken as the sacre	755	We've no abiding city	977
Unvail thy bosom, fai	917	What a Friend we hav	535
		What equal honors sh	105
Vain are all terrestrial	502	What grace, O Lord, a	308
		What heavenly music	1154

# FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	No.
What is the chaff, the	189
What means this eager	1269
What! never speak on	630
What poor, despised c	596
What says the Bible, t	1305
What shall I do for Ch	1226
What shall I render to	28
What sound is this sal	1142
What though the angr	809
What various hindran	515
What vessel are you sa	1170
When all thy mercies,	77
When, along life's tho	610
When, as returns this	10
Whence came the arm	995
When darkness gather	710
When downward to th	944
When faint and weary	1057
When gathering cloud	707
When God confirmed h	207
When God descends w	979
When, gracious Lord,	576
When I can read my ti	1232
When I can trust my a	728
When in the hours of l	696
When I survey the wo	315
When Jesus calls his j	1355
When Jesus dwelt in	634
When Jesus shall gath	1320
When Jordan hushed	286
When languor and dis	701
When, like a stranger	303
When, marshaled on t	365
When, my Saviour, sh	720
When, overwhelmed w	764
When peace, like a riv	1373
When power divine, i	694
When shall I see the d	839
When shall we meet a	270
When softly falls the	517
When strangers stand	106
When the blind suppli	305
When the cross seems	1288
When the Judge shall	1345
When the King of kin	1167
When the last trump	939
When the worn spirit	231
When the mists have r	1354
When thou comest in	1324
When thou, my righte	897
When thou shalt come	878
When waves of troubl	700
When we hear the mu	1352
When we lay our bur	1374

	No.
When wounded sore, t	378
Wherever two or three	478
Where high the heave	347
Where two or three, w	473
While in sweet commu	1118
While in this sacred ri	1072
While Jesus whispers	1290
While shepherds watc	288
While thee I seek, pro	81
While we walk with G	1028
While, with ceaseless	567
Who are these in brig	997
Who is on the Lord's s	1299
Why do we waste on t	391
Why not come to Jesu	1280
Why should we boast	401
Why should we trembl	935
Why that look of sadn	711
Will you go, sinner, go	1172
Wine is a mocker, and	1390
With all my heart I've	209
With broken heart and	429
With deepest reverenc	67
With Jesus in our mid	1111
With joy we hail the s	227
With joy we lift our e	12
With joy we meditate	351
With my substance I	1065
With reverence let the	27
With tearful eyes I lo	430
With willing hearts w	1086
Wonder of the countle	333
Words of cheer from t	1247
Work, for the night is	1056
Working, O Christ, wi	1261
Workman of God, O lo	1047
Work when the morni	1251
Worthy, worthy is the	135
Would Jesus have the	321
Would you fear to hav	1227
Would you know why	1239

Ye Christian heralds!	1035
Ye servants of the Lor	810
Yes, we trust the day	860
Ye who know your sin	467
Ye who rose to meet t	838
Yield not to temptatio	1382

Zion stands with hills	1025
Zion, the city of our G	983



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